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THE PAGEANT OF
SOUTH AMERICAN HISTORY

THE PAGEANT OF SOUTH AMERICAN HISTORY

BY
ANNE MERRIMAN PECK

ILLUSTRATED WITH
PHOTOGRAVURES AND MAPS

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To

THE PEOPLE OF THE AMERICAS
NORTH AND SOUTH
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

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PART I
NATIVE PEOPLES

CHAPTER I

Primitive South America

ADVENTUROUS MARINERS of Spain and Portugal, in the fifteenth century, turned their thoughts and their ships westward across a vast expanse of ocean, marked on their maps The Unknown Sea. What lay beyond those mysterious leagues of ocean? Surely, if one sailed westward far enough, one would reach the fabulous realms of the Far East. Romantic names stimulated the imaginations of men in that age—Cipango, Cathay, the Kingdom of the Great Khan. Spices, silks, and exotic riches of those lands were the treasures sought by every exploring navigator.

Little did they suspect that beyond the Unknown Sea lay a whole new world, awaiting discovery by white men: two vast continents, not empty of human life, but inhabited by many races of dark-skinned people. Not wholly primitive, either, for civilized kingdoms were flourishing among mountains and tropical forests while barbaric people of Spain, the country which was to rule a great empire in the western world, were being taught civilization by the Romans and the Moors.

The two vast continents had known long ages of human life before ever the ships of white men touched their shores. As much as fifteen thousand years ago, scientists now believe, the first nomadic tribes entered North America, coming by way of Greenland and Iceland on the northeast, and later across Bering Strait into the northwestern part of the continent. They

came from Asia and were of the Mongolian race, people with yellowish or reddish-brown skin, straight black hair and broad faces.

Over a period of hundreds of years successive waves of migratory folk made their way into North America and, as primitive people must be ever on the move in search of food, they and their descendants wandered far, until they had spread over the northern continent and had traveled on into South America. Some of the prehistoric visitors to the shores of South America may have been Polynesians from the islands in the southern Pacific Ocean, but that is still a matter of speculation.

Ages rolled by while descendants of the first comers wandered on through vast wildernesses ; over mighty mountains, over plains and through forests, along the seacoasts ; searching eternally for favorable homes where food was abundant and the climate kindly. Small groups of families increased in numbers until some tribes were powerful enough to conquer others, extending the territory within which they might hunt and fish or gather nuts and roots for food.

Man in the savage state makes the slow steps upward toward civilization as he learns to make use of the materials nature offers to improve his way of life ; wood, stone and metals from which to make tools and weapons ; clay for molding cooking pots ; reeds and fibers with which to make nets, ropes and baskets. He cannot advance very far until he has learned to cultivate food plants so that he may live continuously in one place. Many tribes in the wildernesses of South America never reached that settled form of life.

Along the seacoasts primitive folk were fishermen, learning to make nets and spears with which to catch fish and other sea creatures for food. In the tropical lowlands and forests, fringing the northern part of the continent, they were barbaric hunt-

ers, pursuing game and their enemies, with poisoned darts shot from blow guns.

Other forest dwellers, many of whom were river people who traveled far on the streams in dugout canoes, inhabited the hot jungle territory of Amazonia, and less tropical forests farther south in eastern South America.

Part of the Amazon basin, extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the foothills of the Andes, was once, in past geologic ages, an inland sea. As the waters drained away dense forests grew over the land and through the woodlands many great rivers made their way to join the Amazon, the largest river in the world.

Prehistoric men made their settlements near the streams, for it was generally by canoe on the waters that they moved from place to place. Most of the tribes inhabiting Amazonia were ferocious savages, always warring against more advanced peoples. Others, however, were held together in groups by tribal customs and were ingenious in using the materials and foods of the forests. They lived in very large grass houses, many families together under the control of a chief.

They learned to cultivate the native wild plant, manioc, or cassava, the root of which makes nourishing food. It was woman's work to plant and tend the fields while the men were busy with hunting and fishing. Amazonian tribes believed that women's hands had life-giving power in cultivating food plants because they produced the children to increase the tribe.

Women also spent long hours grating manioc root on wooden graters set with sharp flints, and squeezing the pulp through basketry sieves to extract the poisonous juice. The people had learned that heating then made the manioc safe for food, so the women patted the pulp into cakes which were baked on hot stones. Manioc, ever since prehistoric times,

has been the staple food in all tropical parts of South America.

It was the task of the women, also, to make baskets of reed in which to store food and to weave strong fibers into hammocks to be hung in the grass houses for sleeping.

Throughout the eastern forests from Amazonia through southern Brazil and Paraguay, the people had many tribal ceremonies and delighted in music and dancing. Skilful men invented drums, rattles and flutes to make music for the festivals. None of the people had need to bother about clothing in the hot climate, but they all decked themselves for festivals, making headdresses and ornaments from the brilliant plumage of tropical birds and barbaric necklaces from the teeth of wild animals or iridescent beetles.

To primitive men, the wilderness they lived in was mysterious, full of terrors, so that each tribe had its makers of magic, the medicine men, who could work spells against evil spirits. Gaily decked with feathers, the magicians danced before the people, holding a gourd rattle in each hand. The whisper of the dried seeds in the gourd was to them the voice of a powerful spirit, instructing them how to cure illness and save the tribe from evil.

Most powerful in magic and in leadership of clans were the Caraïbes, medicine men of the Caraïo race. The Caraïos, who are believed to have had their origin in the neighborhood of Paraguay, were superior to other groups in intelligence and virile strength so that in time, by conquest and mingling with other tribes, they became the dominating race of eastern South America. Other important people were the Tapuyas in the highlands of Brazil and the Tupis who lived on the coast and in the lower Amazon valley.

While the Caraïos lived in the interior they were river people

and hunters, but after they reached the Brazilian coast they took to the sea, skirting the shores in large canoes. Later on they built very large boats, capable of holding eighty to one hundred men, in which they explored the shores of the Guianas, Venezuela and Colombia, invaded the islands of the Caribbean Sea and carried their explorations to the far shores of that sea.

By the time they had become a terror to weaker peoples they were all called Caraïbes, and this name was changed by the Spaniards to Caribs, when they met the indomitable warriors among the Caribbean islands.

The prehistoric folk, who made their way into the southern half of the continent, had to adapt themselves to cool or frigid climate and, for the most part, to life on widespread plains.

Far and wide over the cold tablelands of Patagonia and the huge flat pampas roamed nomadic hunters. They had no horses, but, being fleet of foot, athletic and strong, they chased the deer, guanaco and wild ostrich, called rhea, over the plains. For weapons they had long spears, bows, and bolas. These last were of stones, two or three of which were attached to a braided rope of hide. This is one of the most ancient and characteristic hunting implements of South America. The hunters, racing after their prey, whirled and flung the bolas with such accurate aim that the animals were caught by the legs and unable to escape.

The nomadic tribes had no permanent homes, for they were always on the move, pursuing game or wild birds of lagoons and rivers. Shelter for the families was only a large tentlike structure of skins, easily taken along on the journeys. Wandering tribes lived chiefly on game, and the hunters drank the blood of the animals they killed, thinking that thereby they would acquire the strength and agility of their prey. Although

it was cold much of the year on the windswept plains, the hardy nomads felt little need of clothing, wearing only the skins of animals or blankets woven by the women.

In later ages, when the Spaniards had to contend with these fierce hunters of the plains, they grouped the various tribes under the name of the Pampa Nation. Pampa was a word of the Quechua language of the Andes, meaning an extended grassy plain.

Across the Andes from the flat pampa lands, in the cool rainy forests and uplands of southern Chile, lived hunting folk of similar race to the pampa tribes. The mountain ranges in the southern part of the continent are more easily crossed than those farther north, so that the nomadic people made their way back and forth over several passes. Great lakes, framed in forests and towering mountains, on both sides of the Andes, helped them in their travels, for it was easier to paddle dugout canoes on their waters than to find trails through the forests.

It is probable that some of the tribes inhabiting southern Chile came originally from the pampas east of the Andes. Many of them built large thatched houses in which groups of families lived together. Since they had semi-permanent homes the women cultivated a few wild plants for food, molded clay dishes for cooking and wove blankets from the wool of animals.

Many of the native people of South America were practically exterminated in their conflicts with Spanish and Portuguese, others lost their identity by mixture with the conquering races. But irreconcilable tribes, who knew how to live in tropical forests and savage mountain wilderness, deadly for white men, retreated before the conquerors and kept their ways of life intact. To this day many tribes, in inaccessible territory

scarcely explored by white men, have changed their customs very little from those of their prehistoric ancestors.

It was in the Andes that native races were sufficiently strong in character and in devotion to tradition to impress themselves upon future civilization. In those mountains, and in the river valleys of the Peruvian coast, important things happened in human life during the long centuries before the coming of white men.

The history of ancient life in South America is like a great book in an unknown language which scholars are deciphering, bit by bit. Its most fascinating pages tell the story of Andean races, a story which is as yet only partially understood.

Above the tropical lowlands of the north loom the massive shoulders of that enormous mountain system, the Andes. Ribbing the northern countries of Colombia and Ecuador with great ranges and towering peaks, the mountains continue down the entire west coast of the continent, lifting their crests like a gigantic, rugged spine.

In this dramatic mountain land, crossed by the Equator in the north, men might climb up from the hot lowlands straight through various zones of climate and vegetation, finding temperate valleys below the lofty peaks. There was water from rivers, wild cereal and root plants grew there. When primitive men learned to cultivate the earth they could settle in those valleys instead of wandering eternally.

Much the same setting for human life prevailed in the highlands of Central America and Mexico, so that the native people, who settled there, and those of the Andes in South America, based their existence on the same sort of farming, and the civilizations they built had many similarities. The fundamental food of all those prehistoric people was the native

American corn plant, maize. Europeans never saw corn until after Columbus had reached the shores of the New World.

The origin of maize is still being studied and speculated upon by scientists, but it is generally believed that it was developed, thousands of years ago, from a wild grass plant in the highlands of Mexico or Perú. The people who learned to cultivate the wild plant so that it produced small ears of corn must have distributed the maize in their wanderings, for it became the food of prehistoric Americans wherever the climate favored its growth.

Primitive folk in Mexico and Central America passed from the cultivation of the earth to other skills, such as making tools, baskets, cooking pots and woven fabrics. It may have been some of those people who first came into the Andean region of South America. At any rate, it is believed, prehistoric folk of about the same stage of advancement were living in the Andes some thousands of years ago.

In spite of the dense jungles between the Isthmus of Panamá and Colombia, that narrow link between the continents was probably, in very ancient times, a sort of tribal crossroads by which wandering folk passed back and forth. Because of the difficulties of land travel, it is likely that many adventurers skirted the seacoasts in rafts and canoes to arrive on the shores of South America.

Probably some groups of migrants used the great rivers Cauca and Magdalena as water highways to reach the mountainous interior. Some of them, or their descendants, must have pushed onward through the plateaus which make corridors between the ranges into the highlands of Perú and Bolivia.

They vanished so many ages ago, those early inhabitants of the Andes, that even the native people questioned by the

Spaniards in the sixteenth century had only fragmentary legends about the ancient folk.

Certain it is, however, that in extremely remote times the plateaus and valleys of the Andes in Perú and Bolivia were inhabited by tribes of herdsmen who were also farmers wherever it was warm enough for food plants to grow. They tamed the llama, peculiar beast of the Andes, and the woolly alpaca, herding them in great flocks. The flesh of the animals provided food and their skins were used for garments. As people advanced in skill, their women wove the wool of the animals into blankets to protect them from the freezing mountain air.

Groups of families of the same stock lived together in simple democratic clans, farming and herding their flocks in common. Their villages of thick-walled stone houses were built around hilltops where crags and boulders formed natural fortifications. Near the villages were stone-walled corrals for the flocks.

Below the cold plains where the animals grazed the people used the narrow, warmer river valleys for farming. It was not easy to grow food for there was not much fertile land. But those people were ingenious and energetic. With the most patient industry they built stone terraces in rows up the hill-sides to supplement valley fields. Laboriously they filled the terraces with good earth, so that they might grow enough of maize, of potatoes (native to the Andes) and of quinoa, a grain plant, to feed all the people.

They must have been strong and intelligent indeed, those prehistoric folk, to have built such villages and farm terraces of solid stone. Many men laboring together must have quarried the stones, carried them long distances and built them into thick sturdy walls.

Throughout the lofty mountain land stand the ruins of their villages and of round stone towers which were tombs for the dead. The terraced farms on hillsides were used and increased by people who lived in later ages.

The people of a clan, called an ayllu in the Quechua language, had a war lord called a sinchi to lead them in time of trouble. Generally the sinchi was chosen by his fellow tribesmen. When some of these chiefs managed to keep the rulership over their clans permanently and to pass the power on to their sons, the foundations of kingdoms were laid.

Centuries after the first builders in stone passed away, other people throughout the Andes and on the coast of Perú learned to make such good use of water, soil and animal life that they were able to live quite comfortably. Then there was time to use their minds in organizing the daily life of large groups in an orderly system ; time to use their imaginations for the invention of ceremonies to please the gods with whom they peopled their world ; time for the workers in clay, stone and metals, and the weavers of fabrics, to become artists in the interpretation of their thoughts through design and color.

Scholars have learned a great deal about the ancient civilized people by studying the articles of daily use, and the precious possessions, which were laid away with the dead in huge burial mounds. Much has been learned also from the writings of Spanish chroniclers, many of them men of the Church, who questioned the native people they found in South America about their ancestors. These men recorded the customs and characteristics of those whose civilizations were destroyed by the Spaniards.

CHAPTER II

Ancient Civilized Peoples

[some time B.C. to about 1100 A.D.]

LONG CENTURIES ago the Andes, from mountain uplands to river valleys of the Peruvian coast, became a stage upon which many groups of people played the drama of their lives. It was a world of immense spaces where puny men needed great courage and resourcefulness to build their homes and support themselves.

They were people closely attuned to their world. The Creator of All Things, they believed, had breathed life into everything about them. There were spirits of the great mountains and volcanos, of the rivers and forests; spirits which spoke in the voices of waters rushing rapidly through deep canyons toward the coast, and in little wavelets on the shores of lakes. The great Earth Mother nourished the spirits of plants for their food and of grasses for their flocks. Mother Sea and the water spirits of lakes provided them with fish.

To the mountain people the fierce jaguar, or puma, was a powerful being, revered for its strength, and the swooping flight of the great condor made it seem a creature to be worshipped. Likewise monkeys and foxes were revered for their cleverness.

Many clans believed that they were descended from some bird or animal and so worshipped that creature as the ancestor of their tribe.

The wise men of the Cañaris, a clan of ancient Ecuador,

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told their people that once, when the world was very young, there had been a terrible deluge in which all the people of the valleys were drowned. Only two brothers survived by escaping to a mountain top. There they lived in a crude hut, hunting in the forests for food. Often, when they returned from hunting, they found a meal spread for them in the hut.

The younger brother hid himself to discover who their mysterious benefactor might be, and saw two gorgeous macaws with the heads of maidens bring the food. The young man captured one of the magic birds for his wife, and from their children one branch of the clan was descended.

So to the Cañaris all members of the parrot family were sacred. Their forms were made into little talismans of gold, silver or stone to protect their owners from harm.

In Ecuador where the highlands are dominated by a great company of snow-covered volcanos, wreaking havoc with their thundering eruptions, many clans worshipped the terrifying mountains. The Puruhaes, who lived in the valleys at the foot of the immense volcano Chimborazo believed that they were descended from the fearful god of the mountain. Llamas of the flocks and young maidens were sacrificed to mighty Chimborazo in festivals of dance and chanted song.

As certain tribes grew into powerful kingdoms, more civilized than their neighbors, they came to believe in a mythical being of great wisdom who had, in the beginning, taught them how to live. This wise being then became both ancestor and god to the people.

Bochica was such a godlike leader to the Chibchas, who had a beautiful kingdom hidden away in remote mountain valleys of Colombia. Bochica represented the sun who had taught the first people to cultivate maize, potatoes, beans, cotton and other useful plants. He taught the first women to spin and weave

the fiber of cotton into garments and to dye fabrics with the juices of plants.

The Chibchas became the most civilized race in that northern region. There were many tribes ruled by chiefs in separate valleys. Their villages of thatched houses were surrounded by fruitful fields. Cotton cloth, woven and dyed by the women, made tunics and mantles for the people.

Treasures of gold and emeralds were discovered by the Chibchas in their mountains, and their craftsmen became exceedingly skilled in fashioning fine ornaments of gold. Emeralds were treasured for their beautiful color. The chieftains and priests were decked magnificently with collars, breastplates and ornaments of gold.

Besides the chiefs who ruled the people in each valley, there were priests to lead them in religious ceremonies to honor their gods. There were various sacred lakes where pilgrims came for religious festivals, at which time offerings of gold and emeralds were thrown into the waters. At the lake of Guatebita the chief of that district, on special occasions, plunged into the waters with his body smeared with gold dust, to offer the precious metal to the gods.

The wonders of the Chibcha kingdom, lofty and far away among the mountains, became a legendary tale, passed on from tribe to tribe in the wilderness of Colombia.

Mountainous Ecuador and Colombia were difficult lands to get about in. Each tribe lived by itself in one or more valleys, separated from other groups by steep mountains and deep river canyons. Nevertheless, those early people traveled far, and tribes who were not hostile traded with one another, bartering food products or salt for gold and woven cloth.

There was abundance of gold, copper and silver in the mountains, accessible even to primitive miners with stone tools, and

gold was easily washed out from the stream beds. Many of the early clans had expert craftsmen who made beautiful things from metals. Gold and silver were precious to the ancient Americans only for their shining beauty. They were soft metals, easily worked into ornaments or little figures of living creatures revered by the people.

Men were the only burden-bearers in much of the primitive country, but the highland folk of Ecuador had the llama. This funny beast with his supercilious little head borne proudly on a long neck, was the most prized possession of the mountain clans. Each village had its flocks of llamas, the flesh used for food, and the wool for weaving garments. Llamas carried some of the burdens, but men and women also must transport great loads on their backs, for the llama is a fussy beast and has never been willing to carry more than about a hundred pounds.

Sacrifices of the precious grain of maize and of llamas, so necessary to life, were offered to the gods in festivals. The people needed the excitement and color of celebrations to relieve hard labor in mountain fields, to vary the eternal tasks of gathering materials for making implements and cooking pots, and of weaving wool into fabrics.

Out of various materials people fashioned musical instruments for the festivals; flutes of bone and clay, whistles and copper bells, drums made from hollowed lengths of tree trunks with skin stretched across the top.

Decked in their finest tunics, hung with ornaments of gold and silver, men and women danced and sang for the gods below the solemn mountain peaks of their lonely land. Their exhilaration was heightened by drinking the fermented liquor brewed from maize.

The largest kingdom of prehistoric Ecuador was that of the

Caras, an invading race who came by sea to the coast. They made their way up through forests and river canyons to the highlands, where they conquered the Quitos who had lived since time immemorial below the volcano Pichincha. The lands of the Quitos became the center of a kingdom ruled by enterprising lords of the Cara race called Schyris, who dominated all the other clans of the country.

Far to the south of these lands and their prehistoric folk, Lake Titicaca became the birthplace of myths, the heart of ancient life in the Andes. The lake lies between the present day Perú and Bolivia.

In the midst of rolling barren brown plains, more than twelve thousand feet above the sea, the great lake spreads its frigid, shining waters. Enormous mountains, crested with icy peaks, loom above the plains.

Here in this awe-inspiring place, say the legends, the Creator of All Things made the first men of the Andean tribes. Out of clay he fashioned each man and gave him life, telling each one how he was to instruct his people, what festivals they were to have, what costumes they were to wear. The Creator sent these newly made men into the interior of the earth to emerge according to his commands from a cave, a mountain, or spring of water, where each one was to found his race.

According to legend, the Sun and Moon first emerged from red sandstone caves on the island of Titicaca in the lake, to become beneficent deities for the people of earth. This island, then, was for century upon century the most holy spot in all the mountain land.

Near the southern shore of Lake Titicaca a place called Tiahuanaco became, in the course of time, a great center of civilization and religion in the mountains. The people who built there a colossal city of stone succeeded the earlier farmers and

herdsmen of the Andes, continuing their skill in farming on mountainsides and carrying further their genius for building with stone.

Hardy, muscular men they must have been, large-lunged from breathing the rarefied air of high altitudes. It seems incredible that human beings, with no means of transportation but their own backs, no tools but those of stone, could have cut such immense blocks of stone and raised such massive walls. Nevertheless they did, for some of those walls are still standing to prove it.

Sometimes the prehistoric builders of the Andes, who made such masterly use of stone in their rock-ribbed mountain world, are called the Megalithic People because of their monumental works.

In various places huge walls and impressive sculptured stones, which were the work of those mysterious people, rouse the interest and speculation of scientists. There are the remains of fortresses on the hill of Sacsahuamán above Cuzco and on a mountainside at Ollantaytambo, guarding the Urubamba River canyon east of Cuzco valley. Their walls were built of such colossal hewn-stone blocks that human beings look tiny beside them. Later on the conquering Incas built additions to these fortresses, but the difference between the Megalithic building and that of the Incas is very evident.

In northern Perú the ruins of a great pyramid temple stand at Chavin de Huantar. On a tall shaft of stone the god of this place was carved in such intricate symbolic design that only an impression of a jaguarlike personage can be glimpsed in the complex pattern. For unknown centuries this monolith and other sculptured stones have stood there among the mountains, revealing the fact that there were artists of great technical skill and imagination in that vanished world.

The men who erected the imposing city of Tiahuanaco were skilled builder-architects. At Tiahuanaco as at Chavin there were artists capable of translating religious beliefs into sculptured forms of mythical beings on mighty gateways and monolithic blocks.

The supreme Creator-God of the Andean people, called Viracocha, was sculptured in splendid design on one of the gateways. The figure of the god was carved with a square face and great rectangular headdress, while rows of half-human, half-bird personages on either side attended upon him. On this gateway, still standing, Viracocha is shown in his character as sky deity, for the radiating headdress represents the sun's rays, and the tears on the god's stone cheeks represent the rain.

It is believed that at about 600 A.D. Tiahuanaco had become the capital of a powerful empire, the influence of whose religion and culture had spread far through the Andes. Some archeologists think that the fortresses and the religious center of Chavin may have belonged to that empire, or at least that the people who worshipped at Chavin were influenced by the beliefs of the priests of Tiahuanaco. Mystery surrounds those centers of ancient life, for there are only the mighty stones and some works of art from which to learn the secrets.

During the first five hundred years of the Christian Era, while the mountain people were advancing slowly in skill and ideas, more accomplished groups were living in coastal valleys of Perú. No one knows whether the first inhabitants, who farmed in the valleys, came down from the mountains, seeking warmer climate and better fields, or whether they came by sea from the north.

Indians in some valleys, questioned by Spanish chroniclers in the sixteenth century, had dim legends of strangers who had come from the sea in the far past. Scholars are inclined to be-

lieve, however, that most of the early kingdoms on the coast were made up of people who had originally come from the highlands.

There is, to be sure, one clear and picturesque legend telling of a great chief and his people who reached Perú by sea. In the northern valley of Lambayeque there lived Indian people in the sixteenth century who told the Spaniards that this great chief, Naymlap, was the founder of their race.

Naymlap and his people, said the Indians, came sailing in a fleet of balsas, the rough raftlike boats which prehistoric inhabitants of the coast made from logs of light balsa wood.

Magnificent indeed was the spectacle of the fleet, for Naymlap and his queen, Ceterni, were gorgeously arrayed and surrounded by officials of the court; Pitazofi, blower of the trumpet; Ninacolla, guardian of the throne; Ninaguente, the lord's cupbearer; Fongasigde, keeper of the royal shell dust; Lapchilulli, maker of feather tunics for the chief and his nobles. With them the invaders brought the image of their god, Llampallec, carved from a single green stone in the likeness of Naymlap himself.

The splendid strangers disembarked, while Pitazofi made the air resound with the harsh blare of a conch-shell trumpet and Fongasigde scattered shell dust for the nobles to walk upon.

With wonder the simple inhabitants of the valley received the strangers, and accepted Naymlap as their ruler. He was evidently one of the mythical leaders who taught his people the arts of life, for the legend goes on to relate how the inhabitants were taught to cultivate the fields so that they had fruits and vegetables in abundance, and to build houses of adobe mud with roofs of thatch.

For long years Naymlap reigned, loved and respected by his people. Since he was considered semi-divine, the subjects of

the kingdom were not allowed to know when he died. The news was given out, probably by the priests, that their lord had ascended to the heavens of his own will. Henceforth the people might worship Naymlap in the form of the god of green stone.

His descendants were finally conquered by a powerful chieftain called Chimú-Capac, whose kingdom lay farther south. The chiefs of the Naymlap dynasty became vassals to the Chimú lords.

Whether the founders of kingdoms came from the sea or the highlands, certain it is that during the first five or six hundred years of the Christian Era many lovely valleys of the Peruvian coast became the homes of industrious folk ruled by stately lords and priests.

It was only in the river valleys that people might live, for the coastal plain between those watered regions was an arid desert, sloping from the mountains to the sea. The crests of the Andes, looming high and faintly blue above the rugged foothills, caught rain-clouds from the east, while a cold current from the Antarctic passing along the coast chilled the hot air so that rain seldom fell.

Along the sandy beaches Pacific breakers crashed in lines of foam, and over the green sea flocks of sea birds fluttered and cried. They fed on shoals of fish in the cold current, fish which provided food for men as well as birds.

The fisherfolk who lived near the shore worshipped Mother Sea who gave them food. They made curious little boats by tying together bundles of totora reeds, turned up at one end like a prow. Crouched on these frail craft they paddled out through the surf, praying Mother Sea for a good catch.

Prehistoric artists drew on pottery jugs pictures of men fishing in these boats and replicas of them, made of bundles of

reeds, are still used by fishermen on the northern coast of Perú. In the Spanish language they are called "caballitos de totora," little horses of totora, because the fishermen ride their boats as though on horseback.

The fisherfolk became inhabitants of kingdoms built by farming people in the fertile river valleys. These men may very likely have come from the Andes, for they had the highlanders' skill in cultivating the earth by surmounting obstacles. They built stone channels to lead water from mountain streams to the dry valleys, and carried irrigation ditches from the rivers to water their fields. Wherever a river crossed the plain its valley was carpeted with living green. The farmers had their fields of maize and cotton, squash, beans and peppers, as well as orchards of fruit trees.

Most of the inhabitants knew no world beyond their own home valley. They were the fishermen, farmers and builders, the burden-bearers and servants of the nobles. When war lords set out on expeditions of conquest, their soldiers saw something more of the world. It may be, also, that traders passed from kingdom to kingdom, exchanging their home products for those of neighboring people. In this way arts and ideas may have spread from one group to another.

It seems likely that there was communication between the centers of civilized life, for artistic creations of various regions are found under the sands or in burial mounds of other regions. There must have been traders going back and forth between the highlands and the coast kingdoms bartering products, for it is known from the works of their hands that weavers of both mountains and coast had wool of the mountain animals and cotton from coastal fields for their work. Craftsmen of the coast worked with gold, silver and copper of the mountains and made tunics of brilliant bird feathers from the forests.

People of the valleys also had leaves of the precious coca plant which grows in the highlands.

Coca was the "divine plant" to all the ancient Peruvians. Its leaves, chewed with lime, stimulated the users so that they forgot pain and fatigue. Doubtless a little wad of coca bulged out the cheeks of prehistoric Peruvians just as it does those of mountain Indians at the present time.

Through the exchange of products artists of both highland and coast kingdoms had many beautiful materials to work with, and they spent their lives at their appointed craft. Indeed, the most interesting characteristic of the ancient Peruvians was their great artistic skill, expressed with poetic imagination in the works of their hands.

The potters shaped clay into bowls and jugs of charming forms, which they painted with colored earths in designs of great beauty. In the shops of the weavers skilled workers sat at their simple looms, weaving handsome fabrics in wool and cotton. Some craftsmen were expert in making tunics and ornaments from soft bright bird feathers. Others worked in gold and silver, making vases for the service of the gods, devising for the chieftains necklaces, breastplates and great ear ornaments.

Life was interwoven with worship of mythical beings and the spirits of living creatures important to existence. These religious beliefs were given form in the beautiful intricate designs of the artists.

Fish and other sea creatures became conventionalized shapes in their patterns. Always before their eyes the artists had the beautiful flight of sea birds; they watched the gulls, cormorants and pelicans at their fishing. Since the droppings of sea birds, collected from the rocks, fertilized the crops, they were important beings to be woven into designs.

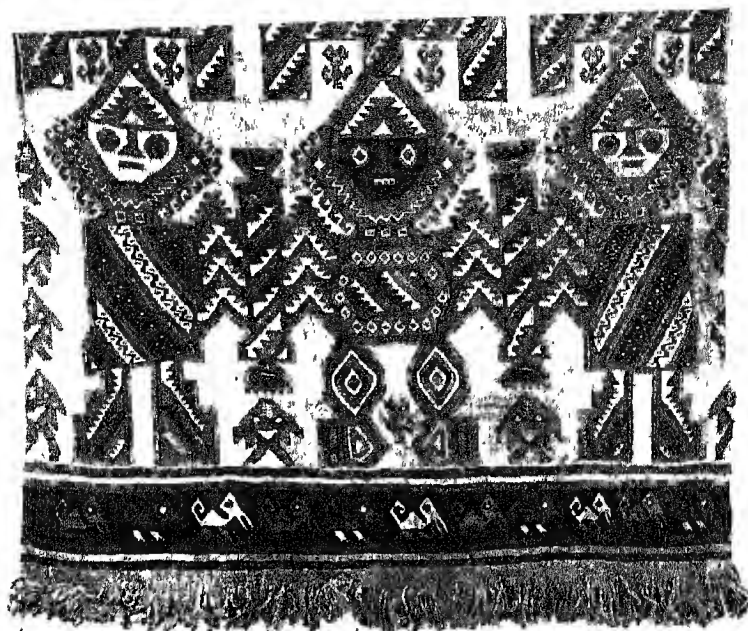
came exceedingly rich and powerful and their rule extended over many valleys. The splendid city of Chan-Chan was built near the modern Trujillo to be the capital of the kingdom. Its crumbling walls still cover acres of ground.

The city was laid out in plazas and gardens, surrounded by houses of adobe brick. On the upper terraces were the houses of the nobles, with painted walls and porticos facing the sea not far away. Hangings of colored fabrics covered the walls. Palaces and plaza walls were decorated with stucco arabesques painted in warm colors. Water was led into the city by conduits to supply the households and nourish the lovely gardens. All around the city was a thick mud wall to protect it from enemies.

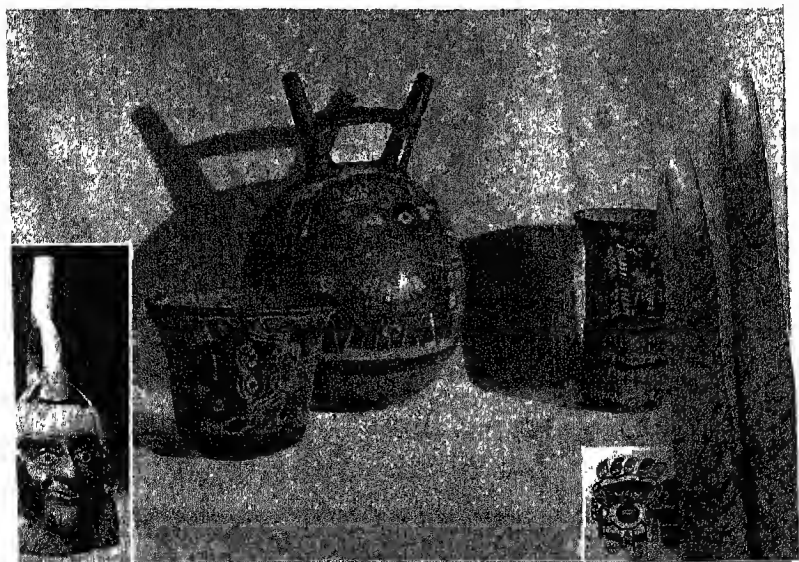
The plain round about was patterned with irrigation canals, framing verdant fields and orchards of fruit trees. Here and there in the city and outside rose terraced pyramid hills within which were burial chambers of the distinguished dead. Other pyramids formed bases for temples to the gods, or the houses of nobles.

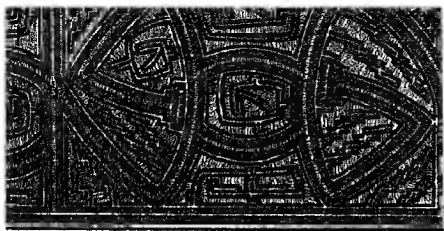
The Great Chimú, as each successive ruler was called, was a luxurious lord, served by his nobles, his women and many attendants. Skilled craftsmen devoted themselves to the making of gorgeous garments and ornaments for the lord and his nobles. When the Great Chimú went abroad among his people he rode in a handsome litter, borne on the shoulders of attendants.

Fortunately it was the custom in all the kingdoms of the Peruvian coast to lay away with the mummified bodies in burial chambers the finest garments and most cherished possessions of the dead person. The mummies of nobles or priests were wrapped in beautiful robes and decked with ornaments. Jugs which were used in religious ceremonies were placed with



Peruvian textile

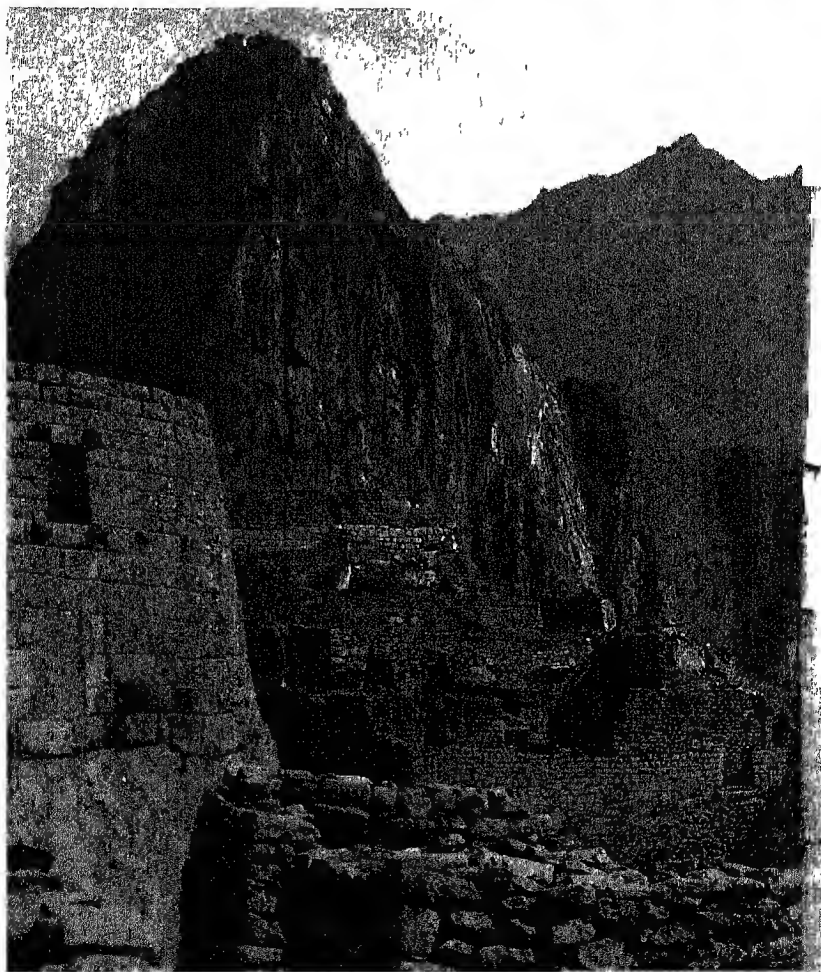




Design from Marajo pottery, Brazil



Inca gold mask, Perú



them. Craftsmen had the tools of their trade beside them. Fishermen were buried with their nets and fishhooks, women with their work baskets and little treasures.

Preserved deep under the sands of that arid coast, inside mummy bundles, the possessions of long-dead people are found unspoiled after all the centuries. It is from these things, and ruins of buildings, that scholars must learn what they can of the ancient Peruvians.

The artists of the Early Chimú modeled their jugs so realistically and painted such lively scenes of daily life on others, that it is possible to learn more of their occupations and characteristics than of the Nazcas whose art was extremely symbolic.

In many valleys of the Peruvian coast there were kingdoms whose people were advanced in artistic skill and whose lords were powerful. Those whose culture was centered around the valley of Nazca in the south and in the Chimú kingdom near Trujillo farther north are considered to have been the most civilized.

There was a great religious center at Pachacamac near Lima. The god Pachacamac was a powerful deity to all the coast people, one who spoke through his priests to answer his worshippers' questions. So from far and near pilgrims came to the magnificent terraced temple, bringing offerings of their most precious products and possessions. While they waited in the court below, chanting their petitions, priests in splendid robes ascended the painted terraces to the golden door of the shrine, to make sacrifices.

The ruins of that temple still stand at Pachacamac. In the sands which have drifted over the surrounding country, during centuries, the belongings of those prehistoric pilgrims have been found. Specimens of clay jugs and bowls, painted in the design typical of most of the civilized kingdoms, have been

found there, showing how the people came from all up and down the coast to present their petitions to Pachacamac.

After about 500 A.D. the designs of coastal artists in textiles and pottery were influenced by the great mountain kingdom, Tiahuanaco. It is believed, however, that the highland people, who were less advanced in earlier centuries than those of the coast, first learned from the artists of the Early Nazca kingdom. Tiahuanaco craftsmen adopted glowing colors and fine technique in weaving and pottery, while Nazca artists were influenced by the ideas and strong, angular design of their fellows in the mountains. The square-headed image of Viracocha, or the symbolical form of the puma god worshipped in the mountains, appeared in the designs of Nazca artists.

After the Tiahuanaco kingdom had reached the height of its power the influence of its rulers and priests was widespread on the coast as well as through the Andes. War lords may have come down from the highlands to conquer rulers of coast kingdoms, or the interchange between peoples may have been of a more peaceful nature. At any rate, the religious ideas and designs of Tiahuanaco were so strong that, for a long time, they affected artistic productions of the coast.

At the same time artists of the powerful Chimú kingdom developed an interesting style in burnished black pottery. They were very skilled in technique, but not such fine artists as the Early Chimús who had modeled portrait jugs and painted such brilliant designs of men and gods on their pottery. Some black jugs of the later Chimú artists give glimpses of daily life, for they are topped by amusing modeled groups: a chief borne in a litter, humble men carrying loads or leading burdened llamas, or a great lord surrounded by mythological animal creatures.

Generation after generation the industrious subjects of the coastal lords pursued their labors while their rulers became

increasingly luxurious. Probably the people left their work at times to gather in the plazas before painted pyramid temples, to watch processions in honor of the gods. The kingdoms in the pleasant river valleys flourished until the conquerors from the Andes, the Incas, marched down to subdue them.

In the mountains, however, some mysterious catastrophe overwhelmed the proud kingdom of Tiahuanaco at about 900 A.D. Folk memories tell of a time of terror and confusion, when the gods were angry with the people and destroyed their empire. There may have been invasions of barbaric tribes from the forested lowlands east of the Andes, or great convulsions of nature such as earthquakes or volcanic eruptions. Whatever the reasons, the immense stone city was deserted and its people scattered. The ruins of its massive walls and gateways still stand on the somber plain near Lake Titicaca.

For the next few centuries civilization declined in the highlands and wandering tribes reverted to their primitive ways. The stage was being prepared for the coming of wise, intelligent leaders who were to create the splendid empire of the Incas.

CHAPTER III

The Children of the Sun

[1100 A.D. to reign of Huayna Capac, 1484 A.D.]

HIDDEN AMONG the craggy folds of the Andes there was a peaked hill called, because of three cavelike openings in its side, Tampu-Tocco, the Hill of Windows. Once, in mythical times, there came forth from the central cave into the crystalline mountain dawn, four young chieftains and their four sisters. The rays of the rising sun touched their faces with majesty and struck sparkles from their garments, spangled with gold.

Following them from the other two caves came a throng of men and women—ten ayllus or clans—with their old men and warriors, their women and children and flocks of llamas. Manco Capac, wisest and most valiant of the chieftains, led the clans, accompanied by his sister, Mama Oclo. The other brothers were Ayar Auca, Ayar Uchu and Ayar Cachi, and their sisters were Mama Huaco, Mama Cura and Mama Raua.

Slowly the caravan of wanderers made their way through the mountainous wilderness, climbing heights, and resting at times in river valleys to pasture the flocks.

Mama Oclo, as time went on, walked among the women, helping them with their children. Her hands, busy with distaff and spindle, spun fleece from the llamas, showing the women how to prepare the wool for weaving.

Leading them all, Manco Capac marched with his eyes fixed on the golden disk of the sun, bearing in one hand a golden

staff given him by his Father the Sun, with the command to found a kingdom at the place where the staff sank into the ground. In the course of the journey the three brother chieftains disappeared ; one was walled up in a cave where he died, one was killed by falling rocks, and the third was turned to stone. Manco Capac remained the sole leader.

Finally the clans arrived on the crest of a hill, Huanacauri, from which they looked upon a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains. Manco Capac hurled the golden staff upon the ground, and a great cry of joy burst from the wanderers as they saw it disappear in the earth, for they knew they had found their appointed home. They descended the hill, led by Manco Capac and Mama Ocllo, resplendent in shining garments.

Manco Capac announced to the uncivilized tribes inhabiting the valley that he and his sister were the son and daughter of the Sun, sent by their divine father to found a kingdom and teach the uncouth folk how to live. There, at Cuzco, they founded the empire of the Sun's Children.

~ So from the shadows of ancient myth emerge the glowing figures of Manco Capac and Mama Ocllo, legendary founders of the Inca dynasty, the beings of supreme wisdom, who were to teach the people the arts of life.

The Sun Father instructed his children that in all things they were to assume the office of a father toward his beloved children. "Thus you will form a likeness of me," declared the Sun God. "I do good to the whole world, giving light that men may see and do their business, making them warm when they are cold, cherishing their pastures and crops, ripening their fruits and increasing their flocks, watering their lands with dew and bringing fine weather in the proper season. I take care to go around the world each day, that I may see the necessities that exist and supply them. I desire that you shall imi-

tate my example as my children, sent to the earth solely for the benefit of these men who live like beasts."

Following these commands Manco Capac, the legendary hero, set about teaching the primitive tribes in the valley of Cuzco how to till the earth and grow maize and potatoes, how to make irrigation ditches to bring water to the crops, how to construct plows and other useful implements. Meanwhile Mama Ocllo went among the women, showing them how to spin and weave cloth from the wool of llamas, how to make clothing and sandals, and perform household duties.

Later generations believed that their semi-divine hero, Manco Capac, established the worship of the Sun at Cuzco, and laid down the laws by which the kingdom of the Incas was to be governed.

He it was, say the legends, who ordained that all men of the royal blood should call themselves Incas, Children of the Sun, while their ruler was to be known as Sapa Inca, the Sole Lord. Manco Capac ordained that every man of Inca blood should wear his hair short, leaving only one lock, and bind around his head a fillet of narrow woollen bands called the llautu. For the Inca and his relatives the llautu was to be of several colors, while for the people it was to be of black wool. In the course of time the imperial llautu, insignia of the ruler, was made with a crimson fringe falling over the forehead to the eyebrows.

The men of royal blood, including the ruler, were also to bore their ears and wear in them large ornamental stoppers of precious metal as a sign of their caste. Their costume was to consist of a sleeveless tunic reaching to the knees, a square mantle knotted across the breast, and sandals of fiber or leather for their feet. In the glorious days of the empire this simple

costume came to be a thing of beauty, the garments made of the finest fabrics woven in richly colored patterns.

Manco Capac married his sister, Mama Ocllo, for only a direct descendant of the Sun might inherit the kingdom, and their son, Sinchi Roca, became chief in due course of time. He was the first historical leader of the Incas, and his title Sinchi indicates that he was probably the war chief of a simple mountain clan.

The Incas were of the Quechua race, and were very likely herdsmen and farmers in the beginning like many others. Their leaders were men of intelligence, with a genius for organization. They probably believed in their divine descent from the Sun, and from the beginning they were able to impose their rule on other tribes by mental superiority and advanced ideas. The legend of the Hill of Windows seems to mean that the first chiefs migrated with the clans under their control to the fertile and beautiful valley of Cuzco.

There Sinchi Roca began to build the city of Cuzco which was to be the sacred center of the empire. He built Coricancha, the Temple of the Sun, and the House of Chosen Women where maidens of royal blood devoted themselves to the service of the god. Obeying the precepts of the Sun God, Sinchi Roca was father to his people, organizing the tribes in the valley into villages of peaceful farming folk, who worshipped the Sun in the temple of Coricancha and gave honor to their ruler as a being descended from the god.

Having established a prosperous kingdom in the valley of Cuzco, Sinchi Roca assembled his warriors and set out on expeditions of conquest. The rumor of the pleasant life in his kingdom had penetrated to the barbarous tribes beyond its confines, as the ruler had intended, so that many curacas, or

chiefs, submitted willingly to his lordship. Sinchi Roca, like the rulers who succeeded him, conquered by persuasion and kindness wherever possible, but if tribes resisted him they were brought under his rule by force. During his reign the kingdom was extended southward to the Pass of Vilcañota, the hereditary boundary between the Quechua tribes and the federation of Colla people in the basin of Lake Titicaca.

The next two Incas continued their triumphant progress through the lands of the Collas until they reached the ruins of Tiahuanaco on the southern side of Lake Titicaca. There they discovered the mighty walls and gateways of the ancient city. They were much impressed by the colossal architecture, and from study of those massive ruins Inca builders increased their technical skill in building with stone. Soon after, the rulers began at Cuzco the construction of temples, palaces and other buildings with walls of polished, precisely fitted stones, characteristic of Inca architecture.

Successive rulers proceeded on their conquering way without setbacks, partly because they had large armies of valiant warriors, but also because of the wisdom and sagacity with which they trained each new group of people to become part of the empire.

Each period of conquest was followed by a time of peace and order, when the new provinces were organized for agricultural work, building, mining, and work in crafts. The empire profited by the products and arts of every region conquered. Inca artists learned from the skill of other craftsmen, but decorated their pottery and fabrics, for the most part, with purely geometric designs.

At certain intervals the Inca himself toured his dominions, showing himself to his people surrounded with pomp and splendor, so that his subjects willingly believed him to be a

superior being to whom they gave homage because of his divine ancestry. The ruler personally supervised the work going on in each province, and obeyed the command of the Sun God by showing a fatherly concern for the well-being of his children.

Every Inca took to himself a queen, or Coya, who was generally his sister, according to some chroniclers. Their pride was so great that they could not permit any son not of the pure lineage of the Sun to inherit the kingdom. The Inca had other wives, however, and, as the court increased in luxury, the royal harem of lovely high-born women became larger and larger. Inca nobles were also allowed to have many wives, so that the exceedingly numerous children of the ruler and nobility soon formed a large aristocratic class.

Although each ruler was ambitious for power and more territory, he also fully believed in the obligation laid upon him by his Father the Sun to go forth and civilize barbarous peoples, bringing them under the benevolent rule of the Sun God. The heir to the throne was carefully trained for the responsibilities which were to be his, and was given command of troops in his father's wars of conquest, that he might be prepared to be both war lord and father to his people.

Lads of the nobility were specially trained in a school at Cuzco, called Yachahuasi, thereby growing up with a feeling of superiority to the common people who had no education. They were instructed by amautas, or wise men, in the religion of the Sun, and the glorious history of their ancestors. At the same time they received training in the art of warfare.

Sinchi Roca began his conquest of the valley of Cuzco in the early years of the twelfth century A.D. After the first hundred and fifty years of the kingdom his successors had not only conquered a vast territory, but had shown their ability to or-

ganize large populations into a well-ordered, peaceful and industrious way of life.

They had built massive fortresses in strategic places, and Temples of the Sun in conquered provinces. To the amazement of barbaric people in regions they invaded, the Incas had spanned deep river gorges with ingenious suspension bridges. They were made with great cables woven from aloe fiber and tough vines to the thickness of a man. Three cables were thrown across a gorge, and made fast to thick stone buttresses on each side. Layers of reed and coarse matting were laid over the cables and firmly lashed down to make a footway, while two more cables formed handrails.

Owing to the steep pitch from the buttresses to the middle of a bridge, it swayed perilously under the tread of men, yet whole armies passed over it safely. A few of these marvelous suspension bridges are still in existence. Steel cables replace the fiber ropes of antiquity, but they are attached to solid masonry buttresses built by the Incas.

Dams and aqueducts were also built to store precious water and lead it to places where it was needed. As populations increased in mountain valleys, the hillside terraces built by the ancients were added to and improved until the mountain flanks were ribbed all the way up with flourishing gardens.

All this marvelous and ingenious construction was possible, without any of the mechanical aids of modern times, because the Inca had at his command thousands of obedient laborers whose sole function in life was to do his will. They built under the direction of skilled officials the structures which were for the good of all the people. The Incas often transferred conquered people to some established part of the kingdom, or planted groups of well-trained subjects in new provinces. Thus they spread their system of government and

civilized ideas, while strengthening the unity of the vast kingdom. But they never transferred people of the coast lands to the mountains or vice versa, knowing that they would suffer in health from the extreme change in climate and altitude.

The conquerors encountered no dangerous resistance until they met with the Chancas, clans of fierce, warlike people who inhabited the country westward and northward from Cuzco.

At the time when the Chancas were most threatening, the ruling Inca was, strange to say, a weak and timid prince. Perhaps he never recovered from the misadventure of his childhood, when he was stolen from the palace by enemies of the Inca. Carried off by cruel men into an unknown territory, the little prince in his rage and distress wept tears of blood, so that he was called ever afterward Yahuar Huaccac, He Who Weeps Blood. So terrified were his captors by this phenomenon that they returned him to his father's palace.

During the reign of this weakling prince word came that the Chancas were assembling in full force to invade the Inca realm. Contrary to all traditions of his ancestors, cowardly Yahuar Huaccac fled from Cuzco, leaving the capital undefended.

At that time the young heir, Hatun Capac, was absent from Cuzco. As he sat on a hillside, so the legend goes, a vision came to him of a majestic old man who said he was Viracocha, the Creator-God who was revered even more than the Sun God. He bade Hatun Capac go at once to the defense of the kingdom, promising him divine aid.

Hatun Capac hastened through the country, assembling companies of the most faithful and valiant warriors, whom he led to the plain north of Cuzco. According to legends of their history, preserved by Inca wise men, that battle was a triumph for the Children of the Sun, aided by Viracocha. The Chanca hordes poured into the plain while the Incas marched to meet

them, making a wild din with their conch-shell trumpets, hurling stones and spears. Those in the front ranks cracked the heads of their enemies with terrible war clubs, topped with star-shaped heads of stone or copper. Shouting that even the stones and bushes were turning into men to help them, the Inca warriors pursued the fleeing Chancas into the hills, capturing hundreds of men.

As they marched back to Cuzco, dragging captives and bearing the heads of enemies on their spears, the queen and her women met them with songs of joy, and accompanied them to Coricancha to give thanks for victory.

The prince had the temerity to depose his weakling father, an unheard of event in the Inca empire, where the person of the ruler was sacred. Hatun Capac ruled wisely and well, however, taking the name of Inca Viracocha in commemoration of the aid given him by the Creator. This ruler did his duty toward the empire of his fathers by adding to it the kingdom of Tucma, now the northwestern part of Argentina.

The Inca lords were profoundly devoted to the traditions of their ancestors and each one followed in the footsteps of his father, ruling by the accumulated wisdom of his forebears. Some among them were men of superior qualities who set a high example to their sons. Such a one was Inca Pachacutec who began to reign in 1400 A.D. He was a man of civilized ideas, austere just, but benevolent as well.

Although it was no longer possible for the Inca to supervise in person the affairs of the far-flung empire, Pachacutec chose accomplished governors and generals from among his relatives. With disciplined and loyal forces at his command he looked forth from his secure mountain kingdom to see what more of the world might be added to the realm of the Sun's Children.

He looked beyond the western cordillera of the Andes, be-

yond the upper valleys where his predecessors had made expeditions, to the coast kingdoms of Perú—rich and civilized, as the Incas well knew. These now must be added to the vast empire.

By a combination of diplomacy and force Inca Pachacutec conquered the southern valleys and gained possession of the great shrine of Pachacamac, religious center of the coast.

True to the principles of his ancestors, who had allowed conquered peoples to keep their local gods although they must accept Sun worship as the state religion, Pachacutec did not destroy the precious shrine of the coastal folk. The god Pachacamac had become identical with Viracocha the Creator, worshipped by the mountain clans, so that sacrifices were continued in his shrine. A magnificent Temple of the Sun was built near by.

So far the conquest of the coast had been easy, but northward lay the dominions of the Great Chimú to tempt the ambition of the Inca. It was a luxurious, civilized kingdom whose lord was the most powerful ruler on the coast. The valorous Inca armies, experienced in conquest, struggled through long bloody campaigns to subdue the ferocious warriors of the Great Chimú, and to bring about the fall of Chan-Chan, the splendid capital of the kingdom.

Once victory had been achieved, Pachacutec showed himself magnanimous to the Great Chimú, whose pride was equal to that of the Inca himself. The conquered lord and his chief nobles were invited to Cuzco, showered with gifts and gorgeously entertained, that they might be duly impressed with the glory and power of the Inca empire. Then the Great Chimú was allowed to continue as ruler of his kingdom under the lordship of the Inca.

By this wise practice, adopted by each conqueror, the Incas

insured themselves against revolt in new provinces and won the loyalty of local lords. The sons of conquered chieftains were sent to the school of Yachahuasi in Cuzco with the young Inca nobles, partly as hostages for their fathers' loyalty, but also to train them as future governors under Inca rule. The princelings returned to their provinces, full of admiration for Inca ideas and trained in the Quechua language which was imposed on every new region.

Pachacutec's heir, Tupac Yupanqui, received from his father a rich and splendid inheritance, with the obligation to bring more lands under the rule of the Sun God and his children. He had been well trained in military leadership in his father's campaigns and was prepared to continue the just rule of the great Pachacutec.

Large territories, both to the north and south, remained to be conquered for the empire. After touring his dominions to show himself to his people, Tupac Yupanqui assembled his armies and marched southward, over desolate mountains and deserts, to the conquest of Chile.

There the hitherto invincible armies of the Inca met the determined resistance of a semi-civilized race, robust and warlike, who had originally come to Chile from across the Andes. Not even the Incas could wrest from the Araucanos their forested homeland. The conquerors called this indomitable tribe Aucá, meaning rebels, and from that Quechua word the Spaniards, in later ages, invented the name Araucanos for the warriors of Chile.

Tupac Yupanqui established Inca rule in the upper half of Chile, then turned his attention beyond the northern borders of the empire to the kingdom of Quito in present-day Ecuador.

Progress toward that kingdom was stopped for a while by the fierce Cañaris, inhabiting the southern part of the country.

Being intelligent as well as brave, however, the Cañaris understood, after some time, the advantage of being allied to such a great lord as the Inca. From that time forth they were loyal people, much favored by Tupac Yupanqui and his son Huayna Capac. Cañari warriors were chosen for the emperor's personal bodyguard, and the Incas spent long periods of festive relaxation in the palaces they built in the delightful land of the Cañaris.

These people, always hostile to the powerful lord of Quito, were well pleased to help the Inca in the further conquest of the kingdom.

Neither the threat of armies nor diplomatic messages from Tupac Yupanqui, inviting him to accept Inca rule, affected the haughty lord of Quito. He replied to the Inca's smooth words, says the historian Garcilaso de la Vega, "That he was lord and would acknowledge no other, that he wanted no new laws as he decreed those that pleased him to his vassals, nor would he abandon the gods of his ancestors which were good enough for him, being deer and great trees which furnished food and fuel for the support of life."

Valiantly did the mountain clans of Ecuador struggle to keep their homeland, but the bold defiance of their king availed them nothing. After months and years of bloody warfare the ancient kingdom of Quito came under Inca rule.

The young heir, Titu Cusi Hualpa, received his training for warfare in the campaigns of the north, but, after the capture of Quito, he fell victim to the charms of the king's lovely daughter. His love for the northern princess, for her land, and the son she bore him, were ill omens for the future unity of the vast realm which he inherited from his ancestors.

During his last years Tupac Yupanqui grew weary and ill, filled with anxiety for the safety of the unwieldy empire. Call-

ing together his nobles and councillors, he told them that he was now called to go to rest with his Father the Sun, and he solemnly commanded them to receive the youthful prince as their ruler. Titu Cusi Hualpa was only about twenty years old when he was crowned with the imperial crimson-fringed llautu, but was such a valiant, accomplished young prince that he received the name Huayna Capac, The Young Chief Rich In Virtues.

The conquering mission of the Children of the Sun was now completed. Huayna Capac inherited an immense, orderly, civilized empire, extending from northern Ecuador to central Chile, including northwestern Argentina. East and west, it extended from the Pacific Ocean to forested valleys east of the Andes.

Huayna Capac began his reign in 1484 A.D. Less than four hundred years had passed since Sinchi Roca, leader of an obscure clan, had begun to civilize the tribes in the valley of Cuzco in the manner decreed by the legendary hero Manco Capac. Generation after generation, each Inca had followed the example of his ancestors, adding to the kingdom, bringing each new province into the system of the empire, with a sagacity and genius which would be remarkable in any age. Their vast realm was bound together by a common religion, worship of the Sun God, and by devotion to a semi-divine ruler who was far above ordinary human beings.

During those few hundred years of Inca rule marvelous works of engineering and architecture had been carried through by the labor of thousands upon thousands of obedient subjects. In every province there were palaces and temples, resplendent with golden decoration. Suspension bridges spanned the important river gorges and causeways crossed swampy or desert land.



From northern Ecuador to central Chile the shaded portion shows territory which was included in the Inca Empire

From one end to the other of the enormous kingdom ran the wonderful roads of the Incas, worthy to be compared with those of the Romans. One thoroughfare traversed the highlands from Quito, through Cuzco, to the southern confines of the empire. Straight and well paved across the plateaus, the road twisted around steep mountainsides in secure trails, with steps cut in the rock wherever necessary. Another highway ran from Tumbez in the north the full length of the coast, through green valleys and desert wastes. In the valleys it was a road of beaten earth, lined with adobe walls over which fruit trees cast their pleasant shade. In the deserts great posts marked the way and guides were at hand to direct travelers over the confusing sands. Other footways connected the coast road with the mountain highway.

Along the routes were storehouses filled with food and with supplies for the army, and near them were tambos, or inns, where official travelers or nobles (the only people who used the roads) might find rest and shelter.

Over mountain passes, over bleak plateaus, through valleys and deserts, on these roads shuttled the fleet runners called chasquis, bearing messages and news from one end of the empire to the other. From two to six runners were always on duty in the post-houses, set at convenient intervals. They watched the roads in both directions and, when a courier was seen approaching, the chasqui, whose duty it was to take up the race, went to meet him, running alongside as he received the brief verbal message or a package. So without pause, from post-house to post-house, ran the messengers, swift and strong, carrying news or royal commands or special luxuries for the Inca. It is said that fresh fish from the coast was speeded by the chasquis over the endless miles of mountain and tableland to lofty Cuzco, for the Inca's table.

When the Inca set forth to visit his dominions he was carried over the roads in a splendid litter borne on the shoulders of important nobles. Arches of pure gold studded with precious stones supported the richly embroidered curtains which shielded majesty from view. Surrounded by his Cañari guard, preceded and followed by a host of soldiers and nobles in colorful array, the Inca passed his humble and adoring subjects who lined the roads to greet him.

The gorgeous retinue marched in silence with eyes downcast, but the people shouted in homage : "Most High Lord, Child of the Sun, Thou art the Sole and Beloved Lord. The whole earth truly obeys Thee."

At times the procession halted, while the Inca drew aside the curtains to reveal his resplendent person to his subjects, to hear their pleas and receive petitions.

This was the kingdom of which Huayna Capac, the last great emperor of a united realm, became ruler. It was divided into four great regions : the south, called Colla-suyu ; the east, called Anti-suyu ; the west, called Cunti-suyu ; the north, called Chinchay-suyu. Huayna Capac was supreme lord of the Four Quarters of the World, Tihuantin-suyu.

CHAPTER IV

Life in Ttabuantin-suyu

IMPERIAL CUZCO, framed in mountains, lay dark and silent in the chill of a winter dawn when a stately company emerged from the stone palace of the Inca. Leading them came the Sapa Inca himself and his queen, the Coya, dressed in their most brilliant, gold-bedecked tunics and mantles. On his head, the Inca wore the crimson-fringed llautu of royalty, while the long shining black hair of the Coya was crowned with a diadem of gold and flowers. Richly dressed also were the haughty nobles and princesses of the imperial blood who accompanied the rulers.

Silent, save for the soft shuffle of sandaled feet, the procession advanced to the great Holy Square, Huacay-Pata. There, following the lead of the Inca, men and women bowed themselves to the earth, resting on their elbows with hands extended, facing the east as they watched the lightening sky. When the glittering rim of the sun showed above the mountains and the first rays reached the square, one and all kissed the sunbeams and made obeisance to their god.

It was June 22, the winter solstice in Perú, since it is a land below the Equator. The Sun's Children of Cuzco, from the highest to the lowest, had assembled for the solemn Feast of the Sun, Intip-Raymi, to give thanks that their god had finished his long journey to the end of the world and was returning to them.

Having worshipped the sun rays the Inca rose, and, taking

two tall golden drinking cups, filled them with the ceremonial liquor brewed from maize, called *aca* by the Incas, but later named *chicha*. From the cup in his right hand the Inca invited his relatives to drink, then poured the remainder into a huge golden urn, from which it flowed through a masonry conduit to Coricancha, the Sun Temple. Thus the god was believed to accept the libation. From the cup in his left hand the Inca drank, and divided the rest among the nobles, pouring it into cups of silver and gold. Meanwhile, in the adjoining square, Cusi-Pata, the curacas of provinces, and lower officials, having kissed the sunbeams, sipped *chicha* from cups less beautiful than those of the royal family.

Majestically, then, the Inca and his Coya led the company to the square before the huge gold-crowned walls of Coricancha. All save the Inca himself removed their sandals at two hundred paces from the temple door, and the ruler took off his sandals of white wool before entering. Only the Inca nobility might enter the temple, where they worshipped the great golden disk which represented the God. At the temple doorway the priests received from the curacas offerings they had brought to the Sun God from their provinces; exquisite little figures in gold and silver of the plants and animals native to their regions.

The priests then led into the square the sacrificial llama, a pure black animal from the Flocks of the Sun. It was laid with its head to the east, held down by four Incas, while the priest slit open the left side and pulled out the still palpitating heart and lungs from which omens of the future were read. Many more animals were then killed and piled up in a great burnt offering.

The fire for the sacrifice must be new, given by the Sun God. The priest took a large polished bracelet, holding it at such an angle that sun rays, concentrated on its concave sur-

face, set fire to a fluff of cotton. This new fire, was then applied to the heap of animals, and was carried also to the convent of the Virgins of the Sun to light the fire which they were required to keep going throughout the year.

If the Sun hid his face, fire was made by rubbing two sticks together, but such an untoward event caused great distress, because it was believed that the Sun was angry with his children.

While the appetizing odor of roasting meat tickled the nostrils of expectant folk, the feasters arranged themselves in the two great squares—the nobility and imperial family in Huacay-Pata, the less distinguished folk and common people in Cusi-Pata.

All the preceding night the Virgins of the Sun had been busy grinding maize and baking it into cakes of ceremonial bread called canca. This bread and the roast flesh of llamas was distributed to all, high and low alike.

What a spectacle it must have been, that throng of rejoicing people, a mass of color framed in the somber stone of palace walls! In the clear air and bright sun of the mountain city the colors of handsome tunics and mantles, of feather shirts and headdresses, were vibrant and glowing, while ornaments of precious metals and tunics spangled with gold flashed in the sunlight.

In and out among the variegated throng passed the dusky-skinned Virgins of the Sun, graceful and gentle, their long black hair falling over white mantles, as they distributed to all their sacred bread. The Inca, his dark countenance haughty and aloof, presided over the feasting of the nobility, condescending now and then to offer a drink from his golden cup to some favored lord. Sometimes a chieftain ventured to invite the Sapa Inca to drink and, if the invitation was accepted, he glowed with pride.

Feasting and invitations to drink went on in Cusi-Pata also, where mountain chieftains, dressed in puma skins or the great black and white wings of the condor, mingled with forest chiefs, in bright feather headdresses, and lords from the coast, wearing richly colored cotton robes and necklaces of seashell and turquoise. Crowded in among the strangers the humble folk of Cuzco, in their most festive garments, feasted to their hearts' delight.

After the food was consumed hours were passed in the pleasant occupation of pouring unlimited quantities of chicha down their throats, for the Inca people, though abstemious in food, were hearty drinkers. Probably the soft sibilant sound of the Quechua tongue grew louder in the excitement, until the shrill wild music of reed flutes and conch-shell trumpets invited them to dance.

For nine days and nights the feasting, drinking and dancing continued, as the people celebrated the Days of Increasing Light. At the same time, before every Sun Temple in the empire, the Feast of Intip-Raymi was celebrated, led by the priests and highest officials of the district, but none could compare in splendor with the festival in Cuzco.

With the Feast of the Sun the Inca year began. Although the Incas were not as proficient in the science of the heavens as the Mayas of Central America, they had devised ways to reckon the solstices and equinoxes.

On the rim of the hills east of Cuzco they built a quadrangular group of eight towers, four tall ones at the corners and smaller ones between. A similar group of eight towers stood on the rim of the western hills. By studying the way in which the sun's rays passed between these towers, the priests were able to announce the times of the winter and summer solstices.

Inti-huatana, the Place where the Sun is Tied, was the im-

agitative name given to the device for reckoning the equinoxes. A large flat circular stone was surmounted by a single granite shaft and a line was cut from the shaft across the stone in such a way that, at the equinox, the shadow of the shaft lay along that line all day.

The Incas believed that at the equinoxes Inti, the Sun God, came and sat upon this shaft, hence it was garlanded with flowers and a golden stool was placed on the stone for the God to sit upon.

The Inca year was closely bound up with the cultivation of the earth, with the periods of seed-time, growing and harvest. It was a peaceful rhythm of work and worship, the labor interwoven with propitiation and praise of the nature gods who provided sustenance for the people.

After the Feast of the Sun came the time of preparing the soil for spring and of cleaning irrigation ditches. Plowing and sowing were celebrated with song and festival in which the Inca and his court took part, setting an example of industry to the people.

The plow of the Incas was nothing more than a strong sharp-pointed stake, with a crosspiece which served as a foot rest. Six or eight men in a group leaped forward to the rhythm of their song, plunging the stakes into the earth. After them followed the women to break up the clods of earth and smooth it for sowing.

On the terrace of Collcampata at Cuzco, below the fortress of Sacsahuamán, the Inca initiated the plowing and sowing season for the whole empire. Collcampata was the most sacred of all the fields reserved for the Sun, for it was there that Manco Capac had raised the first maize dedicated to the god.

Dressed in rich garments the Inca, his Coya, the nobles and their women came singing to Collcampata. With a golden

plow the Inca leaped to cut the first clods, punctuating his song with shouts of triumph, Haylli ! They believed that they triumphed over the earth by cultivating it. Following their lord, groups of nobles took up the plowing, while the queen and her ladies stooped to crumble the earth for sowing.

This labor of the Inca and his court was more than a gesture, for only the royal Children of the Sun might cultivate and harvest the precious maize on the terrace of Collcampata.

All over the empire at the spring season the farmers plunged their plows rhythmically into the soil with shouts of Haylli! Then the women patiently smoothed the earth which was to give them food. Although maize was the most important food everywhere, crops varied in the different regions. The farmers in warm valleys of the coast cultivated vegetables and fruits which did not grow in the mountains.

After the planting followed quiet growing months, when water was led with songs of joy through irrigation canals, when rains fell and flowers bloomed. On valley floors and on terraces mounting the hillsides, every bit of land was cultivated ; maize, potatoes and quinoa ripened. Vegetables, cotton, and fruit trees flourished in the fields of coastal valleys.

Harvest was celebrated with more rejoicing. Singing, the people reaped the harvests of the Sun and the Inca and brought the food to the storehouses. When all was garnered they danced and sang to the thin sweet music of reed flutes. At this time the farmers made a little charm by wrapping grains of maize in fine cloth and planting it in a corner of the field. This symbol was the Maize Mother who would bring fertility to the crops.

Thus the wise Incas taught their people the systematic cultivation of their land, marking the seasons with praise and rejoicing. Generals and armies might march off on expeditions

of conquest, but in the Inca realm there were peace and order for the simple folk, for no enemy was strong enough to invade the empire.

Throughout the vast realm no family felt want or insecurity. Every man and wife had their house and land, their food and clothing provided by the fatherly care of the Sapa Inca, their Sole Lord. In return every householder rendered to the Inca tribute of his labor at appointed tasks.

With practical genius the Incas built up the intricate system of their empire from the base of the simple ayllu, the clan, in which the unit of society was the household.

The system began with a unit of ten households in charge of an official who looked after the well-being of the people, saw to it that they obeyed the laws and performed their tribute labor. Next came an officer over fifty households, then one over a hundred households (which constituted a village), continuing upward in larger and larger groups, each in charge of an official responsible to the one above him. Finally there was a great lord to govern each of the four quarters of the empire, and above them all was the Inca, source of all law and wisdom.

This complicated empire was a land without the concept of money. The simple folk exchanged their products for others they needed by barter. All other things were collected as tribute for the use of the nobility, the Inca, and the religion of the Sun. Special food products of the different regions, such fine materials as gold, silver, copper, precious stones, colored feathers and seashells; the work of skilled craftsmen in metals, pottery or weaving; all these were collected and kept in the local storehouses to be called for when needed.

All over the empire the life of humble folk in their villages was identical. Once a year the chief official called together the marriageable youths and maidens—girls of about eighteen and

youths of about twenty-four—the age at which a young man was supposed to become a householder. Probably there were ways for those in love to choose one another but, whether or no, the official married the young pairs by the simple ceremony of joining their hands.

Accompanied by a throng of relatives the bridegroom then led his bride to her father's house, knelt and fastened on her right foot a sandal of wool, as a sign that she was his. Hours of feasting and dancing celebrated the marriage. Young people of the nobility were married by the Inca himself or one of his officers, and the festivities were naturally more elaborate.

Each young couple in a village received a house, two sets of clothing and a piece of land of a specified size, large enough to provide food for a man and his wife. For each boy child who was born the father received another section of land, and half the amount for a girl. Thus it came about that a man was rich according to the number of children he had, for each one brought more land, and more hands to help the householder in his work.

Land was the thing most valued by the people, yet no man owned his farm. Once a year all the lands of the empire were re-distributed—one third for the service of the Sun, one third for the Inca, and the rest for the householders. The work of sowing, cultivating and harvesting was accomplished by the communal labor of all the people in each district.

First the lands of the Sun were cultivated as tribute to religion, then the men of each village worked on the farms of the aged, those who were disabled by illness, the land of widows and orphans or of the men who were absent doing military service. Each householder worked his own farm with the help of his family and neighbors. Last of all the lands of the Inca were cultivated.

Everyone worked to grow food for the nation but, in addition, groups of men were assigned to certain tasks as tribute to the state. Some worked on the building of houses, roads, aqueducts or bridges. Others were shepherds of the great flocks of llamas and alpacas. Some men paid their tribute by work in the mines. The Incas only scratched the surface of their rich ore-bearing mountains. Gold was washed from stream-beds and easily accessible veins of gold, silver and copper were mined, producing an abundance of precious metals. Gold was valued for its beauty ; its color, like sunlight, made it especially sacred for the decoration of Sun Temples and for the use of the Inca nobility. Craftsmen were honored workers who paid tribute of the skilled products of their hands.

Once a man had finished the stint of work assigned to him, he could not be called upon again that year, so that if he had a large willing family to help him, he might finish his appointed task in a few months and be free to attend to his own affairs the remainder of the year.

At certain periods collectors of tribute arrived in the villages or larger districts, to check over the labor of the inhabitants, and the supplies of food, clothing and fine materials which were laid up in the storehouses. Theoretically these supplies belonged to the Inca, but they were drawn upon for the people in times of need.

With all their intelligence the Incas never invented a system of writing, but they did have a most ingenious device for keeping records, called the quipu. This consisted of a large number of strings, attached to a thicker cord. The color of the strings indicated the subject of record, as, for instance, yellow represented gold, white stood for silver, red for soldiers. Numbering was done by making knots in the strings. By translat-

ing the complicated groups of knots in each string, the tribute collector learned all he wanted to know about the affairs of the district. Some say that the Incas not only kept statistics on the quipus, but recorded events and historical tales. Men who were especially trained in the use of the quipus were called Quipucamayocs, Keepers of the Records.

The subjects of the Incas had security, their needs were supplied by the paternal care of their rulers. In return they worked hard and continuously for the state. But these people had no liberty of thought or action. No man could move from his village without permission, or undertake any independent activity. People lived in complete obedience to the laws of the Incas which were administered by officials directly over them. Punishment for breaking any law was so severe that few attempted it.

The people accepted this strict, orderly pattern of life as divinely ordained by their Sole Lord. Year after year humble folk of the empire lived soberly and industriously. While men worked in the fields or at their tribute tasks, the women were eternally busy. In the mountains they wove coarse llama wool to make the family garments and blankets which were their beds on the earthen floors of their huts. In coast provinces garments were made of cotton instead of wool. With home-made cooking pots and utensils of wood, stone or clay they cooked the simple food over a fire of sticks or dried llama dung.

The Incas, stern as they were in imposing their laws, understood the value of relaxation. Besides participation in the great festivals, the people had three holiday market days a month. On these occasions the villagers, who never otherwise used the official roads, walked to the chief town of the district, to enjoy the barter of produce, see the sights, and listen to any announce-

ments officials might have to make. How they must have delighted in those free days, when they might meet people from other villages and hear news of the empire !

In the Andes the scene was probably not unlike that of an Indian market day now. Then, as now, the women sat themselves down in rows in the central square, with little piles of produce before them, to enjoy the game of bargaining.

She who had maize, but needed potatoes or red peppers, sat down before the woman who had those vegetables. Silently, keeping her eyes on the other, the buyer added grain by grain to the pile of maize she had set out. When the heap looked big enough, the woman of the potatoes scooped up the maize without a word, the other took her purchase of peppers or potatoes and went away, content.

Separated from this life of the people by class and special privileges, the nobility had what luxuries there were, although from a modern point of view they had few comforts. From dishes of fine pottery or metal they ate simple food, supplemented by such delicacies as fresh fish, fruits or venison. They too slept on the floor in their stone palaces, although their coverings were woven from fleece of the wild vicuña, soft and warm.

Tunics and mantles for those of royal blood were of fine wool or cotton, exquisitely patterned in geometric designs of harmonious colors. Such luxuries as face paints, mirrors of silver or obsidian, jeweled ornaments and feathers, were used only by the nobles and the family of the Inca. Every man of the upper class wore a small decorated bag hung from one shoulder, containing coca leaves. Only the nobility were allowed the free use of this cherished stimulant, although the common people were permitted to have it on special occasions.

Aristocratic splendor reached its height in Cuzco, sacred

heart of the empire, called "The Navel of the World." There the narrow streets near the Holy Square were lined with great windowless walls of palaces, broken only by doorways slanting inward to the lintels. The palaces were expertly built of large well-cut stones, but their peaked roofs were only of thatch, supported on wooden beams.

Within the palaces, rooms opened on courts and gardens and somber stone walls were decorated with niches, in which were set charming representations of birds, flowers or animals in gold and silver.

The Inca's palace was as austere as the others, but lavish use of gold and silver honored the imperial family above all others. Plates of pure gold gave a rich sheen to the walls of royal apartments. Every utensil, every dish, used in the palace was of gold or silver. Particularly beautiful were the tall drinking cups of precious metal, hammered into rich designs. The Inca sat upon a curved golden chair to raise him above his attendant women, and the warm pure colors of costumes and soft blankets relieved the severity of the stone rooms.

There were times of gorgeous festivity within the palaces when the Inca was having periods of repose between his wars. Times when the shrill music of flutes, pan pipes, copper bells and trumpets of clay or shell accompanied the rhythmic patterns of the dance ; when the poets recited their verses for the court, and players performed dramas glorifying the victories of warriors and the great deeds of ancestors.

Even in the upper class, for the women at least, idleness was a sin in that orderly empire. The pallas, wives of the nobility, and the fiustas, unmarried princesses, sat among their women weaving delicate fabrics. When a palla went visiting, her serving maid carried her distaff and spindle, that her hands might not be idle while she gossiped.

Industrious also, and severely trained, were the lovely girls of royal blood who were chosen at the age of eight to become Virgins of the Sun, dedicated to the service of the god for the rest of their lives. They were shut up in the great stone convent, House of Chosen Women, near the Sun Temple in Cuzco, where they were trained and cared for by elderly virgins called *mamacunas*. Theirs was a busy life, for they must grind maize and bake ceremonial bread, as well as brew the maize liquor, *chicha*, for special festivals. Above all it was their duty to weave the fabrics used in sacrifices to the Sun, those for gifts to important lords, and all the clothing of the Inca and his queen. In chief centers of the empire where there were Sun Temples there were other convents of Chosen Women.

Only the Sole Lord and his family might have garments made of fine silky vicuña fleece. The choicest patterns and richest colors were chosen for these fabrics. In a great hall of their convent at Cuzco the maidens sat with the *mamacunas*, day after day, working patiently at their exquisite art. Many busy hands were needed to keep the Inca clothed, for he never wore a garment twice, but presented it to one of his relatives.

The people of Cuzco, except for those whose duty it was to serve in the palaces, saw little of court festivities, but the whole populace was witness to the initiation of nobly born youths into manhood.

After a course of training in the making and use of weapons, after severe exercises and fasts, these lads and the Inca's sons, of fourteen or fifteen, had to prove their ability to become hardy disciplined warriors. In a great festival they were put through tests of strength and skill before the Inca and his court.

From the hill of Huanacauri, where the golden staff of Manco Capac had disappeared in the ground, the naked brown lads raced to the plain, north of the huge hilltop fortress Sac-

sahuaman. There, from stone seats carved in the rock, the Inca and his lords watched their approach. The fleet runners ended their course before the ruler who administered praise or criticism of their performance. After sham battles to show their skill the boys who passed all the tests received the large metal stoppers for their ears, insignia of their caste. The Inca himself inserted the ear stoppers into holes which had previously been bored.

Ceremoniously, then, the nearest relatives invested the lads with sandals and breechclout, shield and weapons, and fine tunics made by their mothers. Garlanded with flowers, they were received as men in the service of the Sole Lord. During the month following the coming-of-age ceremony, there were all sorts of martial exercises for the further training of the young warriors.

Over the yearly round of ceremonies and sacrifices the Sun God presided from his shrine in Coricancha. The massive walls of polished stone, surmounted by a golden parapet, enclosed the shrines of the most important gods and the rare Garden of the Sun. In that garden every plant, flower, bird and animal was a work of art in gold, given to the deity by the most skilled artists of the empire.

The Children of the Sun lived in a majestic mountain world, where their lives were deeply influenced by sun, rain, lightning, thunder and other forces of nature. In the thin air of their high altitudes the moon and stars blazed like jewels in the velvet sky of night. With poetic imagination the Incas created a company of heavenly beings, endowing them with personalities, and inventing charming legends about them. Each important nature god had his or her shrine in Coricancha.

Sun rays gilding the daytime world were represented by sheets of pure gold covering the walls of the chief temple, that

of the Sun. His countenance, surrounded by a diadem of rays, was engraved on a great plate of gold. Another golden disk, representing Viracocha, Creator of Life, hung beside the image of the Sun. Before these images were arranged the richly dressed mummies of all the dead Inca rulers, seated on golden chairs.

The Moon, Mama Quilla, shed her pale radiant light over dark mountains and plains, so that silver was the true color to represent her. The walls of the Moon Temple were lined with silver, and her image was engraved on a plate of the pale metal. The Moon was sister and wife to the Sun, therefore mother of the Incas, and it was fitting that the mummies of the queens, or Coyas, should be arranged on silver seats before her image.

The stars, said the Incas, were handmaidens of the Moon, and should be near to attend upon her. So the silver-lined shrine dedicated to the stars was next to that of the Moon.

Venus, the morning star, called Chasca, was the star with long curly hair. When she appeared in the heavens before dawn she saw that plants and flowers on the earth were thirsty, needing water. Then she unbound her long tresses, shaking out from them cool dew to refresh growing things. After each leaf and petal had received drops of dew Chasca tied up her long hair and went away.

The shimmering wonder of the rainbow was familiar to the Incas and, as they realized it came from the Sun, they made it the insignia to decorate their shields. Among the shrines in Coricancha that of the Rainbow held its image, painted in all its colors on a plate of gold.

Among the other sky deities the Thunder God had his shrine in Coricancha because his roarings among the mountains let

loose summer rains to nourish the crops. In the Inca imagination Thunder was a bold strong warrior whose sister was the gentle goddess of the rain, a maiden bearing on her shoulder a great water jar.¹ Often, as he strode across the heavens, hurling stones from his sling, the thunder warrior struck the maiden's jar and broke it, showering rain upon the earth.

Although Coricancha was the holiest temple in the empire, the Incas also made a great shrine on the island of Titicaca, where the ancients believed that the Sun had first appeared. The temple was almost as magnificent in golden decoration as Coricancha. Terraced gardens on the hillsides were filled with rich earth brought from far away and the maize grown there was regarded as the gift of the Sun. Grain from Titicaca was planted in every Field of the Sun throughout the empire, and was stored in the granaries to insure good crops.

Pilgrims came from great distances to worship the Sun at Titicaca, to pray for long life, and receive a few grains of the sacred maize. The Peruvian farmer believed that if he had a grain of maize from Titicaca to keep in his ear his crops would never fail.

Year after year the people of Ttahuantin-suyu, docile and obedient, lived in an orderly rhythm of work and festival and worship. Their land reached to the Four Quarters of the World and it must have seemed to them, and to their rulers as well, that nothing could destroy its power and splendor.

Yet Huayna Capac, the last great emperor, was haunted by forebodings long before he died. Omens, both good and bad, were believed in by the people, and signs of evil followed one another during this reign.

One year, at the Feast of Intip-Raymi at Cuzco, an eagle was seen to fly across the sky pursued by falcons. The royal bird

was wounded by the falcons so that it fell into the Holy Square and soon died. Anxiety filled the people, for they feared this was a sign of disaster for their Inca.

Worse yet, the Moon, their mother, appeared one time encircled with great rings, one blood red, one greenish black and one the color of smoke. Terrified by this spectacle Huayna Capac called upon one of his magicians to explain its meaning.

Sadly the wise man related: "You may only know, Sole Lord, that your Mother the Moon warns you that the Creator of the World threatens you with great troubles which are to be sent upon your house; that first circle, color of blood, signifies that after you have been called to rest with your Father the Sun there will be cruel war between your descendants and much shedding of royal blood. The second dark circle threatens us with the destruction of our religion, and with the engulfing of the empire by wars; so much so that all will vanish like smoke, as the third circle signifies, which looks like smoke."

In addition to these portents Huayna Capac learned from his faithful messengers that strange men, white-skinned and bearded, sailing in great white-winged ships, had appeared off the northern coast of the empire and had even set foot upon its shores.

Brooding on these things with the fatalism of his race, Huayna Capac seems to have believed that the end of the Inca dynasty was near. Indeed, by his own act he prepared the downfall of the Empire.

During his last years, being weary with the cares of the huge empire, Huayna Capac lived in his dearly loved kingdom of Quito, leaving the affairs of state to be administered from Cuzco by trusted relatives.

His beloved young son, Atahualpa, child of the Quito princess, was his constant companion. Being a bold and am-

bitious youth, so favored by his father, Atahualpa must have dreamed of ruling the land of his mother's people.

The emperor, also, so greatly desired to leave the northern kingdom to Atahualpa that he broke the inviolable tradition that only the son of the Inca's sister-wife, direct descendant of the Sun, might inherit the kingdom. Huayna Capac asked his legitimate heir, Huascar, to consent to the division of the empire; Atahualpa to have Quito and Huascar to rule the rest of the empire from Cuzco. The prince, being by all accounts a rather gentle and reasonable young man, agreed to his father's wish.

Soon after, in 1529 A.D., Huayna Capac went to rest with his Father the Sun, deeply mourned by his subjects. In accordance with his request, his heart was buried in the beloved city of Quito, while his body went to join the mummies of his ancestors before the image of the Sun in Coricancha.

It was not long before the brothers were at war, each determined to have the whole empire for himself. It must have been a bewildering situation for the people, accustomed as they were to giving reverence and obedience to one supreme lord. Now some were obeying the commands of Atahualpa while, to others, Huascar was the Sapa Inca, and Inca warriors were killing fellow subjects of the empire.

Meanwhile, as wars destroyed the peace and unity of the empire, the threat of the white-skinned bearded strangers grew closer and closer to Ttahuantin-suyu.

PART II

THE CONQUEST OF SOUTH AMERICA

CHAPTER V

The Conquest of Perú

[1531-1542]

TWENTY YEARS after Columbus' little ships reached the tropical islands of the Caribbean Sea—in the year 1513—a small band of Spaniards struggled through the dense, hot jungles of the Isthmus of Panamá, led by a gallant adventurer, Vasco Núñez de Balboa. Tortured with hunger, thirst and fever, fighting off attacks of hostile Indians, they climbed up through the forests to the top of a low mountain. There before them, beyond the hazy treetops of jungle forest, lay a vast blue sea, stretching away to infinity. The whole company fell on their knees and gave thanks to God for the discovery.

A few days later, having fought their way to the coast, the soldiers watched Balboa wade into the rolling surf, bearing aloft the banner of Castile, while he jubilantly claimed the sea and all the lands it touched for the King of Spain. A daring claim, indeed, for the sea was the Pacific Ocean, christened by Balboa the South Sea.

That momentous discovery revealed to the dazzled Spaniards that only a narrow neck of land separated the coasts they had explored from a great ocean, and that new lands, new seas, offered unlimited possibilities for discovery.

Spaniards were beginning, now, to have a vague idea of the size of the New World which had been laid at the feet of Ferdinand and Isabella by Columbus, when he thought that he had reached the fabulous Indies. As further discoveries re-

vealed the thrilling truth, the first name for the new land remained. The whole Spanish empire in the New World was to be known henceforth as *Las Indias*, and its dark-skinned inhabitants of all groups were to be styled "*los Indios*."

Navigators had proved that below the islands first discovered lay a great continent. One of them, Fernando Magalhaes, or Magellan in English, had found the strait sought by every mariner, which made a water route through that land mass to the spice islands of the Far East. Magellan had sailed his ships across the immense ocean, first seen by Balboa, and, although he himself died in the islands he discovered (the Philippines), one ship of the expedition made the home port of Seville laden with spices from the Molucca Islands. A Spanish ship had circumnavigated the globe and revealed the round world to sixteenth-century Europe.

Eleven years after Balboa's discovery—in 1524—the town of Panamá huddled on the shores of the Isthmus facing the South Sea—a new gateway to adventure. It was the chief settlement of Castilla del Oro, the Isthmus, and that tropical wilderness was only a small part of the lands won for Spain in a few short years by dauntless conquistadores. The ruler in whose name they claimed new lands was King Charles I, who was also Emperor Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire. He was ruler of the most powerful empire in Europe.

Burning tropical sun beat down relentlessly on the pestilential streets of crude little Panamá; men died like flies from fevers caused by unhealthy swamps and rivers. Food was scarce. That mattered little to the swaggering unscrupulous adventurers who filled its streets. They fed on rumors of gold, of legendary kingdoms, to be found by pushing northward into the forests or sailing south on the newly discovered ocean.

With miracles happening every day, these adventurers were ready to believe any fantastic tale of golden kingdoms and heathen lords. Had not Cortés discovered and conquered the splendid empire of the Aztecs to the north? The rumor of treasures beyond belief pouring into Spain from Mexico; the description of the wonderful city Tenochtitlán with its palaces and canals, its resplendent ruler, Montezuma, fired the imagination of every threadbare fortune hunter. Anywhere in the unexplored wilderness there might be other kingdoms, equally gorgeous, and what Cortés had done other men might accomplish.

Indeed, when Balboa made that momentous journey across the Isthmus, he was not only seeking a great sea he had heard of, but a rich kingdom hinted at by Indians. Once when he was weighing a paltry collection of gold taken from natives, a young Indian, watching him, had struck the scales with his fist, saying, "If that is what you are willing to risk your lives for, I can tell you of a kingdom where they eat and drink from golden vessels and where gold is as plentiful as iron is with you."

That was enough to fire Spanish imagination with visions of treasure! Balboa, having achieved fame by discovery of the South Sea had planned, and received permission from Spain, to explore southward by sea in search of the kingdom. His plans and his life were cut short by the tyrannical governor of Panamá, Pedrarias who, jealous of Balboa's prestige, had him arrested on trumped-up charges and beheaded.

Among the soldiers who accompanied Balboa to the discovery of the South Sea, there was one who cherished through years the ambition to find that will-o'-the-wisp land of gold. This rough soldier, by name Francisco Pizarro, had come early

to the New World, and had taken part in the sufferings and hardships of expeditions along the tropical shores of Central America.

Like the successful Cortés, he came from the province of Estremadura in Spain and the town of Trujillo, where he had spent a dreary boyhood herding swine. Being the illegitimate son of a Spanish colonel, he had nothing to hope for at home, but in the New World had made his way by sheer tough persistence and courage.

In the year 1524 Francisco Pizarro was a captain, a man of about fifty, living in Panamá on lands allotted to him for his services. Life as a colonist did not, however, suit the middle-aged soldier who dreamed of making a conquest as splendid as that of Cortés.

Panamá was the gateway to that dream ; there in the harbor were ships — small clumsy caravels, with high poops and square sails. Among the motley crew of fortune hunters in the town he could get men, but where could a poor soldier find money for an expedition of conquest ?

He discovered the partner to his liking among the soldiers, a man like himself, illegitimate, illiterate, who had spent his life in soldier camps. Diego Almagro was like himself middle-aged ; a small, wiry, hot-headed man of a frank, friendly disposition, more pleasing than Pizarro's harsh personality. A schoolmaster-priest, Father Luque, found them a financial backer in a rich judge who was willing to gamble on the prospect of fortune.

How they planned and plotted in the hot, stifling town, reckoning the cost of ships and equipment, winning recruits among unsavory rascals with their promises of rich loot ! Father Luque was commissioned to persuade the governor, the same harsh Pedrarias who had put an end to Balboa's career, to give

them a license for the voyage. Consent was only won by promising Pedrarias a share in the profits.

Finally the agreement between the partners was properly drawn up and sworn to by all that was holy. Father Luque was to remain in Panamá to attend to the finances, Almagro was to be supply officer, going back and forth between the expedition and their base at Panamá, while Pizarro led the exploring party.

The first shipload set sail in 1524, with high hopes, only to return a year later much reduced in numbers, with a miserable tale of winds and bad weather, of deadly jungles where they suffered appallingly from fever, hunger and attacks of savages.

There was no proof that such a kingdom as they sought existed, yet the soldier-partners would not give up. For the next few years their story was one of dogged persistence and unshakable determination. All their powers of persuasion and argument were used to gather more funds, to win from a sceptical new governor permission for further voyages ; expeditions which chiefly ended in disaster.

Tantalizing evidence that their dream of a marvelous kingdom was not a mere fantasy were gleaned from some of the voyages. One ship had met off the southern coast a log balsa, manned by natives in colored cotton tunics who had on board a store of fine woven cloth and gold ornaments. Coasting farther along the shore after that the explorers had glimpsed towns and cultivated fields.

Then, as usual, contrary winds prevented them from proceeding any farther south. Pizarro decided to wait with part of the company on the desolate island of Gallo while Almagro sailed back to Panamá for recruits and supplies. For five months the pitiful little band waited, half starved, on the barren island.

When a ship did arrive it came without Almagro, but with orders for Pizarro to return at once. Give up, when the golden kingdom of Perú existed? Rugged Pizarro knew no such word as surrender. Gambling life itself on one throw, he drew a line in the sand and stepped over it from north to south.

"Friends and comrades!" he cried. "There lies Perú with its riches, here Panamá with its poverty. Choose, each man, what becomes a brave Castilian! For my part I go to the south!"

Thirteen gaunt, exhausted adventurers had the spirit to follow their leader across the line. Among them were the pilot, Bartolomé Ruiz and a Greek, Pedro de Candia.

Thirteen men were left with Pizarro on a lonely island, with every prospect of starving to death while they watched the empty sea for a sail.

Back in Panamá, the best that Diego Almagro and Father Luque could do was to persuade the governor to send one ship, with stern orders for Pizarro to return to Panamá within six months.

When that ship reached the worn adventurers on their island, Pizarro and the valiant thirteen joyfully went aboard and sailed southward once more. This time they reached the mouth of a river on the northernmost border of Perú and anchored before the fine stone town of Tumbes—the first Inca town to be seen by Spanish eyes.

Wonder and excitement were mutual when Spaniards and Peruvians first met. The Spaniards gazed upon a town of good stone houses and a temple decked with gold. They were met by friendly natives who wore tunics of fine colored cotton, who received them with satisfactory awe and welcome gifts of gold and silver.

Pedro de Candia, clad in a full suit of shining armor, was a

dazzling being to the townsfolk. Their awe was increased when he exhibited a fire-spitting weapon, and when a fierce jaguar of the town menagerie could not penetrate his glittering garments with its teeth. Word of this visitation of splendid white-skinned strangers traveled swiftly to the Inca emperor.

Reluctantly Pizarro turned away from this inviting town to return to Panamá, for the time allotted by the governor was up, and he dared not enter the country with his small company. His partners in Panamá received the story with joy, and excited adventurers clamored to set out for Perú, but the governor was adamant. He had had enough of disastrous voyages and refused to be convinced by Pizarro's tale.

The partners were desperate. Penniless, they sat in Panamá while fortune awaited them in legendary Perú. Pizarro must appeal to King Charles, they decided, and somehow money was found for his voyage to Spain. So the ex-swineherd returned to his native land to be received at its stately court and to plead his cause before the monarch himself.

King Charles listened readily to Pizarro's argument, for the wealth coming to him from Mexico made it easy to convince him that there might be another such magnificent kingdom. Pizarro was ordered to assemble ships and men in Spain and proceed to conquest.

His brothers Juan and Gonzalo and his half-brother Hernando—all of them poor, proud and greedy—eagerly joined the once-despised Francisco. A young cousin, Pedro Pizarro, also went along as page to the conqueror. He was to do good service to history, later on, by writing an eyewitness account of the conquest.

Great was the rejoicing when Pizarro appeared triumphant in the harbor of Panamá with his ships and the royal order. Almagro's joy turned to anger and suspicion, however, when

he heard the terms of the contract. Pizarro had sworn to share equally with his partner, yet he had obtained the grant to a huge piece of undiscovered territory with the commission to govern it, while Almagro was appointed simply commander of Tumbez, and Father Luque bishop of the place.

More than that, Almagro had to remain in Panamá to drum up recruits while Pizarro, in January, 1531, set sail with two hundred men and a few horses—this time to the conquest of Perú!

Pilot Bartolomé Ruiz went along, proud of his new title, Grand Pilot of the South Seas. An important member of the expedition was a Dominican friar, Father Vicente Valverde; for winning of a New World for the Catholic Faith went hand in hand with the search for glory and riches, in the minds of both the Spanish ruler and his ambitious conquistadores.

The first stop of the adventurers was the Gulf of Guayaquil on the coast of present day Ecuador, where the Spaniards made friends with the inhabitants of the large island of Puná. At the first symptoms of discontent the iron hand of the conqueror was shown, and the natives were subdued to the Spanish will. Pizarro was establishing at Puná a base for future operations when another ship arrived, bringing Hernando de Soto, a cavalier of fine character, with more men and horses.

An expedition now set out overland for Tumbez. Although they found that town in ruins, due to war with the men of Puná, natives in the countryside confirmed the Spanish belief that the realm of the Incas was indeed a great empire. It was good news to learn that the rival brothers Atahualpa and Huascar were at war, for a kingdom divided made an easier conquest for a handful of bold Spaniards.

Marching on from Tumbez, Pizarro paused at a good harbor on a river to found the first Spanish settlement in Perú, the

fort of San Miguel. There he left a garrison and base of supplies in charge of Sebastian de Belalcázar. With his remaining men—sixty-seven horsemen and one hundred and ten foot soldiers armed with arquebuses—Pizarro set forth to conquer the Children of the Sun. Sublime courage in a handful of adventurers who believed that God watched over their destiny!

On they marched along the coast highway of the Incas, broad and smooth, marveling at the cultivated countryside, the fortresses and good towns inhabited by well-clothed, civilized people. Spaniards had learned from their first adventures in the New World that prancing horses terrified the natives in this horseless land, and Pizarro took care to play up his cavalry. Although he and his men did not hesitate to help themselves from the storehouses filled with cloth and grain, Pizarro's words were soft and polite. He, the ambassador of a great lord, wished them nothing but good, he told the people. Father Valverde carried the Cross, exhorting bewildered inhabitants to give up the worship of devils and accept the True God.

The Spaniards gathered news through their young Indian interpreters, learning that Atahualpa had now defeated and taken prisoner his brother Huascar. It was soon apparent that the powerful Inca knew of the invaders. Messengers arrived with gifts of gold which made the Spaniard's eyes sparkle, and with smooth words from the Inca, saying that he waited to receive the strangers as friends in the town of Cajamarca in the highlands. Pizarro sent back equally hypocritical messages, saying that he came as the ambassador of the greatest prince in the world and wished to help Atahualpa in his wars.

The wily Inca, feeling secure in his great power, was probably curious to see the bold strangers. He knew well that he would have them in his power when once they had come up into the mountains.

That thought nagged at the Spaniards also, as they turned from the coast road to take the trail up through forbidding mountain passes. Any one of the crags above the precipitous path might conceal warriors, waiting to annihilate them. They struggled on, alert and fearful, burdened with equipment, their horses slipping on the steps cut in the rock. Men and animals suffered from the freezing cold of the heights.

At last the mountains were crossed and, as they made the descent, the little band saw below them a long valley, a stone town and, most alarming sight, the far hillsides dotted with the tents of a great army.

The moment of test had come. Was it to be glory and riches, or death at the hands of the Inca's warriors?

It was late afternoon on November 15, 1532, a most important date for the future of South America, when the soldiers made their way, sword in hand, through the empty silent streets of Cajamarca, expecting attack from every doorway. They came into a large square, surrounded with stone houses, and still there was no sign of life. The town was deserted.

Pizarro lost no time in sending his brother Hernando, with a small delegation, and with Hernando de Soto on horseback, to greet the Inca. The message begged Atahualpa, in suave words, to come unarmed as a friend to sup with Pizarro in the town.

They found Atahualpa seated on a low stool in the doorway of his lodgings, surrounded by his women and a great guard of magnificent warriors. Face to face at last with the ruler of legendary splendor, they found him a great lord indeed—a handsome man in fine robes, his face haughty and impassive, eyes downcast under the crimson fringe of the imperial llautu.

Hernando de Soto delivered his message in the best manner

of a Spanish cavalier, reining up his prancing horse so close to the Inca that some of the attendants shrank back. For that sign of fear they paid with their lives by order of the Inca next day.

Atahualpa did not lift his eyes or signify in any way that he had heard. A chief replied for him that the Sole Lord was fasting and would visit the strangers next day. Hernando Pizarro was next introduced as the great white chief's brother. Atahualpa looked up then and asked if Pizarro would help him subdue a rebellious chieftain.

"Ten Christians on horseback," boasted Hernando, "will suffice to subdue an army."

When the delegation reported what they had seen in the Inca's camp, fear gripped the Spaniards. That was an anxious night, shut up in the silent town, watching the campfires of the enemy dancing like a thousand fireflies on the dark hillsides.

Pizarro brooded over their dangerous situation and a plan came to him, modeled on the spectacular exploit of his successful fellow-townsmen, Hernán Cortés. That conqueror had made his first move toward winning the empire of the Aztecs by capturing the person of the ruler, Montezuma, thus breaking the morale of the native armies. Pizarro, too, could play that game.

He went among the men, giving his orders, explaining the part each was to play, exhorting them with stout words. They had no help but in God, he said, but they must make their hearts fortresses of courage. Although there were five hundred Indians to each Spaniard, God would fight for them.

Silence, tense with anxiety, lay over the apparently empty town next day. In every house around the square, men were in hiding, arquebuses and swords in their hands, the cavaliers

soothing their nervous horses. From the fortress above the square a lookout reported the approach of Atahualpa with his hosts. Crowds of dancing, singing retainers went before him, sweeping the road clean for his passage. Surrounded by companies of warriors, the Inca rode in a gold-decked litter, lined with bright macaw feathers, borne on the shoulders of nobles.

From their hiding places the Spanish soldiers watched the company march into the square with the soft shuffle of sandaled feet until it was filled with barbaric splendid warriors. Above their heads towered the gorgeous figure of Atahualpa in his litter.

He looked around the silent square. "Where are these strangers?" he demanded haughtily.

At that Father Valverde padded forward in his monk's robes from one of the houses, bearing a cross and a breviary. He was accompanied by a young Indian interpreter, Felipillo. Standing before the Inca, Father Valverde began a long-winded discourse on the Christian religion, exhorting Atahualpa to submit to the True Faith and to His Christian Majesty, King Charles, the greatest ruler in the world.

Interpreted by Felipillo these words meant nothing at all to the Child of the Sun. He did understand, however, that this impudent stranger was demanding that he, Atahualpa, the Sapa Inca, submit to a more powerful lord. Taking the breviary which Father Valverde handed him, he ruffled its pages scornfully, then threw it on the ground, his face reddening with anger. He would have these strangers know, he said, that he was the Sole Lord. He knew what they had been doing, stealing goods from his storehouses, frightening his people. He would not leave until all was restored.

The fanatical priest, horrified at the treatment of his holy book, rushed to Pizarro, crying, "See you not what is happen-

ing? Why do you treat with this proud dog when the plain is covered with Indians? Fall upon him! I absolve you."

Pizarro gave the signal. The trumpet sounded.

With the fierce Spanish battle cry, "Santiago and at them!" soldiers burst from every doorway, fire spitting from their weapons, horses trampling the crowds of frightened, unarmed Indians. The slaughter was terrible as the defenseless natives, taken by surprise, struggled to get out of the square. Atahualpa was dragged from his litter, his bearers killed, and he, too, would have been killed had not Pizarro rushed to his rescue. He carried the Inca to his quarters, with treacherous words of kindness.

Soldiers in a fury of battle pursued the fleeing Indians across the plain, killing them by hundreds. In the square the dead bodies of those who had come on a friendly invitation lay in heaps. The Spaniards rejoiced that night with prayers of thanksgiving that God had so aided his Christian warriors.

In that treacherous attack by less than two hundred bold Spaniards, the proud empire of the Children of the Sun crumbled, and was to "vanish like smoke" as the magician had foretold to Huayna Capac. With their Inca captured, the people, who had never in their lives thought or acted for themselves, were helpless. Although that little band of Spaniards was alone in a country filled with trained warriors, none attacked them. They did not know how to move without orders from the Inca.

Pizarro tried to soothe his caged eagle with hypocritical words. "Do not take it ill that you have been defeated and made prisoner," he said. "For with the Christians who came with me, though so few in numbers, I have conquered greater kingdoms than yours, imposing upon them the dominion of the emperor whose vassal I am, who is King of Spain and the

universal world. We come to conquer this land by his command, that all may come to a knowledge of God and His Holy Catholic Faith."

After the nervous strain and wild excitement of the capture, there was a pause while the Spaniards considered just what to do next. Never absent from their thoughts was the fear of attack, for they felt sure that the Inca chiefs would reassemble an army to fall upon them.

Meanwhile, the royal captive was the center of attention. Pizarro treated him kindly, although his rooms were closely guarded. Atahualpa was permitted to have some of his wives with him and to receive visits from chieftains. Seeing the humility with which these men approached the Inca, bearing a symbolic burden on their backs, kissing his hands and feet with tears, the Spaniards marveled at the worship these people gave their lord.

As the Spanish captains sat with Atahualpa every day, teaching him to play chess, learning to talk with him through interpreters, the best of them came to admire their prisoner for his intelligence and bold calm in misfortune. Hernando de Soto, particularly, was his friend and had great sympathy for him.

Quietly the Inca judged them in return, and soon saw how to play upon their strange greed for precious metals. If they would set him free, he declared, he would fill a room with treasures of gold and silver for his ransom. Pizarro agreed willingly enough, although he had no intention of releasing this useful pawn in the game he must play for the empire.

So orders went out from the Inca far and wide to the important towns and temples, commanding his subjects to send treasure to Cajamarca. Soon processions of laden Indians be-

gan to arrive, bearing such gorgeous vessels of silver and gold, such sculptured figures and solid plates of the gleaming metals, that the Spaniards' eyes widened in amazement and their fingers itched to get hold of the treasure.

At this point Almagro arrived, left out of the glory of conquest, but avid, he and his men, for their share of the loot. All the Spaniards grew impatient and demanded more speed in collecting the ransom.

Atahualpa, then, sent some of the Spaniards with his own men to Cuzco to help gather treasure, and for the first time the invaders gazed upon the splendid Inca capital in all its glory. Hernando Pizarro was sent to the shrine of Pachacamac to demand the wealth of the temple. Pachacamac had failed him, said Atahualpa. The oracle had declared that the white-skinned men would be defeated. Since the god had lied, the Spaniards might have his treasure.

The priests heard of the expedition, however, in time to hide the riches of the temple. When Hernando Pizarro marched up the steps of the painted terraces, and threw open the golden door of the shrine, he found only an ugly wooden idol in a dark room fetid with the blood of sacrifices. Indignantly he threw down the idol and set up a cross in its place. By a show of force he managed to collect a goodly supply of gold and silver from the townsfolk with which to return to Cajamarca.

In these journeys about the country the Spaniards learned what a glorious civilized kingdom had fallen into their ruthless hands, rich beyond even their imaginings with glittering treasure.

They marveled at the roads and swinging suspension bridges over chasms, the towns and terraced, cultivated mountainsides. Incredibly, this wonderful kingdom seemed to have been cap-

tured by one stroke, for everywhere the people received them quietly, and chiefs continued to arrive at Cajamarca to make peace with Pizarro.

Gold and silver continued to pour in for Atahualpa's ransom and, at last, the room was filled. It was impossible to measure out the spoils in such varied shapes and sizes, so that a wealth of priceless art was melted down into heavy bars of gold and silver. Unfortunate Indians were forced to help in the destruction of their cherished treasures. Gold and silver was precisely divided—the royal fifth set aside for King Charles, and to each man his share. There was a fortune for each one who had taken part in the invasion of the kingdom. What had been beauty for the service of the Sun God and his children became wealth for greedy Spaniards to squander.

Hernando Pizarro was sent off post haste to Spain with the royal fifth of the spoils, to announce to King Charles that another wealthy kingdom had been added to his empire.

While Atahualpa, who had fulfilled his part of the bargain honestly, awaited his freedom, controversy grew among the Spaniards. Some of Pizarro's councillors, Almagro among them, insisted that Atahualpa could not be set free or he would rouse his armies to attack them. The Spaniards were in such a precarious position that every rumor of an uprising was believed. These rumors were industriously spread by the interpreter Felipillo who had dared to love one of the Inca's wives, and who knew that Atahualpa would destroy him if he had a chance.

Atahualpa must be brought to trial on the charge of planning a revolt, urged the evil councillors. It would be easy to prove him guilty and execute him. Pizarro hesitated; whether genuinely reluctant to betray the man who trusted him, or pre-

paring an alibi for a crime he intended to commit, we cannot know, for chroniclers differ in their interpretation of his motives. At any rate, Hernando de Soto, the Inca's friend, was sent away with a company to investigate the rumored uprising, while Almagro, Pizarro's brothers, and others, urged the death of the unfortunate Inca.

Treacherous Felipillo, interpreting Atahualpa's protests of innocence, could twist the words as he chose. He continued to insist that Atahualpa had ordered his chiefs to attack the Spaniards.

Word came that the captive Huascar had been murdered by his guards and it was easy to accuse the Inca of having secretly ordered his brother's death. After a hurried trial Atahualpa was condemned to be burned at the stake.

With impassive courage Atahualpa had endured all his misfortunes, but his pride revolted from such a death. If his people saw his body destroyed by fire they could not believe that his spirit would return to them, he said, and begged for a different death. That much grace was granted to the Inca lord if he would accept the Christian faith and be baptized. Scornfully Atahualpa agreed and Father Valverde triumphantly baptized him, congratulating himself that he was sending this Indian soul to salvation.

In the square of Cajamarca the proud Inca was strangled to death while crowds of his people, prostrate on the ground, moaned with horror. Afterwards, as Father Valverde read Mass over his body, the Inca's wives came weeping and wailing, trying to kill themselves beside him according to Inca custom, so that they might accompany their lord into the next world.

The deed was done, and its black treachery was a poor beginning for the conquest of Perú, which went rapidly on its

cruel way. It was to bring destruction to Ttahuantin-suyu and violent death to most of those responsible for the death of Atahualpa.

One year from the time when Pizarro and his adventurers entered Cajamarca the conqueror led his augmented army into Cuzco. Both Incas were dead and it seemed to him that there would be no more trouble.

Spanish municipal government was set up in Cuzco, palaces in the city and lands outside it were allotted to worthy captains, while the native people became the servants of the conquerors.

Adventurers and soldiers went wild at the sight of such richly adorned palaces and temples. In their greed for gold they trampled heedlessly on a civilization which few of them stopped to appreciate. Coricancha was stripped of its golden glory. Its rare treasures of Inca art were melted up to be divided among the conquerors or sent to King Charles, but not before the Spanish scribes had written down with wonder what they had seen.

The Dominican Order began the building of a great monastery on the indestructible foundations of the Sun Temple. In a few short years the splendor of Inca Cuzco was gone forever, and a Spanish city of dignity and richness was growing upon its foundations.

Young Manco, a brother of the dead Huascar, was chosen by Pizarro to be a puppet emperor through whom he might control the people. With all the pomp and color of an Inca coronation the prince was crowned at Cuzco with the imperial llautu, while the Holy Square was filled with processions bearing the mummies of dead Incas in golden litters, and trains of dancers stepping to wild Inca music. Manco, however, was required to attend Mass in the new Spanish church and to do

homage to distant King Charles of Spain and his governor, Francisco Pizarro.

Soon afterward Hernando Pizarro returned from Spain with honors for the conquerors. Boundaries had been laid down for lands which no Spaniard had yet seen. Pizarro's grant was enlarged and he was given the title of Marquis. His land was to be called New Castile, while below its uncertain southern boundaries Almagro was allotted territory to be called New Toledo.

The smoldering jealousy of years now flared up. As usual, Pizarro had won the lion's share of profits and Almagro was pushed on into unknown territory. Almagro insisted that Cuzco came within his grant, and for awhile Pizarro allowed him to be governor of the town while he was busy founding a more convenient capital on the coast.

He chose the banks of the Rimac River on which to build the City of the Kings, so called because its site was chosen on the Day of the Three Kings in January, 1535. Although that remained the official title the city soon came to be known as Lima, an adaptation of the word Rimac. At about the same time Pizarro founded the town of Trujillo, named for his birthplace.

In Cuzco the Spaniards built upon the walls of Inca structures, too solid to be torn down, and the town kept its Inca pattern. Every new town, however, was laid out on the plan of a Spanish municipality—streets crossing each other at right angles like a chess board, with a large plaza in the middle.

The Cathedral and Governor's Palace were begun on the large Plaza de Armas in the new capital of Lima. For a few years the partners remained friends on the surface, while the city was growing and expeditions were being sent out into new territory.

After awhile Pizarro decided that Almagro, as Governor of Cuzco, was becoming too arrogant, and he appointed his brother Hernando in his stead. The quarrel still raged as to which one owned Cuzco, but Almagro was persuaded to go in search of wealth and glory in his new territory.

Like all other leaders of the conquest Almagro was rich from his share of the golden spoil which had been stripped from every palace and temple. He set out for conquest in style, having a large army with plenty of equipment, with horses, and flocks of llamas for food, and thousands of Indian servants.

The Quechua people, under the Incas, had been accustomed to serving their lords and to bearing burdens, but never had they been enslaved and treated like dogs as they were now. Almagro had his Indians marching in gangs, chained together, staggering under loads of baggage and equipment. The Spaniards traveled in hammocks carried on the shoulders of the natives.

The company advanced through the basin of Lake Titicaca and over terrible snowy mountain passes, only to descend into the stark deserts of northern Chile. It was a journey of continual hardships and perils. The horses died, the food gave out. Worst of all, there was no gold.

Worn out with tribulations, having found nothing of value, the expedition struggled back through burning desert wastes. Once more Almagro had come off badly, after all his labors. He and his followers, now called the Men of Chile, became increasingly embittered and were united in hatred of the Pizarros.

During the two years that Almagro was away the Spaniards had nearly lost their newly won kingdom.

The puppet prince, Manco, had discovered that he was only a helpless tool in Pizarro's hands. His pride was continually

humiliated. He saw his people enslaved, the lands and treasures of his relatives taken from them, yet he could do nothing.

Cleverly he played on the Spanish greed for gold, telling the governor, Hernando Pizarro, that he knew where a magnificent golden statue, as large as a man, was hidden. He asked permission to fetch it to Pizarro and the trick worked. Thus he escaped from Cuzco into the wilderness of mountains and river valleys to the east, where he set about gathering the Inca chiefs and large bodies of warriors.

Before the small garrison of Spaniards in Cuzco had an idea of what was happening, a horde of Indian warriors descended upon the city, thousands of them, armed with clubs, slings and spears. They besieged the town so successfully that the Spaniards could not get out to forage for food. Cavalry charges were useless because the Indians had dug traps in the ground in which the horses broke their legs. Burning arrows were hurled into the city, setting fire to the thatched roofs so that half the town was in flames.

Manco took care to let the besieged Spaniards know that they could expect no help from Francisco Pizarro in Lima, for that city also was besieged by an Indian army.

In their careless security the Spaniards had not kept a garrison in the great fortress of Sacsahuamán above Cuzco, and now Indian warriors from that height hurled stones and burning arrows straight into the city below. The Pizarro brothers, in command at Cuzco, decided that Sacsahuamán must be taken. By grim Spanish will, aided by Spanish firearms, it was accomplished, though each side fought to the death. Juan Pizarro was killed in the battle, and the last defending Inca warrior leaped from the topmost wall into the valley beneath, rather than be captured.

Inca Manco might have won back the land of his ancestors had it not been necessary to plant the fields for future harvest. A large part of the Indian army was withdrawn for this purpose so that the Spaniards were able to get out of Cuzco, although they were always in danger from raids.

In the untamed eastern wilderness, called Vilcapampa, the last Inca set up his court in a secure retreat and tried to live as much as possible like his ancestors. From rocky strongholds his warriors descended to attack Spaniards on the trails and roads.

Just as the siege was ending Almagro and his exhausted followers returned. Bitter quarrels broke out between Hernando Pizarro and Almagro who insisted on his right to rule Cuzco and captured the city. He put Hernando in prison but, being somewhat more humane than his ruthless rivals, he spared his life. Soon the tables were turned, the Pizarros were on top, and fellow conquerors clashed in furious battle outside Cuzco.

Defeated and captured, Almagro's career came to an end in 1538. Vindictive Hernando Pizarro, having his old comrade in his power, had him tried as a traitor and beheaded in the great square of Cuzco. While all this was going on, Francisco Pizarro lingered in Lima. He was careful not to come to Cuzco until after his partner, to whom he had sworn fidelity, had been killed. Although he made a show of anger and grief, he was doubtless glad to have Almagro out of the way.

Many things were happening in Perú, many conquering expeditions invading other regions, during the years while the feud between Almagro and the Pizarros was raging, but we shall follow that story to its bloody end.

Almagro had a son, called Diego the Lad, a child of an Indian woman of Panamá. Brought up in a whirlwind of conquest and bitter strife, the boy must have hated the man who

had so greatly wronged his father ; especially since Pizarro refused to give over to him Almagro's territory of New Toledo.

Young Diego was chosen by the embittered Men of Chile to be the figurehead for their struggles against the powerful Marquis Pizarro. They gave to the Lad the loyalty with which they had served his father. Through the boy they would avenge their leader's death and win for themselves the position and wealth of which they felt they had been cheated.

The poverty-stricken band had the Lad with them in Lima, where their resentment fed on the sight of the hated Marquis living in state in the Governor's Palace, going proudly about his capital. Although Diego probably had no part in it, they were secretly plotting assassination.

The opportunity came one Sunday when Pizarro had stayed home from Mass with a few friends. The crowds in the Plaza between the Cathedral and the Palace saw armed men slip through the Palace gates. They heard the uproar within, but made no move to go to Pizarro's defense—a fitting commentary on his popularity.

The Marquis, sitting at ease with his friends, did not have time to buckle on his armor as the men burst into the room, killing the pages who tried to defend their master. Swords clashed in a furious struggle, but in a few moments Pizarro had been fatally stabbed and fell to the floor. Tracing a cross in his own blood, the tough old conqueror died as he had lived, a man of violence who believed that God was on his side.

The furious rivalries of the conquerors, which had kept Perú in turmoil, swept the Men of Chile and Diego the Lad to destruction before they could come to an end.

A new governor, Vaca de Castro, sent out by King Charles to bring lawless Perú to order, assembled loyal forces to crush the rebels who had proclaimed young Almagro governor. The

Lad refused to surrender, but his cause was hopeless. One by one his captains fell in battle. He, himself, was captured. Diego Almagro, too, was executed as a traitor in Cuzco where his father had died a year earlier.

The partners, Pizarro and Almagro, who had made such a daring entry into Perú, but blackened their record by treachery, were dead by violence. Juan Pizarro had died in the siege of Cuzco. Hernando, the overbearing and unscrupulous, having gone to Spain to plead the cause of the Pizarros, had been imprisoned by the King for his part in the death of Almagro. Gonzalo, a man of more attractive character than his brothers, was to be led by pride to a violent death.

Francisco Pizarro was murdered in 1541. Within ten years the period of individual conquest and glory had come to an end in Perú. Spanish towns were growing, colonists were coming to take the place of swashbuckling conquistadores.

What had the Spaniards done to the heart of the Inca empire which they had grasped by a deed of treachery? The orderly life of the Andean people had been completely disrupted and they themselves were miserable serfs to the conquerors. Palaces, temples and towns stood in ruins; much cultivated land had been laid waste; thousands of natives had been killed in the wars between conquerors and in their expeditions into the wilderness.

The conquerors, avid for gold, had done great harm, but those who came after them were preparing to plant Spanish civilization. Perú was beginning a new phase in its history—that of a prosperous Spanish colony.

CHAPTER VI

The Cross and the Banner of Castile

[1534-1580]

FRANCISCO PIZARRO in Perú made the most spectacular conquest and won the richest kingdom in South America, but a goodly company of men, equally daring and determined, forged their way through appalling wilderness, suffering hunger, sickness and danger, to win for Spain half of the southern continent.

Nothing could stop them, for they were men of Spain in that country's greatest age; men with the boldness and hardihood to overcome every obstacle, men who were ruled by two burning desires—to win gold and glory for their King and themselves, and heathen people for the Catholic Faith. Seven centuries of Christian crusades to drive the Moors from Spain had ended with the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, and every conquistador of the sixteenth century was still a crusader, carrying the Cross into pagan lands.

Hernando Pizarro's boast that "ten Christians on horseback" could subdue an army of Indians had some truth in it, for the conquering bands of "Christians," as they always called themselves, were tiny in comparison to the native hosts whose lands they invaded. To the simple superstitious minds of sixteenth-century Spaniards God, Our Lady and the saints, particularly Santiago their patron, hovered always near to turn the tide of battle in their favor.

Their terrifying animals, fire-spitting weapons, their strange

clothes and white skins gave them a supernatural aspect which prostrated the native peoples at their first meeting. Before the people recovered from their terror the invaders had time to get a foothold in their lands.

Along with the conquerors went the priests and friars ; some fanatical ones like Father Valverde, preaching unintelligible doctrine and believing that baptism by force would save souls ; others humane, devoted men who labored to bring the Indians to the True Faith, who tried to protect them from greedy and cruel colonists, and who often laid down their own lives in their missionary efforts.

Pizarro's successful entry into Perú was followed by a great surge of adventurous exploration. No sooner was Spanish government established in Cuzco than the conqueror sent off his most restless and accomplished captains to win more of the unknown territory to which they had laid claim. While the strife between the Pizarros and Almagro was going on in Perú, wonderful exploits were carried through by these men.

Pizarro's first enterprise was to seize the fine kingdom of Quito in the north before some other Spaniard laid claim to it. For this purpose, in 1534, he sent northward Sebastian de Belalcázar, Governor of San Miguel. Then, fearing Belalcázar's ambition, he sent after him Almagro, who at that time was working in harmony with his partner.

Spaniards from the north were also headed for the desirable territory. The conqueror of Guatemala, Pedro de Alvarado, decided to try for a share of the fabled riches of the Inca Empire. With a goodly company of cavaliers in well-equipped ships, he landed on the coast. After making their way with painful effort through dense hot jungles of the lowlands, the company was deserted by Indian guides and had to proceed by guesswork up through the savage mountains, suffering in-

tensely from cold and high altitudes. When at last they reached a lovely highland valley, what was their dismay to find hoof prints of horses in the earth. Belalcázar had got there first!

Although he had fought a long, bitter campaign to subdue the great highland chief Rumiñavi and his well-trained armies, Belalcázar had been aided by the Cañaris who hated Rumiñavi, and by friendly tribes living in the Riobamba valley.

In that valley, then, below the snowy peak of Chimborazo, conquerors from the north and south faced each other in hostility. Belalcázar and Almagro had arrived first, but they knew Pizarro's right to the land was uncertain and so did Alvarado. After much bargaining the cavalier from Guatemala agreed to take a large sum in gold as recompense for his trouble and to leave the land to Pizarro's jurisdiction.

Rumiñavi had burned Quito and made off with its treasures to a safe mountain retreat, but Belalcázar rebuilt the city and established Spanish rule. Gonzalo Pizarro was appointed by his brother, the Marquis, to be its governor, while Belalcázar continued his explorations northward.

With troops hardened to the wilderness and thousands of Indian auxiliaries, he marched into the difficult mountain land of present-day Colombia, where three great chains of mountains frame the valleys of the Cauca and Magdalena Rivers. Here there were no roads or native towns, no civilized people, but there was gold in abundance. Ruthlessly killing, enslaving and demanding treasure as he went, Belalcázar reached a favorable mountain valley where he founded the town of Popoyán in 1536. Somewhat later, in the lovely fertile valley of the Cauca, he laid the foundations of the town of Cali.

There the members of his party were amazed to hear their own language from a dilapidated group of wanderers who

were the remnant of an expedition sent out a year earlier from Cartagena on the coast. Such strange meetings in the wilderness often occurred in those years of laborious exploration.

Belalcázar had done very well for himself but he ached for a conquest of his own. Like others, who were roaming in the tantalizing wilds of the north, he had heard from the Indians one of those glittering fairy tales which sent credulous Spaniards off to suffer and die in deadly wilderness, seeking kingdoms of fable.

Somewhere in those great mountains, said the Indians, there was a marvelous kingdom so rich that the house walls shone with gold, where the king was clothed only in gold dust. So grew the myth of El Dorado, the Gilded King—a will-o'-the-wisp pursued by explorers for many years.

Belalcázar determined to find that kingdom and, by setting out on the quest, he became part of a fantastic saga. To understand the rest of the story we must go back to what had been happening on the coast of Tierra Firme, as the mainland of South America was called in the early years of exploration.

The first expeditions along the shores of the present-day Venezuela and Colombia had very poor luck in making settlements. Instead of finding civilized farming natives, the adventurers were met by untamable cannibalistic savages in the forests, who decimated every exploring party with poisoned arrows.

They had found more docile pearl-fishing natives on islands near the coast, and Indians living in houses perched on piles along the swampy shores of Lake Maracaibo. For this reason the country received the name Venezuela, Little Venice. Great stores of pearls were sent to the King but settlement was not successful. Then in 1528, King Charles, being financially involved in the German part of his empire, granted a license

to explore Venezuela to the German banking house of Welser and a few colonies were started. On the coast of Colombia the only prospering settlements were Santa Marta and the port of Cartagena.

Wherever Spaniards gathered in these coastal settlements the tale of the "Kingdom of Bogotá, of the Gilded King" was passed about and every explorer itched to find it.

In 1536 the Governor of Santa Marta sent out an expedition of nine hundred men under Jiménez de Quesada, a lawyer from Spain, who proved himself to be an efficient and intelligent explorer. Part of the expedition was to go by sea to the mouth of the River Magdalena and up it to a certain point, where they were to meet Quesada's party coming overland.

The land soldiers were equipped to meet poisoned arrows by dressing in helmets and tunics of thick quilted cotton and by draping their horses in sheets of the same stuff, so that man and horse must have been a sight to frighten even a warlike savage.

After the usual difficulties and disasters the two parties managed to meet at the appointed spot. The Magdalena is a very large and treacherous tropical river, particularly dangerous in the flood season, the time when these adventurers set out to follow it. The land party had to fight their way through the terrible forests parallel to the riverbank, contending with jaguars in the woods and crocodiles in the river, suffering disease and hunger. The boats meanwhile kept pace with them slowly on the stream.

Following a tributary of the river to the head of navigation the exhausted explorers put those who were ill of fever aboard the boats and sent them back. Jiménez de Quesada, with about two hundred men and a few horses, set out through a trackless, mountainous wilderness, where only indomitable Spaniards

could have survived. They came out finally, eleven months after the expedition had started, in delightful uplands.

Encouraged by signs of civilization and by timid Indians who fell flat on their faces to avoid the sight of the terrifying horses, they went on their way to a beautiful great plateau surrounded by mountains. The Valley of the Castles, as the explorers called it, was a goodly sight with its large villages surrounded by stockades. There was evidence of wealth in the thin sheets of gold which hung tinkling in the wind at doorways.

The Spaniards had found the ancient civilized kingdom of the Chibchas. The people, terrified by the invaders, were easily subdued and Jiménez de Quesada established himself among them by friendliness combined with a show of force. The chief, Bogotá, escaped to the forest with a large amount of treasure, but the excited Spaniards heaped up an immense pile of sheets of gold, of ornaments and emeralds taken from the houses. They found woven fabrics of dyed cotton and discovered the Chibcha emerald mines. The Gilded King was still a myth, but this fine kingdom with its stores of gold and emeralds satisfied them for the time being.

There was no possibility of reinforcements reaching Quesada in this mountain fastness, but he cleverly won the people to accept the invaders. The Spaniards settled down to live among the Indians for a time. Jiménez de Quesada called his kingdom New Granada after his birthplace.

They had been there more than a year when invaders reached their paradise.

Belalcázar had been on the way a long time, marching through forests and mountains with a large troop of soldiers and herds of swine for food. When he saw the valley and its villages he thought conquest was within his grasp but, greatly

to his consternation, he was met by a party of wild-looking men in colored Indian tunics who were undoubtedly Spaniards. Belalcázar had to swallow his disappointment and meet his rival Quesada politely. The feast of pork brought by his party made them welcome to the settlement.

No sooner had these two conquerors settled down, each in his own camp, than another claimant appeared. A band of gaunt, ragged Spaniards under the German, Federmann, marched in from the wilds. They had made the weary journey from Venezuela, suffering months of misery to find the kingdom of Bogotá.

The three explorers talked matters over and decided to go to Spain with their claims. Jiménez de Quesada founded the city of Santa Fe de Bogotá in the beautiful valley, which has survived to become the capital of modern Colombia.

In Spain, Federmann was neglected, Belalcázar was sent to govern Popoyán, and Quesada, not being an ambitious conqueror, was content with a grant of land in New Granada. The kingdom of New Granada, henceforth, became an important part of Spain's colonial empire. Jiménez de Quesada never forgot El Dorado. In his later years he spent much time and money searching vainly for the kingdom of the Gilded King.

The search for spices was, equally with the lure of gold, the urge behind much of the exploration in the sixteenth century. Spaniards, exploring from Quito, had found in forests on the eastern slopes of the Andes trees with spicy nuts and fragrant leaves which they thought were cinnamon trees. They had a vision of finding a spice kingdom for Spain.

So, from Quito, Gonzalo Pizarro was commissioned by his brother the Marquis to set out in search of the Land of Cinnamon. The glimmer of El Eldorado was an additional lure,

for the kingdom of that golden chief might lie in the eastern wilderness. Pizarro's expedition planned to penetrate the unknown territory east of the Andes, which even today is little explored. From the great mountains the land descends toward the Amazon in a tangle of tropical forest, broken by deep chasms, worn by rushing rivers in their descent from the heights.

The explorers set out impressively, in the most lighthearted spirit of adventure. With the great troop of Spaniards were thousands of Indians who drove herds of llamas and pigs for food.

They climbed over terrible mountain passes, built bridges to cross rapid rivers, threaded their way through trackless forests where steaming rain fell incessantly; all this in country where modern explorers, with the best equipment, find it difficult to survive.

The Indians, accustomed to temperate highland valleys, began dying of cold in the high mountain passes, and those who survived died of tropical heat in the forests. After seven or eight months of torturous journeying the explorers reached the Coca River which flows into the Napo, a tributary of the Amazon.

Llamas and pigs having all been eaten, the Spaniards were surviving on what food they could capture from Indians of the forests. Some of these natives indicated that farther along, on a large river, were villages where food was plentiful.

One of Pizarro's captains, Orellana, had with him men who knew how to build boats. So there in the wilderness, they got together materials and built a rude structure large enough to hold a group of men. Pizarro ordered Orellana to sail down the river with his men in search of the villages described by the Indians, find food and bring it back.

The boat disappeared down the mysterious reaches of the river, leaving Pizarro and his men to wait, starving and anguished, as time passed on and on and no one returned. In desperation, the men captured some dugout canoes from the Indians in which the party were carried rapidly with the strong current down the Coca and on into the Napo.

There was no sign of Orellana. Their last hope destroyed, the despairing men had no thought but to get out of that deadly wilderness. Painfully and slowly, with incredible suffering, they made their way back up the rivers and through the terrible forests. Eighteen months after the expedition had set out so bravely a band of gaunt, skeleton men hung with rags staggered into Quito.

Meanwhile, Orellana had embarked on one of the most astounding voyages in history. Later he made the claim, backed by some of his men, that the current was so strong against them that they could not return to their comrades. There was a strong suspicion, however, that Orellana determined to make a discovery for himself, and so deserted his commander.

At any rate, he and his men in their crude boat were carried by the current down the tributary rivers and into the Amazon. On they went down the immense yellow river, between distant banks choked with jungle vegetation—the first white men to embark on that mighty stream. Sometimes they found good villages where they could obtain food. When their boat fell to pieces they scraped together materials and made two more little ships. So they traversed the whole length of the river, found their way through the maze of channels at its mouth and emerged at last in the Atlantic Ocean.

Seven months had elapsed since they left Pizarro and his men stranded in the forest. Somehow, in their tiny ships, they made their way up the coast to the pearl-fishers' island of

Cubagua where they astounded the settlers with their incredible tale.

Orellana went to Spain to justify himself for deserting Pizarro. The adventurers' tale was sprinkled with mythical wonders, among them a story of battles with fierce women warriors which gave the river its name, the Amazon. Orellana was appointed governor of a settlement to be founded at the river's mouth, but he and his colonists had little time to build it, for they all died of fever.

Gonzalo Pizarro survived his strange journey, and soon retired to estates allotted to him on the plateau of Bolivia. There he might have finished his life in comfort, for silver mines on his property made him a very rich man. But the pride and ruthless ambition in the Pizarro blood tempted him to lead a revolt against royal authority.

After the revolt of young Almagro and the Men of Chile had been crushed, the Governor Vaca de Castro had ruled Perú for a time, but factional fights and general disorder continued. King Charles was also disturbed over the pitiful condition of the enslaved natives, reported to him by the famous Apostle of the Indians, Father Las Casas. The King sent out a Viceroy, Nuñez de Vela, with a code of New Laws to reform conditions in Perú.

These laws were designed to protect the Indians and save them from slave labor and heavy tribute. They were also intended to prevent the holders of large estates, *encomiendas*, from becoming a powerful feudal aristocracy. Such curtailment of their privileges enraged the *encomenderos* whose use of the land included "services of Indians." They would have none of the New Laws or of the Viceroy, who was a tactless, overbearing official.

The *encomenderos* appealed to Gonzalo Pizarro to lead them.

He loved power and he believed that the cause of the landholders was just, so he accepted the command of the revolt. Very soon the new Viceroy so enraged the Peruvians by his violence and injustice that the judges of Lima captured him and put him aboard a ship to be sent back to Spain.

The Viceroy managed to escape from the ship at Tumbez, making his way up into the highlands of Quito to raise troops. There Pizarro followed him when he had assembled forces, and in the battle between the two armies the Viceroy was killed.

Gonzalo Pizarro was now in a dangerous position, a rebel against the King and responsible for the death of that King's officer. He had the support of the Peruvians, however, and power went to his head. His pride made him gamble on the chance of winning Perú for a kingdom of his own.

He refused to submit to a new and very astute governor, Don Pedro de la Gasca, sent out by the King, who was authorized to revoke the New Laws, thus undermining Pizarro's cause. Many encomenderos were won back to the King by the Governor's promises. Nevertheless Gonzalo Pizarro continued his defiance, from his camp in Cuzco. At last the Royal army met Pizarro's troops on the plain near Cuzco, where the vainglorious rebel saw his men desert so fast that he was left almost alone. He was captured and beheaded in the great square of Cuzco April 10, 1548. That was the end of the Pizarro family in Perú.

We must now look back a little to the final conquest of Almagro's territory of New Toledo, which came about shortly before the murder of Francisco Pizarro. That land, given a bad name by the Men of Chile, did not tempt explorers. It remained for an energetic and seasoned warrior, Don Pedro de Valdivia, to bring Chile under the Spanish Crown.

This man, a veteran of King Charles' Italian wars, was well

fitted to cope with such a tough problem as the conquest of Chile. Commissioned by Francisco Pizarro he was on his way in the year 1540. Avoiding the trail over the mountains followed by Almagro's expedition, he found the coast route little better. With his one hundred and fifty Spaniards, horse and foot, with one thousand Indians and a drove of swine, he forged ahead over the burning barren deserts of northern Chile. The country was almost uninhabited, and what food there was the scattered groups of Indians hid.

The expedition came through, nevertheless, and reached, at last, a beautiful fertile valley. On the east the immense snowy wall of the Andes mounted into the sky, while over low mountains to the west there was a good harbor. Valdivia chose the site for the city he called Santiago de Estremadura at the foot of a pointed hill which was named Santa Lucia. A settlement of wooden huts was built on the banks of the River Mapocho.

Trouble began at once, for Spaniards had entered the territory of the fierce Araucano Indians who had successfully resisted the Incas. As fast as grain was planted the Indians destroyed the fields. They attacked the settlement so continuously that the men had to be on guard day and night.

While Valdivia was away on a foraging expedition the Araucanos killed most of the settlers and burned their huts. A few survivors greeted Valdivia on his return, entrenched on the hill with only a few handfuls of maize and wheat grain, two little sows, a boar, a cock and a hen.

The Spaniards found themselves in a new situation. There were no towns and temples to be looted, very little gold in the stream beds. Nor was there a large population of docile natives to become serfs. For the first time haughty Spaniards had to till the soil themselves if they were not to starve.

The settlement was rebuilt and somehow the little band sur-

vived, while a few men started on the dangerous journey back to Perú to beg for help. These men eluded Indian attacks and survived all hardships to tell their tale in Lima.

A ship was immediately sent with food, stores and men, to beat its way down the coast to the harbor from which Valdivia's settlement could be reached. The appearance of that ship was like a gift from heaven to the Chilean colonists.

From that time on the exploration of Chile advanced. At intervals ships arrived from Perú with men and supplies. Valdivia was energetic in exploring and founding towns; soon there was the little settlement of La Serena in the valley of the Coquimbo River and Concepción on the banks of the River Bío Bío. Valdivia ventured into the forest lands of the Araucanos to found the fortress named for him near the mouth of a river. The port of Santiago, on a fine large bay, was called for some time the "Puerto," but it became later on the city of Valparaíso.

Under this sensible and ingenious leader the Spaniards were made to raise food and cattle instead of spending their time hunting for gold. In 1545 Valdivia wrote an interesting report to the King. The Indians seemed to be tired of fighting, he said. Eight thousand swine were descended from the two sows and a boar, the cock and hen had descendants "as plentiful as grass" and an abundant harvest of wheat and maize was in prospect.

Valdivia was an excellent planter of Spanish settlements, but, like the other conquistadores, he employed cruelty to terrorize the Indians and the natives hated him. One young Araucano, Lautaro, who had been captured and trained by the Spaniards, escaped to rouse his people against them. He had learned the white men's way of making war and taught his braves to meet them in their own manner.

Lautaro's band defeated Valdivia's company and, having captured the commander, they put him to death with cruel tortures. On the war path, Lautaro and another chief, Capoulacán, kept the Spanish settlers terrified for years. These Indian warriors have their honored place in Chilean history.

During those exciting years after Pizarro entered Perú the stout conquistadores with their men had brought under the rule of Spain the western half of South America, from Colombia to Chile, but they had made only a few expeditions over the eastern cordillera of the Andes. Yet in the southeastern part of the continent lay a huge region without the difficult changes from tropic heat to mountain cold, with no exhausting heights to climb over; a land of grassy plains and forest, easily accessible from the Atlantic Ocean through a great estuary.

The navigators who sailed down the Atlantic coast of South America were looking for straits which would lead them to the Spice Islands of the Far East. One of these mariners, Juan Diaz de Solís, discovered the great estuary in 1516. He sailed over its shallow waters between the rolling plains of present-day Uruguay and the pampas of Argentina. When he went ashore to explore he and his party were killed by Indians, and the story of the survivors who sailed back to Spain received little attention, since there was no talk of gold.

Ten years later, in 1526, Sebastian Cabot, called Gaboto by the Spanish, was in the service of Spain. King Charles sent him with a fleet, ostensibly to make a voyage to the Spice Islands through the straits discovered by Magellan in 1519. There was another, secret, intention in that voyage, however. For some years rumors had gone abroad of a wonderful kingdom somewhere in the Andes. Not only from Panamá did explorers hunt for the Inca Empire, but there were persistent efforts to find it from the eastern side of the continent.

So Cabot turned aside on his voyage, into the estuary discovered by Solís. He sailed on from its broad waters into the great Paraná River, winding in and out among its islands. On the bank, not far from the modern city of Rosario, the explorer built a stockaded fort and left a garrison there while he continued to explore the immense river system.

The small Spanish ship navigated the snakelike windings of the Paraguay River, between walls of luxuriant forest, where wild animals peered at them from the underbrush and birds of brilliant plumage flashed among the trees. Indians in gay feather headdresses paddled their canoes close to study this strange apparition, for it was the first time white men had ever penetrated that wilderness.

From some of the Indians who were friendly, Sebastian Cabot learned of a great White King far away to the west, whose kingdom contained Mountains of Silver. The Indians themselves wore silver ornaments which raised high hopes in Cabot's mind. Optimistically he named the estuary and its rivers Río de la Plata—River of Silver. It was a misleading name, since the region was entirely devoid of silver and the Indian ornaments came from Perú.

After three years of exploration Sebastian Cabot sailed back to Spain, with his few specimens of silver, to give the King a glowing report and claim the governorship of lands he had discovered. Affairs went wrong for him in Spain and he never returned to the New World.

The garrison left in his fort soon fell into trouble with Indians who killed them all and burned the settlement. For many years the ruins of Gaboto's Tower, as it was called, remained a landmark for explorers.

Some years after Cabot's voyage, King Charles' attention was once more drawn to the Río de la Plata. The Portuguese were

becoming too enterprising in their southward explorations from Brazil, and Pizarro had discovered the Inca Empire. It seemed important to establish a route over the Andes from the east.

When Don Pedro de Mendoza, a wealthy soldier-nobleman, offered to finance an expedition himself, King Charles commissioned him to found a city on the Río de la Plata, and from there to cross the Andes to the west coast.

A large and well-equipped fleet set sail from Spain. There was on board a goodly company of hidalgos and their wives in silks and velvets, with many soldiers and horses. The company imagined themselves future lords of a kingdom of silver. They would build a city on the east coast to rival Lima and would cross the mountains to make new conquests in the west.

The prospect was not very encouraging when, in 1536, the ships anchored in the broad, muddy estuary at the mouth of a little stream. From the shore the flat green plain stretched away to infinity—a sea of rippling grass.

Wild Indians camped near the crude walled village which was built of adobe mud as there was neither wood nor stone available. Curiosity at first led the savages to bring food to the settlers, but their attitude soon changed to hostility.

Although Pedro de Mendoza grandiloquently named his “city” Santa Maria de Buenos Aires it did not prove very “good air” to the unfortunate colonists. Hidalgos and their wives were clumsy at building and foraging for food to eke out their scanty stores.

When, in desperation, the soldiers tried with threats to force the Indians to bring food, the whole tribe descended on the settlement, killing many men and setting fire to their ships in the river. Within their earthen fort the miserable colonists sickened with pestilence and nearly starved. Pedro de Mendoza was so ill that he decided to return to Spain, leaving his

captain, Juan de Ayolas, in command, with orders to continue the hunt for rich territory in the west. On the homeward voyage Mendoza died, all his fine plans come to naught.

While a small band was left to hold the fort at Buenos Aires the rest of the colonists set sail up the rivers in search of a better site. On the Paraguay River friendly Guaraní Indians allowed them to land on a bluff where they had a village. There, in 1537, a stockaded village was built and christened Santa Maria de Asunción. It was the first permanent settlement in the river region.

The garrison of Asunción was left in command of Domingo de Irala, a capable but unscrupulous adventurer, while Juan de Ayolas took a ship and continued up the river in search of the great kingdom of the mountains. He and his men struck out westward into the forests but none of them ever returned. Indians made an end of them all.

Asunción survived, for the Indians were sufficiently well treated to be friendly and to grow maize for the settlers. Having only a few white women, the men took Indian companions and began to raise families. In 1541 the remaining settlers of Buenos Aires were brought to Asunción which then became an organized Spanish city.

The pampas was left in possession of the Indians until 1580 when Buenos Aires was refounded from Asunción. It was then definitely the planting of a colony and not the work of conquerors.

While these explorations of the rivers were going on, the men of the mountains were looking eastward. Pedro de Valdivia sent several expeditions from Chile and men came down from the plateau, which is now Bolivia, where settlements were growing because of the rich silver mines. Rough frontier outposts were begun in what is now northwestern Argentina.

Every Spanish enterprise at that time radiated from Perú. Strangely enough, except for Asunción, the settlement of the east began from the mountains instead of by ship from the Atlantic Ocean.

Presently the men of Perú met and clashed with the men of Paraguay, when Cabrera, the founder of the town of Córdoba, discovered Spanish ships in the Paraguay River near Asunción. Two streams of exploration met and the men very wisely compromised. The interior was left for those from Perú to settle, while the men of Paraguay might expand through the river territory.

In little more than half a century the history-making conquistadores had planted the banner of Castile from the northern shores of South America to the southern forests of Chile, and eastward to the pampas of Argentina. They had presented Spain with a vast colonial empire.

In spite of the greed and cruelty which so often marked their progress, the words of Francisco Xeres, Pizarro's secretary, written of the conquest of Perú, are a just commentary on their work.

"For when," he says, "in ancient or modern times, have such exploits been achieved by so few against so many ; over so many climes, across so many seas, over such distances by land, to subdue the unknown and unseen. . . Our Spaniards being few in numbers, never having more than two hundred or three hundred men together ; and those who have come at different times being neither pressed nor paid, but serving of their own free wills and at their own cost, have in our times conquered more territory than has ever been known before."

CHAPTER VII

The Conquest of Brazil

[1500-1600]

OUTWARD BOUND on voyages of exploration were the ships of Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the navigators of Spain were not the only ones to turn their caravels westward. The small kingdom of Portugal, facing the Atlantic Ocean on the Iberian Peninsula which it shared with Spain, was also a nation of exploring navigators.

Early in the fifteenth century, under the inspiration of Prince Henry the Navigator, Portuguese ships were setting forth to discover what lands there were touching the vast leagues of unexplored ocean. Portuguese mariners were on their way to winning for their rulers a great empire.

From the time when the island of Madeira was discovered early in the century, these enterprising men continued to add new territory to their King's domains, and new cargoes to the home port of Lisbon. Frontier settlements on the Azores and Cape Verde Islands were bases for voyages farther westward. Some historians, particularly those of Portugal and Brazil, believe that captains of trading ships had found land beyond the western ocean and were even bringing cargoes of dye woods from the shores of Brazil. If so, the Portuguese King had his reasons for not mentioning the discovery.

The main drive of Portuguese adventure was eastward—seeking, as were all the trading nations, a sea route to the rich lands of Asia. As Portugal lay so near Africa it was natural

for Portuguese ships to scout along the shores of that continent, searching for a way around it.

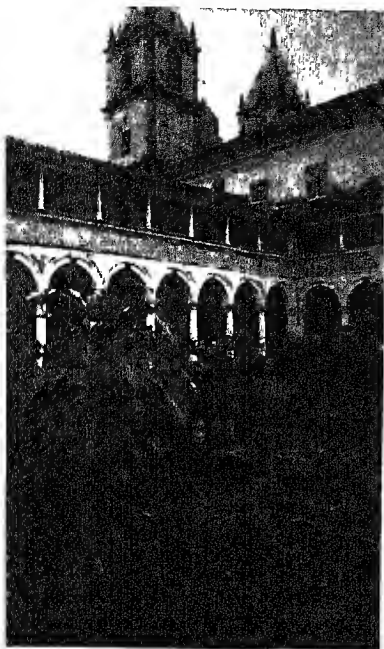
From those voyages the ships returned with cargoes of black slaves to enrich merchants in Lisbon. The navigators were pushing ever southward when the announcement of Columbus' discoveries burst like a bombshell on Europe.

When Ferdinand and Isabella claimed the right of conquest and settlement in the Western World, the King of Portugal could not let the claim go unchallenged. The two nations appealed to the Pope, spiritual head of all Europe, to settle the controversy. Pope Alexander VI willingly tried to divide an unknown world between the two favored Catholic nations, to be won for the Holy Catholic Faith. Finally, Pope and diplomats, in the Treaty of Tordesillas in 1494, settled the matter. An arbitrary line was drawn from north to south on the map, three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. Spain was given the right to lands west of the line, while the Portuguese zone of exploration lay to the east.

Spain got the lion's share of that agreement, for the Pope's line allotted to Portugal only the eastern half of what was to be Brazil. It was really accident or luck which gave Spain the discovery of America, for the far-ranging Portuguese navigators were just as likely to have found it. The King of Portugal was not convinced by Columbus' arguments and refused his plea, while Isabella of Spain listened to him.

Portugal had been endowed by the Pope with a land of rare beauty and inexhaustible riches; a land of mighty rivers, of temperate plateaus and tropical forests, inhabited by many tribes of dark-skinned people. For a while, however, that land remained untouched while the Portuguese monarch turned his attention to the east.

In 1499 the great navigator, Vasco da Gama, sailed into the

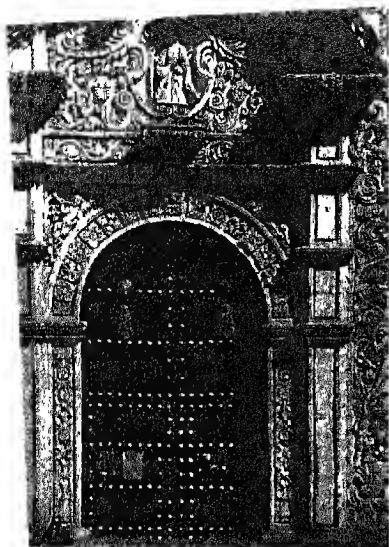


Cloister of San Francisco Convent, Bahia, Brazil

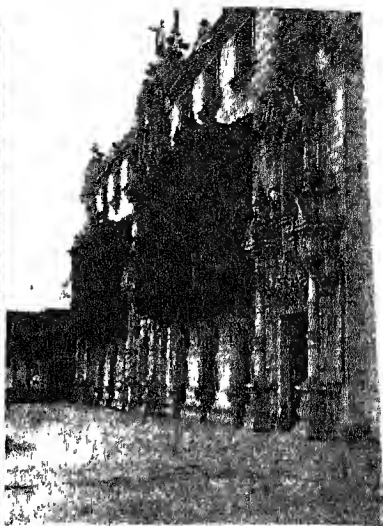


Wood statue of St George by Aleijadinho,
Ouro Preto, Brazil





Archbishop's Palace, Lima, Perú



Santo Domingo Convent, Arequipa, P



port of Lisbon with a rich cargo of spices, and the triumphant announcement that he had not only sailed around the continent of Africa, but had reached the opulent realm of India. In addition, he had claimed for Portugal, farther on in the eastern seas, the Molucca Islands, source of cinnamon, cloves and other spices.

On the second voyage to India the navigator, Pedro Alvarez Cabral, whether by accident or design, sailed far westward of his course until he sighted land on Easter Day 1500. Continuing along the coast he entered a little harbor which he called Porto Seguro and officially claimed his discovery for the King of Portugal. He had found the southern coast of the present state of Bahia, but thinking it an island he named it Ilha da Vera Cruz. The King changed the name to Santa Cruz, but soon it was changed again to Terra do Brasil, supposedly because the red dye woods of its forests seemed to glow like coals in a brazier.

The northeast coast of South America had been seen by Spanish navigators before Cabral sailed westward on his voyage to India. One of them, Vicente Yañez Pinzón, a famous companion of Columbus, had reached a point below the Equator. But when King Manoel of Portugal announced to the Spanish sovereigns Cabral's discovery, Brazil became officially Portuguese territory.

Cabral's report to the King spoke of sturdy dark-skinned natives and quantities of valuable dye woods. Indeed, these woods were the cargoes brought home by traders, and their reports of a forested coast inhabited only by savages—no gold such as Spain was finding in her territory—did not encourage the Portuguese King to develop the new land.

Now and again, during the next thirty years, the brown, naked people of the Brazilian coast were disturbed by apparitions

tions of white-winged ships and strange white-skinned beings who covered their bodies with garments. These visitors were Portuguese navigators sent by the King to explore the coast, to make maps and charts and name headlands, rivers and islands for saints.

The brown people did not welcome intruders and promptly made an end of the few forlorn groups of criminals and exiles who were dumped upon the primitive coast from Portuguese ships, to perish or to survive if they could. Occasionally a solitary Portuguese adventurer, who had to make himself agreeable if he were to survive, took up a life of fantastic strangeness among them.

There was a sailor, Diogo Alvarez, sole survivor of a shipwreck in the great bay which was to be called the Bay of All Saints. He managed to salvage a gun as well as himself from the wreck and, when the cannibal savages surrounded him, he exhibited the wonder of the fire-spitting weapon. This show of supernatural power awed the Indians so much that they called him Caramurú, Man of Fire, and looked up to him as a medicine man. Soon Diogo Alvarez, shipwrecked sailor, lorded it over the tribe with a large family of brown wives and half-breed children.

When the navigators Andreu Gonçalves and Amerigo Vespucci were making an official scouting voyage along the coast in 1501 and 1502, they set ashore in the south a nobleman who was exiled for political reasons. This Cosme Fernandez survived to live like a king among the Indians on the island which Gonçalves had named São Vicente. Other wandering mariners joined him there, and a tiny nucleus of Europeans prospered among the natives for some years before an official colonizing party was sent to São Vicente.

During those years the King of Portugal and his ambitious

fidalgos, or noblemen, were too busy building a great empire in Africa and Asia, too dazzled by wealth coming to them from cargoes of pepper, cinnamon and cloves, perfumes, sandalwood and silk, as well as slaves from Africa, to pay much attention to the Terra do Brasil.

By the year 1530, however, the interest shown by French and Spanish traders in his private territory in the New World disturbed the Portuguese monarch. He was roused also by tales of the riches found by Spaniards in their territories and by the discovery of the Pacific Ocean and the great estuary called by Sebastian Cabot Río de la Plata.

An expedition was sent from Lisbon in command of the fidalgo Martim Affonso de Souza, to make a settlement on the island of São Vicente. This island was beautifully situated in an estuary, with mountains at its back. The colonizing party found only two Europeans on the island, for the exile Cosme Fernandez and his Indian allies had retreated farther south. The settlement founded by Martim Affonso de Souza in January, 1532, was the first official Brazilian colony and was built near the site of the future city of Santos.

The King then decided to lay out the coast lands in capitanias or captaincies; veritable kingdoms they were, which he offered to noblemen who would equip their expeditions and develop the country at their own expense.

About four years after the settling of São Vicente, one of these noblemen, Francisco Pereira Coutinho, sailed his little fleet of colonists into the great Bay of All Saints. His men, on going ashore, were to their surprise greeted in Portuguese by the Indianized Diogo Alvarez, or Caramurú. He tried to show his countrymen how to get on with the Indians and gave them his half-breed daughters for wives. Not even Caramurú could save them from the attacks of other savage

Indians, however, so that the small settlement came to an unhappy end.

The capitania of Pernambuco on the northeast coast had better luck. In 1535 the fidalgo Duarte Coelho Pereira founded Olinda with a company of noble gentlemen who came to conquer the wilderness and seek their fortunes.

Other settlements along the coast were made by noblemen who had received grants but some of them were short-lived. The first twelve capitanias dwindled to nine, scattered along about two thousand miles of explored Brazilian coast; each separated from the others by a wilderness of mountains and tropical forests, or by great rivers; each suffering from the implacable hostility of the Indians, who had learned that capture by the Portuguese meant slavery. The strongest of those early kingdoms became the provinces of colonial Brazil.

Along with shiploads of adventurers and their noble captains came the gift which was to change everything for Brazil; the bright green lances of sugar cane.

First planted in the capitania of Pernambuco on the northeast coast, sugar cane, brought from the island of Madeira, sprouted and grew with amazing luxuriance. Cargoes of sugar turned the attention of the Portuguese monarch toward his New World dominions, for Portugal already had most of the sugar trade of Europe. Sugar, a luxury for the rich, brought high prices, and those spreading fields of green cane in the tropical wilderness meant fortune at last from Brazil.

In the south, the colonists of São Vicente, discouraged by malaria and hot swampy coastlands, harassed by Indians, climbed up through the mountains of the Serra do Mar to the plateau. This land, called by the Indians Piratininga, had rich red soil and good climate. There, too, sugar cane became

profitable although the south never became a sugar kingdom like the northeast.

Sugar brought many fidalgos and lesser gentry to claim vast tracts of plantation land in the province of Pernambuco and with them came the slaves, for the Portuguese were slave-minded. The traffic of traders in black men from Africa had grown to such proportions that Lisbon swarmed with slaves serving the upper classes. No Portuguese man above the rank of peasant would demean himself to do any labor if he could get a black man or an Indian to do it for him.

There were countless acres of forest land to be cleared and planted, great fields of cane to be cut and made into sugar in crude mills, and for this there must be slaves and more slaves. Thousands of Indians were captured for the plantations. Even under the whips of overseers they refused to work steadily and they died in droves under the unaccustomed cruel labor. Black men imported from Africa joined the Indians in the cane fields even before the supply of native labor began to fail, as the Indians died or escaped to the wilderness.

The Negroes came from many different tribes in Africa and were people of fine physique and abilities—good herds-men and farmers, skilled at using their hands for the making of tools, wagons and other useful things. They could bear labor under the tropical sun better than the Indians. While the men bent under the lash of the overseers in the fields, many of the women became cooks and companions for their masters, so that presently there were mulatto children on every plantation.

At first there were no Portuguese women in the settlements. Men of all classes lived with Negro and Indian women, increasing the population with many half-breed children. Like

the Spanish, Portuguese men had little color prejudice. Moors had ruled Portugal as well as Spain, mingling their blood with the Iberian natives, and there had been mixture with African slaves. So in Brazil the early colonists began at once the mixture of races which was to be so important in the future.

While the planters enslaved the Indians, they learned from them how to get along in the tropical country they were snatching from its owners. Like the Indians, planters slept in hammocks and lived on manioc. Throughout the length and breadth of Brazil the staple food of the natives was this large, easily grown tuber which they called mandioca (mandi, bread—ocá, house). Grated into flour and toasted, baked in cakes or boiled, the dark-skinned and white-skinned lived on mandioca. Indian women were household servants and the nurses of the first white children when Portuguese families were founded. They taught the mothers how to save the lives of their babies in a tropical climate by releasing them from the smothering wrappings in which Portuguese babies were done up from birth.

The half-breed man, resulting from the mating of Portuguese and Indian, was called a mamaluco—"minion of the melting." In the south these mamalucos became a fierce, adventurous breed, having in their make-up the bold ambition of the Portuguese and the nomad spirit and love of liberty of the Indian. They found an outlet for their restless energies in the hunt for Indian slaves and in the search for gold, for the hope of finding precious metals never left the minds of Portuguese or mamalucos.

From the small settlements they marched out through leagues of trackless forest, climbing mountains, paddling in dugout canoes on the rivers. Although they found no gold,

the mamalucos made money from the hundreds of Indians who were dragged back to the plantations to be slaves.

Due to the audacious explorations of these men, who were also called *bandeirantes*, the flag-bearers, Portuguese claims were extended in the interior and no more was heard for a while of the Pope's arbitrary line of demarcation.

Sometimes the *bandeirantes* came into conflict with Spanish explorers in the forests of Paraguay or on the rolling plains where present-day Brazil and Uruguay meet. That fine pasture land was to know before the end of the sixteenth century the trampling hoofs of herds of wild cattle, the increase of a few cows and bulls escaped from settlements. The Portuguese, like the Spanish, introduced useful animals to the New World.

After the produce of sugar plantations made Brazil valuable to Portugal, and port towns were growing, the King decided that the scattered *capitanias* must be brought under royal control. Up to that time each one had been an independent feudal kingdom over which the nobleman who founded it was undisputed ruler.

In 1549 King João III appointed the noble captain, Thomé de Souza, to be Royal Governor of Brazil. He was sent with a fleet to found the first capital of Brazil, the city of Salvador da Bahia on the Bay of All Saints.

When the Governor arrived with his six ships containing soldiers, colonists and *degradados* or exiles, he anchored in the great bay before a shore which rose in steep bluffs from the beach. The settlers climbed up the cliffsides to begin building on the bluffs a village of mud huts with thatched roofs. It was to grow into one of the most picturesque cities of the New World.

From their settlement the colonists marched into the fertile interior bearing the precious sugar cane. Brown Indians and

black Africans cleared the forests, planted the fields and built plantations for their Portuguese lords, eager to make sugar fortunes.

Side by side with government came the Church, brought by devoted missionaries of the Society of Jesus. Remarkable men were the Jesuits, well educated, consecrated to the saving of souls. If their efforts led to martyrdom they willingly laid down their lives.

Six missionaries came with Governor Thomé de Souza, headed by Father Nobrega, a man of culture and noble character. While the colonists abused and enslaved the Indians, the padres went out into the forests to convert and civilize them. They did their best to protect them from the cruelty of the colonists.

In their mud-walled buildings on the bluff tops the Jesuits started the first school in Brazil, where Indian and half-breed children were taught religion, Portuguese and singing, as well as useful trades. Lemon and orange trees bloomed and bore fruit in the garden surrounded with stockades; banana trees shaded rows of herbs planted by the industrious padres.

These ingenious men invented a sort of windlass on the brink of the bluffs, by which they drew up from the shore below goods unloaded from Portuguese ships. They were practical men who added to the income for their enterprises by the charges they made for hauling up cargoes.

The Jesuits were not ashamed of labor, but learned blacksmithing and carpentry, the making of sandals and cultivating of plants in order to teach these civilized occupations to their Indian converts. Education was the Jesuit method of bringing heathen to the True Faith. Combined with the padres' intelligent training of untutored savages was a fanatical faith in the power of baptism to send their souls straight to heaven.

Having learned how deep an appeal music made to the Indian heart, the padres trained Indian boys in their school to sing the music of the Church in their own language. For, with their usual intelligent energy, the Jesuits soon mastered the main language of the region, Tupi.

Then strange little processions might be seen marching along the forest trails; black-robed padres bearing aloft the Cross, while before them went young native choristers, bringing their message of peace to the tribes. The natives learned not to fear these men who would come unarmed into their camps. They did object, however, when the strangers interrupted a cannibal feast and rescued the victim, just as they were preparing him for the cooking pot.

One of the fathers observed the methods of the Indian medicine man as he danced and chanted his incantations. To the Indians' astonishment this padre invaded the groups around campfires to dance around the circle in his long black robe, clapping his hands and singing his gospel message in their own language.

In their busy lives the Jesuit fathers found time to compile a grammar for the Tupi tongue, to translate church services and prayers into Tupi. As they went their devoted way through the wilderness of Brazil, beating out their own trails or following in the tracks of adventurers, they spread the knowledge of Tupi until it was called *Língua Geral* (Common Tongue). It was a means of communication between natives and Portuguese more in use in colonial times than the tongue of the conquerors.

Father Nobrega and another great Jesuit, Father Anchieta, made their way southward to the plateau where colonists from São Vicente were growing sugar cane. There, in 1553, they built a little church and school, with mud walls and roofs of

thatch, christened *Colegio de São Paulo de Piratininga*. With selfless devotion they worked among the simple Indians, teaching them trades as well as religion, writing out lessons and prayers for them in the Tupi language.

The small village of São Paulo, which grew up around the Jesuit *Colegio*, was situated on the only feasible route for adventurous men coming up from the coast at São Vicente to go on into the wilderness. More and more, as time went on, adventurers and colonists streamed back and forth through São Paulo, as that region became the home of the most vigorous men of colonial Brazil.

Salvador da Bahia, the capital of the colonies, grew rapidly, and fields of cane stretched like a green sea into the interior. Each plantation was a self-sufficient community, having its sugar mill, workshops, church and the master's house.

Many *fidalgos* hastened to Brazil with grants for large tracts of land to be developed in Bahia or Pernambuco. With them came sturdy Portuguese peasants to be overseers on the plantations, for the lordly masters must have men to make their slaves work. Shiploads of African slaves arrived to do the work and bear the burdens for the increasing colonies. In the towns Jewish merchants appeared, driven out of Lisbon by fear of persecution as heretics.

With the fleet, which reached Salvador da Bahia in the third year of its existence, came a large group of orphan girls of noble families, sent by the Queen of Portugal to be distributed as wives among the colonists, like so much livestock. So Portuguese colonial families were founded.

As white aristocratic families became numerous in Bahia and Pernambuco they intermarried among themselves to avoid a tinge of Indian or African in their Portuguese stock.

The Portuguese were not left undisturbed in their tropical

paradise, for the coast of Brazil attracted Dutch and French navigators throughout the first century of settlement. The Dutch, as yet, hovered in the north, but the King of France determined to plant a France Antarctique on the shores of Brazil. Said he, "I should like somebody to show me the provisions in Adam's will which divide the New World between my brother the Emperor Charles V and the King of Portugal, while excluding me."

A French adventurer, Nicholas Durand de Villegaignon, chose an island in the huge winding Guanabara Bay for a colonizing enterprise. That was the Indian name, meaning Arm of the Sea, for one of the most glorious bays in the world. The first explorers to see it were Vespucci and Gonçalves on New Year's Day, 1502. Christening a river on its shore, Rio de Primeiro de Janeiro, they gave the whole region the name which was to endure. Martim Affonso de Souza, on his way to settle São Vicente, sailed into the bay to build a small mud hut on its shore which the Indians named Carioca (White Man's House). Aside from the few unfortunate men left to hold this fort the Portuguese had made no settlement.

Villegaignon established his colony of mixed Catholics and Protestants on the island near the shore, but so fierce were the quarrels between those of rival religious beliefs that it did not succeed. The Protestants sailed back to France while those who remained chose a hill on the shore for the site of a new fort.

Governor Mem de Sá in Bahia soon sent a shipload of soldiers to dislodge the French, but, although the fort was destroyed, some colonists remained. Five years later the Governor's nephew, Estacio de Sá, received orders from Portugal to drive out the French.

He and his soldiers built a rival fort, named in honor of the

reigning King Sebastian, São Sebastião de Rio de Janeiro. This was in 1567. For two years the conflict continued between the French and the Portuguese, who had Indian allies, before the French settlers were finally driven from the country. In the last battle the good soldier, Estacio de Sá, was killed. Although the small settlement had to defend itself a few years later against invading French ships, the King of France had permanently lost his foothold in Guanabara Bay.

It was to be many a long year before São Sebastião de Rio de Janeiro, small beginning of a famous city, became more than a lonely frontier settlement.

That did not end the troubles of Brazilian colonists with foreign invaders, for when, in 1581, King Philip II of Spain added Portugal to the Spanish Empire, Brazil was exposed to attacks from his enemies—the maritime nations of England and Holland. Philip II was the most powerful monarch of his age and the other ambitious nations hated and envied Spain. During the sixty years while Spain ruled Portugal, English corsairs and Dutch expeditions were to make life harassing indeed for Brazilian colonists.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, one hundred years after the discovery of Brazil, the Portuguese empire in America was still a scattered group of capitánias, each fending for itself on the long Brazilian coast. Portugal was, more than Spain, a trading nation, and, since no precious metals had been found in Brazil, the Portuguese rulers gave most of their attention to their rich empire in Africa and Asia.

The Portuguese who lived in Brazil, during that century, were for the most part planters, devoted to the raising of sugar cane, or merchants in the towns. To be sure, tough adventurers from Portugal, who had no chance to become wealthy planters, were pushing into the interior, exploring, fighting

with Indians or living with them. The audacious banderantes, who were men of the New World, were ranging through forests and over mountains. Here and there in the wilderness the Jesuits were preaching and baptizing, teaching their Indian converts to live in communities and till the soil.

Beautiful Brazil, so exuberant in tropical fertility, so rich in mineral-bearing mountains, remained only partially known. In the next two centuries, however, it was to become a valued colonial empire.

PART III
COLONIAL EMPIRES

CHAPTER VIII

A Spanish Colonial Empire

AFTER TURBULENT years, in which several viceroys tried to restore order, Spanish rule was permanently established in Perú by the Viceroy Don Francisco de Toledo. Stern and ruthless, he was nevertheless a most efficient governor. He established firm government in the huge Viceroyalty of Perú, and took a leaf from the Inca system when he appointed Indian chiefs over villages and districts of natives.

As befitted the officer of such a powerful monarch as King Philip II, Viceroy Toledo arrived in great state. In his fleet came noble families and poor hidalgos seeking fortune in the New World. Tapestries, carved furniture, heavy silver came in the ships to adorn the governor's house, which was to be for several centuries the Palace of the Viceroys.

Lima, in the year 1569, when Viceroy Toledo arrived, was already a fine Spanish city on the banks of the Rimac River. Its houses of tinted plaster walls had flower-filled patios like those of Spain. On the Plaza Mayor stood the Palace and the Cathedral with its twin bell towers. Canals of water ran through some of the streets, furnishing the households and nourishing the gardens and orchards on the outskirts.

Indians, who were so skilled at gardening, were growing for their new masters fruits and vegetables of Spain as well as those of their native land. Orchards of orange and lemon trees, olives and figs, mingled with the native bananas and chirimoyas. There were fields of sugar cane, cotton and maize.

Cattle, pigs and goats fed in the fields. Hens and cocks scratched in the dooryards.

People, who had never thought of inventing a wheeled vehicle, now observed that carts drawn by mules or horses could relieve men of transporting loads. The patient woolly burro of Spain took its place, too, as a burden bearer in the New World.

According to a story handed down from that time, the first grains of wheat to reach Perú came accidentally into the hands of a lady who lived in Lima soon after its founding. She was Doña Inés Muñoz de Alcántara, sister-in-law of Francisco Pizarro. Having received a barrel of rice from Spain, she set about cleaning some of it to make a pudding for Governor Pizarro. To her delight, she found mixed with the rice a few grains of wheat.

With the greatest care the lady Inés nourished the few stalks of wheat which grew from the grain, planted in a corner of her garden. She garnered the seed and planted it again, so that in a few years she was able to distribute grain among her friends. So wheat fields were joined to those of maize, and good white bread was added to the diet of Perú.

The first fruits of the olive trees, dear indeed to Spaniards brought up on olives and their rich oil, were so precious that wealthy householders of Lima served them, five or six at a time, as a special treat to favored guests.

Lima, built by Spaniards, belonged to the conquerors, but in Cuzco, saturated with memories of Inca glory, native life continued side by side with the Spanish. The blending of Inca and Spaniard began at once. In its narrow somber streets, during early colonial times, there were throngs of Indians in their colorful costumes, those of each province distinguished by the kind of headdress they wore. There were still to be

seen Inca nobles in their handsome tunics and mantles, their ears so distended by the great disks inserted in them, as a sign of caste, that the Spaniards called them Orejones, Big Ears.

Many men and women of the Inca nobility accepted Christianity. It was not difficult to turn from the ceremonious Sun worship to the gorgeous festivals and saints of the Catholic Church. They were baptized with Spanish names, wore Spanish clothes, and one at least, Prince Paullu, lived like a Spanish nobleman in a palace at Cuzco. Inca princesses married Spanish gentlemen so that the best blood of the two races were mingled in this new aristocracy.

Prince Paullu had a son, Don Carlos, who married a Spanish lady, and when their little Melchior Carlos was baptized in Cuzco with splendid festivities, the great Viceroy Toledo, himself, stood godfather to the child.

Although the Viceroy did this honor to a baby of mixed blood, he was determined to destroy forever the Inca lineage and their hopes of regaining their land. One more tragedy was to be endured by the conquered people before they resigned themselves to the loss of their empire.

The last prince of the royal family was a gentle youth, Tupac Amaru. He had been brought up in the hidden citadel of Machu Picchu among the Virgins of the Sun who had fled there from the the conquering Spaniards. Inca Manco's chieftains, after his death, had remained in their wilderness fastness, and presently they raised up the boy to be their lord. Once more travelers were attacked on remote trails, and messengers sent to Tupac Amaru from the Viceroy were murdered on the way.

The Indians had a ruthless adversary in Viceroy Toledo, who sent an armed force into their wild country to capture Tupac Amaru and bring him to Cuzco. There, in the Holy Square

of his ancestors, the last Inca prince was executed before throngs of horrified Indians. As a warning to them the Viceroy had the head of the unfortunate prince exposed on a pole in the Square, but it did not have the effect he intended. Night after night Indians crept silently into the Square to worship the head of their murdered lord, until the Viceroy had it taken down to be buried with the body in a Christian Church. The people, accustomed to obedience, henceforth accepted the heavy yoke laid upon them by the conquerors.

In one of the stately Spanish mansions built in Cuzco lived a child whose mother was an Inca princess and his father the Spanish captain, Garcilaso de la Vega, a man of noble family and fine character. Young Garcilaso was brought up and went to school with Spanish boys, but often he sat with his mother and her relatives while, with sighs and lamentations, they recalled the great days of the Empire and related noble deeds of their ancestors. The boy never forgot those stories. When he was an elderly gentleman living in Spain he wrote an appealing, nostalgic history of his mother's people—*The Royal Commentaries of the Incas*.

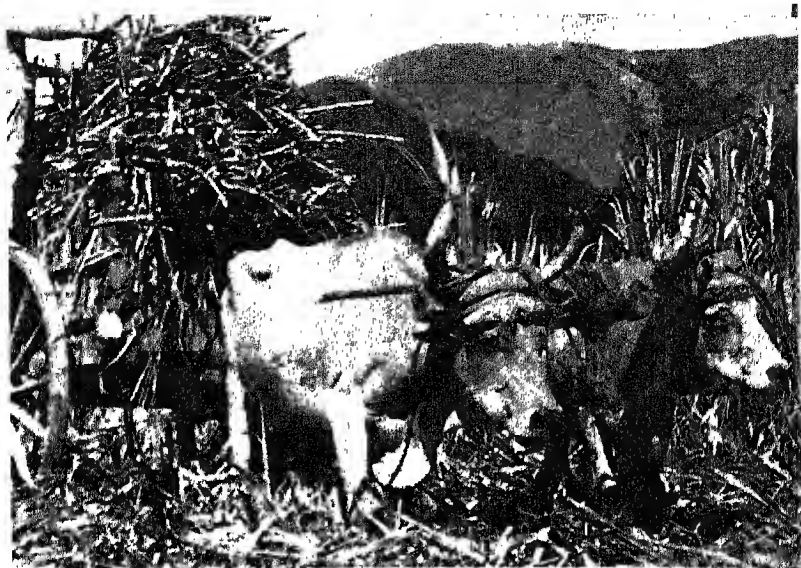
One day in Cuzco the boy Garcilaso, on his way to school, turned aside to follow excited Indians to a field outside the city. The dark colorful crowd was gathered to watch a sight new to their eyes—three mild strong oxen hitched to a wooden plow. Wondering murmurs went around in the Quechua language as the Spanish farmers shouted to the oxen, and they slowly turned up the earth of Perú with the plow.

"How lazy they are, that they set animals to work instead of men!" exclaimed the Peruvians.

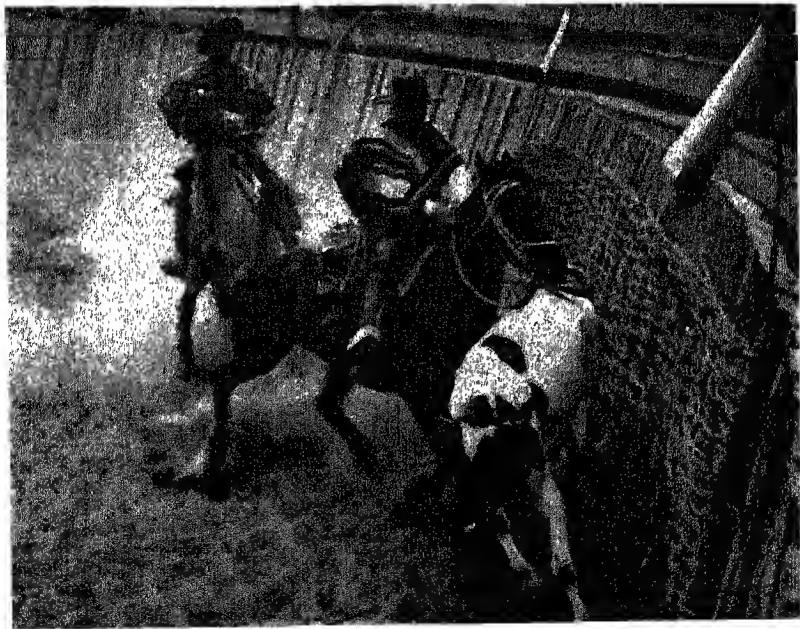
That was the first real plowing ever seen in the Andean mountain land. Although the antique Spanish plow was a



Plaza de Independencia, Quito, Ecuador



Loading sugar cane, Venezuela



crude affair, it was more efficient than the stake with which Quechua men had broken the soil.

So with new implements and animals to help man's labors, as well as with fruits and grains, the Spaniards brought gifts to the New World.

Artisans and craftsmen came to South America to sculpture stone for church façades, to carve in wood beautiful pulpits and choir stalls, to work gold and silver of the mines into magnificent altars and church furnishings. They came from a Spain which, in the sixteenth century, was entering its Golden Age of creative arts. Spanish artists and craftsmen had two sources of inspiration; the delicate Oriental art of the Moors, who had lived in Spain for seven centuries, and the splendid painting and sculpture of sixteenth-century Italy, introduced by Spanish monarchs.

In Cuzco and elsewhere, Indian hands, so expert in craftsmanship, learned to weave and make pottery in the Spanish fashion, and helped to carve wood and stone in Spanish designs.

Although the conquering Spaniards thought first of gold they were also settlers. The first act of every explorer in newly won territory was to found towns, laid out on the Spanish pattern. Plots in the town and land outside, with the services of the Indians living on it, were allotted to each citizen or vecino, and Spanish municipal government was set up. The governing body was the Cabildo, a town council consisting of two alcaldes and several regidores or councillors.

Compared with any other nation of that age Spain was a good colonizer. Through the House of Trade, Casa de Contratación, in Seville, the Spanish government sent out with every shipload of people to the New World, tools, animals and

seeds. From the eager adventurers crowding into Seville, begging for permission to try their fortunes in the New World, colonists were carefully chosen. *Hidalgos* and their families might go, artisans and tradesmen also, but they must be of pure blood. No Jews or Moors or New Christians as they were called (newly baptized members of those races) were allowed in the overseas empire.

The Spanish were city lovers. Just as in Spain the municipality was an important unit of civic life, so it became in the New World. In tropical coast lands, on the rivers, and in mountain valleys cradled among the mighty ranges of the Andes, grew stately Spanish cities, identical in design.

Spanish architecture was transplanted in the designs of churches and public buildings. The houses were Spanish, with their street windows barred with iron grilles, their carved balconies, tiled roofs and patios.

Each town had its large central plaza graced by a church or cathedral, and the *cabildo* where the town council of that name held its meetings. Every large city had jurisdiction over the outlying territory, so that the South American empire was linked together by its active municipalities.

Various kingdoms—such as Chile, New Granada, the Plata provinces—were distinct governments. Venezuela was under the rule of the Audiencia of Santo Domingo. But until early in the eighteenth century the Spanish possessions in South America, with the exception of Venezuela, were nominally under the control of the Viceroy in Lima. All that territory was loosely included in the huge Viceroyalty of Perú. After the period of conquest this Viceroyalty extended three thousand five hundred miles along the Pacific coast from Panamá to Valdivia, and three thousand miles overland from Lima to Buenos Aires.

Identical in its organization was the Viceroyalty of New Spain or Mexico, which had jurisdiction over all the provinces of North America.

This centralized system of government was designed to preserve the absolute authority of the Spanish monarchs in their huge transoceanic empire. The King, through his Council of the Indies, ordered with the most meticulous detail all the affairs of that empire.

How difficult must have been the task of the Viceroy and his officers, to sort out and obey the flood of royal orders which arrived with every ship from Spain! With the King so far away, it was easy to neglect orders which, for one reason or another, the Viceroy or the governors did not choose to carry out. Sometimes a governor, receiving one of these royal papers, kissed it and placed it on his head in token of respect, saying, "I obey, but I do not execute."

So cumbersome was this system, so crowded with petty officials determined to make money from their positions, that there was corruption throughout government administration. Evil habits for the political life of future South America were established in the colonial period.

Although the colonies were valued for the wondrous stream of wealth which poured from them to the royal treasury, King Charles and his son, Philip II, devout Catholics, considered the conversion of the natives their solemn duty.

Friars, priests and bishops sailed with every ship to take up the task of converting the Indians, and of establishing the rule of the Church in every town. All honor should be given to those early devoted missionaries of the religious orders—Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits and others—who traveled over the length and breadth of South America to win the Indians to the True Faith. Every village and district of Indians had its

priest or friar, who not only preached religion and taught the converts Spanish, but learned the Indian languages in order better to understand their brown charges.

Many of the missionaries were men of education and intelligence who, in spite of their horror at what they considered the Indian idolatries, were interested in their ideas and customs. Thanks to their chronicles much valuable information about Indian life in South America was saved for posterity before all was lost and forgotten under the pressure of the white man's civilization. Missionaries were pioneers who made their way into the dangerous wilderness east of the Andes, inhabited by untamable wandering tribes of the forests and plains.

Building their little churches among the Indians, preaching and baptizing, the friars worked with exalted devotion. Many of them were murdered by intractable Indians.

In the chief colonial cities, however, men of the Church were as wealthy and powerful as the aristocrats. Churches, cathedrals and palaces of the bishops outdid in splendor the mansions of the upper class. Large squares of city land were enclosed within the high blank walls of great monasteries and convents. The monastic orders were landowners like the nobility, with their great estates worked by Indian labor. In such a profoundly Catholic society churchmen had immense power over the lives of citizens and were able to influence political affairs. Many in the upper ranks of the clergy were men who loved wealth and luxurious living as much as the nobility.

Poor but haughty hidalgos of Spain, who would not deign to lift a hand to work for themselves, could live in indolent ease in America, on the proceeds of haciendas or mines worked for them by Indian labor. The King, also, thought of his New World empire as an inexhaustible source of wealth.

In the early years there was an easy flow of treasure looted

from palaces, temples and the huge burial mounds of long-dead native priests and lords. When the riches of native kingdoms had been taken, the Spaniards began to work the mines of the Incas by European methods. Gangs of Indians under Spanish taskmasters washed plentiful gold from the stream beds.

The Mountains of Silver, which exploring Spaniards heard of from Indians in the forests of Paraguay, were found on the lofty plateau of present-day Bolivia, then called the province of Charcas, or Alto Perú. Inca mines, among them the hill of Porco, yielded quantities of silver ore to enrich Spaniards who had grants of land in that region. Near the rich hill of Porco the Spaniards built a city which they called appropriately La Plata. It was a town center for rich mine owners and those who had prosperous haciendas in the vicinity.

The wealth of silver, which so pleased the first settlers, was overshadowed by the accidental discovery, in 1546, of one of the most fabulous hills of silver ever known—Potosí. A man named Villaroel, hunting with Indian laborers for mines, came upon chunks of the purest silver ore, and soon five immensely rich veins were discovered on the hill. From all over the kingdom adventurers and *hídalgos* rushed to Potosí. The hill slopes were covered with antlike crowds of men, staking out claims, setting their Indians to delving deep in the earth for precious ore.

Even the Indians flocked to Potosí, says the chronicler, Pedro Cieza de León; for it was suspected that they managed to enrich themselves by secreting pieces of ore. Since so many native people were to suffer and die under forced labor in the mines, it is to be hoped that those first Indian workers at Potosí did manage to keep some treasure for themselves.

The young soldier and chronicler, Cieza de León, describes

what he saw at Potosí in 1549. The Indians were very helpful to the Spaniards in smelting the ore, for the usual crude smelter did not work at Potosí. Then the Indians made use of the Inca fire pot, a clay jar full of air holes, in which they placed charcoal with the ore on top. These they carried to the upper part of the hill where the wind blew furiously, so that the gale blowing through the burning charcoal melted the silver. So many little fire pots glowed on the hill on windy nights that it looked like an illumination of fireworks. Thus fortunes in pure silver were obtained.

Cieza de León says that a town of stone houses was already growing below the miraculous hill, although it was a very cold and unpopulated region. Potosí, indeed, still is a most difficult place in which to live, for it stands nearly 14,000 feet above the sea.

Every Saturday, in the house of the chief magistrate at La Plata, the silver of the week's mining from Porco and Potosí was weighed and the royal fifth set aside. From all treasure taken from natives or extracted from mines the King received his fifth, and no official would have dared to cheat. The lucky monarch, between the years 1548 and 1551, received from the silver mines of Alto Perú treasure in silver worth more than three million golden ducats; more than the ransom of Atahualpa or treasure taken from Cuzco. No wonder that individual Spaniards made fortunes from the remaining four fifths!

Over steep mountain trails from the mines of the Andes passed pack trains of mules and llamas, laden with bars of gold and silver wrapped in hides. They carried the treasure down to tiny ports on the coast where it was loaded into ships to go to Lima. Ships from that port carried the gold and silver to Panamá.

Loaded on mules once more, and guarded by soldiers, the treasure was taken across the Isthmus over the famous Gold Road, a trail cut through jungles, to Nombre de Dios on the Atlantic side.

Three treasure ports had the Spaniards on Caribbean shores—Nombre de Dios and Portobello on the Isthmus of Panamá and Cartagena de Indias on the mainland of South America. Each town was protected by fortresses, for French corsairs and rascally pirates of various nationalities cruised the Caribbean, ready to pounce on treasure ships or to make bold raids on the ports themselves.

Spain was like a lucky dog with a big rich bone, surrounded by hungry, envious dogs waiting a chance to snatch it from her. Why should Spain have exclusive possession of all those lands and their great treasures, argued other European powers—England, France and the Netherlands. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries those nations were also expanding, sending their ships westward in search of lands and trade. In the days of Queen Elizabeth and King Philip II, Spain and England were enemies, and the Netherlands, after bitter struggles to free themselves from the Spanish Empire, also hated Spain. Dutch and English rulers were conveniently blind to the doings of their sea rovers in Spanish waters.

The Spanish monarchs, however, believed that those lands were theirs by right of conquest and by the gift of the Pope. They did not intend to allow any other nation to edge in to gain trade or territory.

In order to protect the ships from corsairs and sea rovers of enemy nations, Spain sent two great fleets annually, convoyed by war vessels, to ports of the Caribbean Sea. One fleet went to Vera Cruz, port of Mexico, to trade and gather revenue. The other sailed first to Cartagena de Indias where merchants

of Spain traded with those of New Granada. Then the fleet went to Portobello which became the scene of a great annual trade fair.

For two centuries of Spain's rule, the colonials of South America were required, not only to trade exclusively with the mother country, but to do almost all their business at this fair. There were only a few exceptions to this rule. Think of the tremendous journeys made to bring colonial products to Portobello and carry back goods from Spain! Not only treasures of gold and silver, but hides from the Río de La Plata and Chile, tropical products such as dyes, wax or drugs, were sent to the fair at Portobello.

In the hot, fever-ridden village all sorts of luxuries and manufactured goods of Spain were bought by colonial merchants, while the produce of the colonies and the King's revenue were loaded in the galleons. Then, if they escaped Sir Francis Drake or other pirates, the galleons sailed home to the port of Seville, or to Cádiz with the treasure of the Indies.

By so short-sightedly excluding all other nations from trade with her colonies Spain aroused the envy of other expanding nations, and discontented colonists willingly entered into contraband trade with them. While Spain had control of the sea she did her best to keep other nations out of the Caribbean Sea, and she considered the Pacific Ocean an exclusively Spanish possession.

Shut off as they were from contact with other Europeans, the Spanish colonials in South America built a society by transplanting all that they could from the mother land; government, the ideas of feudal aristocracy, social customs and language. In America, Spanish life became adapted to new geographical surroundings and was influenced by the native people. In the Andean countries, at least, the colonials were

creating a new society, blended of two races, Indian and Spaniard.

Feudal lords, ruling the peasants on their lands, were a powerful class in Spain. In America, conquistadores and their descendants organized a similar system of rich landowners, controlling hundreds of Indian workers ; a social order which was to endure for centuries.

The explorers and their soldiers were rewarded by being granted the use of large tracts of land with the services of the Indian inhabitants. This grant was called an *encomienda* or *repartimiento* of Indians. The natives were required to pay tribute to the *encomendero* by cultivating the land and by other taxes. In return the *encomendero* was supposed to gather his Indians into a community, look after their physical welfare and provide a priest to convert and teach the people.

The *encomienda* was not an outright gift, for the *encomendero* was to have it only for his lifetime and that of one heir, after which the land returned to the Crown. Queen Isabella, who began the *encomienda* in America, intended it to be a system for teaching and protecting the natives, and so it was considered by King Charles, her grandson.

The Spanish monarchs were sincere in their determination to convert "los Indios" to the Catholic Faith, and in their desire to protect the natives from abuse. Over and over again, in the years of controversy with the men who were set upon becoming feudal lords in the New World, laws were made for the well-being of the natives. But the gulf between law and its enforcement was as wide as the ocean which lay between the mother country and her American empire. The royal insistence on increasing revenue from America meant inevitably that forced labor of the Indians in mines, forests or on haciendas continued, while the laws were forgotten.

It is easy to imagine what happened to such a system as the *encomienda* in the hands of unscrupulous fortune seekers who had come to the New World to get rich and become lords of great estates. Especially as, from *hidalgo* to soldier, they brought with them the Spanish disdain for manual labor. Communal lands which had been worked with such orderly care, under the rule of the Incas, became the property of individuals, while whole districts of native people found themselves caught in a life of hopeless servitude and poverty. After the early years of the colonial period the *encomenderos* had their way and became hereditary lords of huge estates.

In Perú Viceroy Toledo had appointed Indian officers, called *caciques*, to manage districts and villages of Indians, but that, too, brought oppression of the humble farming people. The Spaniards had brought the greed for money into a moneyless land, and some of these native officials learned from their new masters how to wring tribute from their fellows. Those Indians who were not attached to *haciendas* continued to live on communal lands under native chiefs, although much territory was taken away from them.

Nothing good can be said of the forced labor in mines, called the *mita*. Taken from their homes to work the mines under cruel conditions, thousands of Indians died. Equally bad were the *obrajes*, or weaving shops, where transplanted Indians were forced to live and work as slaves.

Native people in villages belonging to *haciendas* were indeed oppressed, but, in the later colonial period, their condition was probably not much worse than that of peasants in Europe. The rights of the common man had not yet been considered by any nation.

The Spaniards, in their colonizing, differed from English settlers in North America who did not mingle with the Indians,

but pushed them on into the wilderness or exterminated them. The Spaniards had no strong prejudice against marriage with women of darker skin than their own. During the centuries of Moorish rule in Spain there had been many unions between Moors and Spaniards. In the New World, marriages with converted Indian women were encouraged by Church and King in the early years when few white women came to the colonies. At all times unions between the dark-skinned and the white were taken as a matter of course.

The people of mixed blood, mestizos or cholos, as they are sometimes called in South America, were always at a disadvantage, it is true. But, from the beginning, natives and cholos became an important part of colonial life.

Although slaves were never the chief labor supply as in Brazil, slave traders sold their cargoes of Africans to Spanish settlements in tropical country. Negroes, mulattoes, zambos (mixed Indian and Negro) became part of the humble working population which served the upper classes.

Colonial society was topped by haughty noble families of Spain who held all the best government positions and looked down upon the American-born aristocrats, called creoles or criollos, who were equally proud and indolent. Below them were the cholos who were tradesmen and artisans, while at the bottom were the laboring masses of Indians and Negroes.

Some of the art and scholarship of Spain in its Golden Age was transplanted to America for the pleasure of aristocrats, but education, being chiefly in the hands of the religious orders, was narrowly ecclesiastical. Universities were founded in the principal cities where sons of the nobility prepared for careers in the Church, or in law. As early as 1551 the University of San Marcos, first in South America, was founded in Lima. It is still the national university of Perú.

In the universities and other schools of the religious orders there were men of fine scholarship who kept culture alive. Some books were written and published, although there were only a few printing presses.

The first press was set up in Lima before the end of the sixteenth century, and from it came the first book printed in South America—*Doctrina Cristiano*, printed by Antonio Ricardo, "first printer in these kingdoms of Perú."

Books were strictly censored, for the Spanish rulers did not intend to have any "subversive" ideas, such as were stirring in Europe in the eighteenth century, awakening the minds of their colonial subjects. There came to be, however, a lively smuggling trade in books, so that the ideas and philosophies of Europe filtered in, regardless of prohibitions.

For the most part, however, colonial Spanish Americans lived in a world shut away from outside contacts. Indolent and proud, letting time slip through their fingers in the easy-going way inherited from the mother country, they enlivened the dullness of life with fiestas and gorgeous processions in honor of Viceroy or saints of the Church.

In all parts of the far-flung Spanish Empire in South America people lived by social customs transplanted from Spain, but in the various kingdoms, differing from one another in geographical make-up, climate and native life, the new society developed its individualities.

CHAPTER IX

Viceregal Perú

IN THE seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Lima, City of the Kings, was the representative in South America of Spanish power and of the somber magnificence of the Spanish Court. In his palace on the Plaza Mayor the Viceroy and his family lived in aloof state, superior to the proudest of the colonial aristocracy.

There were formal receptions, called *beso-mano* (kiss-hand), when the nobility were received at the Palace. The spectacle-loving common folk, crowded in the Plaza, watched painted coaches arrive, and sedan chairs borne by Negro slaves in handsome liveries. Beautifully dressed ladies, glittering with jewels, gentlemen in knee breeches and powdered wigs, descended to enter the Palace. Strains of music came to the watchers in the Plaza as the company within, after bowing before the Viceroy and kissing his hand, stepped through the stately measures of Spanish court dances.

The birth of a prince or princess in faraway Spain, or other events in the royal family, were celebrated with processions and fiestas. Always, as part of a celebration, there were bullfights in the Plaza. What excitement for the people to watch the wild bulls lunge at the graceful, dapper toreros, or to see the skilful attack on those bulls by daring caballeros on horseback!

In the warm soft climate of Lima, life was indolent and easy-going. Sometimes its lazy pleasures were interrupted by visitations of God such as earthquakes or plagues, but these too

were made into pageants. Processions of penitents in long black robes covered with ashes, carrying candles, walked slowly through the streets behind glittering images of saints. Throngs knelt in the incense-laden air of the churches, while bells in the towers added their deep clamor to the chanting of priests. Limeños expected their saints to save them from disaster.

For the humble masses who served the aristocrats—Indians, slaves, mulattoes, zambos—there was a poverty-stricken existence in miserable hovels, but they took a childlike pleasure in the round of spectacles and fiestas.

Every festival began or ended in the Plaza. There were the knightly sports of caballeros on horseback, playing at cañas, charging each other with long wooden lances in a game left over from the days of knighthood. There were mascaradas of the university students or of the craftsmen's guilds—silver workers, goldsmiths, painters, carpenters, architects, etc. Extravagantly costumed merrymakers marched through the streets, dragging carts on which were erected such marvels as castles, ships in full sail, or Virgins surrounded by singing angels.

The mascarada often ended in the Plaza with the grand old Spanish play of Moors and Christians. Turbaned Moorish knights in a wooden castle received the attack of Spanish knights arriving in boats which were dragged into the Plaza on carts. After a furious battle, in which the Christians were always victorious, the Moors surrendered and were carried off by the victors.

Yes, there was always plenty to see in the streets of colonial Lima; plenty to distract people's attention from hunger, poverty or the thoughtless cruelty of masters. If it was not a mascarada it might be a calvacade of gaily dressed young blades of the nobility, prancing through the streets, or the procession

in honor of a beloved saint — Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception or Nuestra Señora del Rosario.

Then the splendid statue of the saint, clothed in silken robes encrusted with jewels, was borne high on the shoulders of devotees above chanting monks and choristers. The nobility followed after in their coaches and sedan chairs, combining reverence for the saint with an opportunity for display.

On the steps of the Cathedral there were often miracle plays given by converted Indians under the guidance of priests. Sometimes, in seventeenth-century Lima, there was the awful spectacle of the *auto-da-fé*. The dreaded judges of the Inquisition sat under canopies in the Plaza to pass judgment on heretics ; poor victims, accused of false doctrine, of blasphemy, of being Jews, or of some other crime against the all-powerful Church. This too was a spectacle to be watched by the crowd with mingled fear and excitement.

In seventeenth-century Lima many bells rang out the hours of the churchly day from the bell towers. They called people to Mass, to prayers, to saintly festivals, and closed the day with the Angelus.

Behind the blank walls of monastic buildings monks and nuns paced their cloisters, looking out on peaceful gardens where flowers bloomed in soft sunshine and birds fluttered around fountains. Some of these cloistered men and women were idle and luxurious like the aristocrats, but others spent their lives in service for the sick and poor and hungry.

The miraculous doings of these saintly ones, their tenderness to every living thing, became legends passed from mouth to mouth among people whose minds were steeped in superstitious beliefs. Limeños saw saints appearing in the clouds to give aid in any time of trouble ; they believed in miraculous relics of saints and in the spells of sorcerers.

The sick and suffering folk of Lima made legends about lovely Rosa Flores while she still lived, still flitted through the dirty byways of Lima, caring for the sick, cheering the sad. Although she was young and beautiful her life was dedicated to Christ and his poor.

At that time, the seventeenth century, Lima had been terrified occasionally by raids of sea rovers, English and Dutch. Once, when the cry was raised, "The Dutch are coming!" and bells clanged the alarm from all the towers, Rosa went among the frantic people calming them with her own radiant faith. That time the Dutch did not sack the city and the people believed that Rosa had saved them.

After her death Rosa Flores, because of her holy life and good deeds, was made a saint by the Church. She became Santa Rosa, patron of Lima and first saint of the New World.

The Dutch were not the first to disturb the peace of Spanish ports. Sir Francis Drake, in the sixteenth century, ventured through the Straits of Magellan into Spain's private ocean. One day, in 1579, his ship the *Golden Hind* slipped boldly into the harbor of Callao, Lima's port, only eight miles from the city. Before the sleepy inhabitants could collect their wits, Drake had cut the cables of Spanish ships and made off with a vessel loaded with silver.

Following "El Drake" came other English and Dutch raiders in the seventeenth century. They terrorized small ports, sacked the churches and caused great annoyance to the King of Spain.

Until the beginning of the eighteenth century the harbor of Callao was quiet indeed. Small ships flitted in from sea-ports down the coast, bringing gold and silver from mines in the mountains. Infrequently, ships sailed for far-off Chile, or a fleet set out for Panamá with the King's revenue.

After Bourbon kings replaced the feeble Hapsburg dynasty in Spain, Callao and other Pacific ports were more lively. The fair at Portobello was abolished in 1740 and Spanish ships sailed around Cape Horn to trade directly with Chile and Perú. Some years later the colonial kingdoms were permitted to trade with one another and with other ports of Spain besides Cádiz or Seville.

Since the Bourbon kings were a French family, restrictions were somewhat loosened for Frenchmen. French ships appeared in Callao harbor, bringing luxuries for the shops of Lima merchants. Some aristocratic Frenchmen stayed in Lima, bringing the elegant frivolities of the Court, even books, to delight colonial nobility.

No longer was the harbor so empty and dull. The arrival of French or Spanish ships brought joy to the ladies of Lima, for then the shops displayed silks and velvets, mantillas and fans, satin slippers for pretty feet.

The most spectacular event for Callao and Lima was the arrival of ships bringing a new Viceroy and his family. Gallants and fair ladies lined the sea wall, waving their handkerchiefs while the guns in the fort boomed a welcome. The Viceroy and his retinue came ashore in a large balsa with silken canopies. Then what a gay cavalcade of horsemen, coaches and sedan chairs escorted the noble party to Lima!

People crowded the streets, ladies leaned from the lattices of their balconies, to see the formal procession pass by to the Cathedral for a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving. The Viceroy, escorted by soldiers, rode under a crimson velvet canopy on a white horse with splendid trappings. Following after came a procession of civic dignitaries and aristocrats. Tapestries were hung from the balconies where beautiful *Limeñas* tossed down roses to their new ruler.

In Lima haughty nobles from Spain regarded as inferior the aristocratic families of American birth, the Creoles. These last aped the dress and manners of the Spanish-born, even while they resented their airs of superiority. Young Creole gentlemen, who studied under the monkish scholars of the University, satisfied their pride by winning positions in the Church or the city government. Both Spaniards and Creoles drew revenues from large haciendas in the valleys, where Indians and Negroes worked the fields of wheat and corn, sugar and cotton.

Wives and daughters of the upper class were supposed to remain shut up at home. They were famous, the Limeñas, for the beauty of olive complexions and melting dark eyes. Having little to do besides pray to the saints, their thoughts were occupied with dress and flirtation. They loved to deck their beauty with rich costumes and jewelry when they appeared formally in society.

As they sat within the heavy wooden balconies overhanging the street, noises of the city floated up to the caged beauties. They ran to peer through the lattices when music and the clatter of horses' hoofs announced the passing of a procession to enliven their boredom.

When these sheltered ladies went out, their street costume was designed to shield them from the eyes of men, but they made of it a provocative disguise. Pretty feet showed below a soft silken skirt, which outlined curves, while the black silk manto, shrouding the lady from head to waist, left just one inviting eye peering out from among its folds.

In this disguise Limeñas went to Mass, exchanging glances and whispers with gentlemen lounging in church portals. They were known to appear at balls in this costume so that they might enjoy flirtation without revealing their identities. Thus disguised the ladies were called *tapadas*, meaning

wrapped up. Indeed, the tapadas of Lima managed to have a merry time of it in spite of restrictions imposed on them by the men of their families.

There was a daily opportunity to escape from the dull life behind the balconies in the afternoon pasco, dear Spanish custom brought from the mother country. Aristocratic ladies went out in their sedan chairs or carriages, swathed in mantillas, to receive the attentions of caballeros on horseback, as they paraded through the parks. Tapadas of less noble family, in their provocative disguise, strolled on foot, or tripped across the bridge of the River Rimac, where groups of young men waited to stare at them and toss them bold compliments.

In the eighteenth century, Lima society loved the theater, which was patronized by the Viceroy. While they enjoyed the stately dramas of Calderón de la Barca, great Spanish playwright, the lords and ladies also vied with one another in costumes and jewels.

The theater had its star in that century, a girl of such artistry and charm that the memory of her lived through the years. She was a girl of mixed blood, Micaela Villegas—little, lithe and full of fire. Her acting of Calderón de la Barca's heroines held the audience spellbound. Then, when between acts she danced and sang with irresistible witchery, she had all masculine Lima at her feet. Hers was a Spanish art, but mingled with it was something of the New World and of the mixed blood of Indian and Spaniard in her veins.

La Perricholi she was called, a name of scorn which became a title of fame because of her personality. High-born ladies, although they enjoyed her art, were scandalized at La Perricholi's impish escapades and at her power over the Viceroy Amat. This elderly governor loved her so madly that he could not do without her. The gay little palace he built to house his

beloved in luxury became the rendezvous for society after the play. With all her lighthearted scandalizing of aristocrats, La Perricholi was a warm lovely woman of sparkling talent, who was never forgotten by those of high or low degree to whom she was kind.

Lima, the center of government, aristocracy and fashion, had its influence on the whole Viceroyalty, but other cities had their individualities.

Cuzco, far away in the mountains, only to be reached by long journeys on muleback, belonged to the Andes. Wealthy Spanish life could not obliterate its Inca character.

Indians were the servants in the town, the laborers on Spanish haciendas in the valleys, where they worked under worse conditions than their forebears who served the Incas. In communal mountain villages the Quechua people continued their ancient ways; planting their mountainside terraces, herding their llamas on bare plateaus. The women spun and wove wool for family garments as their ancestors had done.

In the narrow stony streets of Cuzco, between Inca walls topped by Spanish houses, Indians and their llamas were jostled by Spaniards on horseback. The Holy Square had become the Plaza de Armas, where a great Cathedral was the center of religious festivals instead of Coricancha.

It seemed as though the clergy of the Catholic Church were determined to obliterate the memory of golden Sun worship by the magnificence of their many churches. Altars were of glowing gold and silver, rich carving was overlaid with gold leaf, church furniture was exquisitely carved in wood. Beautiful Spanish images of saints were brought from Spain to become patron saints in Cuzco churches. The city became the home of artists who painted reverent pictures of saints, and of sculptors who carved the portals of churches in stone.

The important Catholic festival of Corpus Christi was celebrated in the Plaza de Armas, where, from all over the Inca Empire, people had formerly gathered to share in the Feast of the Sun. It was easy for the Quechua people to combine in their hearts the worship of the life-giving Sun with that of the gorgeous saints who were carried around the Plaza in procession on the feast of Corpus Christi.

A series of paintings done by a colonial painter hang in a tiny old church of Cuzco to this day, showing, through the dimness of age, how Corpus Christi was celebrated in colonial Cuzco. The balconies of the Spanish houses around the Plaza are hung with tapestries and filled with people. Spaniards in their rich stiff clothes mingle with Indians in the crowd. In the procession an Indian noble is drawing the image of a beautiful Virgin in a gilded cart. So in this mountain city the blending of two civilizations went on from year to year.

Certain social customs, such as markets, were so similar that they easily became one. Every Spanish city in the mother country had its market in the central Plaza on stated days, when the peasants of the countryside and merchants of the town spread out their wares to buy and sell. So, too, had the Inca farmers gathered in central towns to barter their products. Colonial Cuzco became the scene of one of the largest markets in the mountains, where Indians brought their produce and Spaniards their manufactured goods. Buying and selling was enlivened by eating, drinking, and little fiestas in a way natural to both races.

Even more active and social was the great market of Potosí—that miracle town of silver. The inexhaustible wealth pouring from the mines brought merchants with all sorts of goods to spread their wares among Indian produce of the fields and Indian weavings for shirts and ponchos. The poncho was an

Indian garment, a square of woven wool with a slit in the center by which to pull it over the head, of the same shape as the Inca tunic. It became the universal wrap of Andean countrymen, from Indian to hacendado.

Potosí was unlike any other city of the Viceroyalty because of the feverish atmosphere of fortune-hunting, the spendthrift extravagance of hidalgos and adventurers who wildly gambled with their silver wealth.

The lofty tablelands and mountains, so rich in minerals, were, under the Viceroyalty of Perú, the province of Charcas or Alto Perú, governed locally by an Audiencia. This was a legislative body headed by a president, appointed by the King, to administer affairs under the direction of the distant Viceroy.

Alto Perú was an inhospitable land, whose scanty population was largely Indian. They were short, stocky people whose ancestors had passed on to them the ability to exist in the high cold country. Mineral wealth induced Spaniards to found their few cities, and Indians were set to grow grain and raise cattle in favorable valleys.

Down at the bottom of a great ravine, walled with barren cliffs, the town of Nuestra Señora de La Paz was started because of abundant gold in the stream bed. There was water from the river, wood from small trees, and narrow fields in which to plant grain and vegetables. The citizens had under their control Indians of the warm narrow valleys sloping eastward from the plateau, who brought up to the town fruits and forest products.

In spite of its strange situation, only to be reached by a steep trail down the cliffsides, La Paz prospered and became one of the most aristocratic cities of that lofty, lonely country.

Rich mines made centers of activity on the great tablelands of Alto Perú. Energetic men descended from those heights

to make settlements in the east. There was much traffic back and forth, during colonial centuries, because the route to Lima from the Plata provinces lay across the plateaus of Alto Perú. Independent gentlemen of the cities were among the first to raise their voices against abusive regulations from Spain.

CHAPTER X

The Viceroyalty of New Granada

THROUGHOUT THE northern territory, now included in Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, the conquerors forged their way, from the enervating heat of tropical lowlands to cool upland valleys surmounted by snowy peaks. In their wake they left settlements in pleasant mountain valleys, which were called "cities" even while they were nothing more than crude towns of adobe huts with thatched roofs. From these foundations of the conquerors grew the proud Spanish cities of colonial times.

It is difficult in this age to realize how isolated, how shut away from the world, were these centers of Spanish life among mighty mountains in the colonial kingdoms of Quito and New Granada. Citizens of any town had to make long trips on mules or horses to reach their nearest neighbors. A journey from any of those cities to the coast was a matter of toilsome weeks; over precipitous mountain trails, over plains and forests, often finished by raft or canoe travel on a river. The people of colonial times were hardy travelers, for they did move around a good deal in spite of difficulties and took the hazardous journeys as a matter of course.

Goods from Spain arrived by ship at the few seaports. Heavy carved furniture, mirrors, church furnishings, luxuries traveled up through the mountains, over terrific trails, on the backs of mules or Indians. In their lofty towns aristocrats

had their fine furnishings and the churches their splendid saints and altar services, in spite of all obstacles.

Life for Spanish and Creole aristocrats was much the same in all the mountain cities. Their thick-walled houses had great wooden street portals, studded with iron, which opened into large courts surrounded by galleries. On the ground floor were quarters for the Indian servants, stables for horses, storerooms for food and fuel. There was always a stir of life in the large court, open to the sky, and along the second-story gallery on which family rooms opened ; the sounds of animals and twitter of caged birds, the chatter of servants as they went to and fro about their work.

Balconies overhung the street under the wide eaves of roofs, lower windows were barred with iron grilles, but seldom had glass. Nor were there chimneys in the houses. In their large, chilly rooms the families huddled for warmth around silver braziers of glowing charcoal as they would have done in Spain.

Social life in the mountain cities was very Spanish, although more provincial, more modified by a new country and by Indian ways, than among the aristocrats of Lima. Far away from the formal Viceregal court, amusements were simpler but the people were equally pleasure-loving and devoted to spectacles. There were gorgeous processions for beloved saints, for Holy Week or Carnival. Fiestas of all sorts with music, dancing and fireworks, brought the whole population into the streets for enjoyment.

In the large central plaza of each city, beautified with trees and flowers, the evening paseo was a daily joy. Men and women in separate groups strolled round and round, chattering and exchanging greetings as they would have done in Spain.

After the religious orders had established colleges the sons of aristocrats spent part of their leisured lives in study, but daughters were brought up strictly at home. They were considered well educated if they knew how to read and write, for their training was in domestic affairs. Hours were passed in fine needlework or the concoction of special dishes and sweets. In music all the graceful girls were accomplished. They danced to perfection, and sang sweetly to the guitar the songs of Spain, or the colonial songs which were composed in every province.

In their city homes, or the rambling country houses on the haciendas, the landowners lived with leisurely charm, gracious and hospitable to friends. It was a life maintained for them by the servitude of hordes of Indians. Often, in the personal relationship between the masters' families and their servants, there was kindness from the masters and devotion on the part of the gentle Indians, for neither high nor low questioned the system. From the upper-class point of view the Indian population was destined to service, no matter what it cost them in poverty and hard work.

Whole districts in the sparsely populated mountain land were inhabited solely by Indians, who continued to work their steep mountainside farms in the ancient way whenever they could escape from servitude on haciendas, in mines, or in the obrajes. These weaving shops were at their worst in the kingdom of Quito because of the great quantity of good sheep's wool, and because of Indian skill in spinning, dyeing and weaving fine cloth to be sold in city shops.

Everywhere the colonial social pattern was the same ; wealthy aristocrats and churchmen looking down upon the cholos or mestizos who were kept to inferior positions ; all society based on the labor of Indians. Half-breed men and women wore distinctive, colorful costumes which showed Indian taste. They

tried to satisfy their uneasy pride by lording it over the Indians like the white upper class.

Highland cities of the kingdom of Quito (now Ecuador) such as Riobamba, Ambato, Cuenca, Quito, had a long struggle to attain permanence and solid architecture. They were set in a volcanic land where turmoil within the earth burst out periodically in devastating earthquakes and eruptions. During the seventeenth century the whole chain of volcanic peaks, which raise their awe-inspiring snowy crowns above lesser mountains, produced disasters. Torrential rains and hurricanes were followed by subterranean rumblings and a whole series of appalling earthquakes, shaking cities to pieces. No sooner had the brave inhabitants rebuilt their homes than another upheaval tumbled the houses down again.

Ancient Quito was a growing Spanish city in the latter part of the sixteenth century when the volcano Pichincha, above it, woke up. Twice within ten years the mountain burst into flaming eruption, destroying houses and spoiling precious crops in the fields.

Disaster overwhelmed the reconstructed city once more in 1660 when Pichincha had its last and worst eruption. The panic-stricken people, praying to their saints while the earth shook under their feet, while enormous clouds of hot ashes spread darkness over the land, thought the end of the world had surely come. Ashes choked the streets, filled the rivers and killed cattle. After the eruption came pestilence, further to prostrate the people.

Nevertheless, in the eighteenth century, a rejuvenated Quito was the proudest and most cultured center of the north save for Santa Fe de Bogotá in New Granada. It was an ecclesiastical city, vying with Lima and Cuzco in the wealth and power of the religious orders and their splendid buildings.

The churches must be made glorious with gilded carving, with paintings and dramatic images of saints. Aristocratic ladies must have delicate little shrines for their homes and exquisite jewelry to adorn their persons. So the patronage of the Church and nobility created in Quito a school of artists from whose workshops sculptured saints, paintings and lovely specimens of the goldsmith's art, found their way into cities throughout South America.

Equally proud in its aristocratic and churchly dignity, even more remote from the outside world, was Santa Fe de Bogotá, founded by the conqueror Jiménez de Quesada. Like Quito the city was the seat of a Real Audiencia and gained more importance when it became the residence of the Viceroy of New Granada. Here, as in Quito, monastic orders, although they dominated the lives of the people, did a service to the community by founding schools. Respect for learning was preserved through their libraries and the work of scholarly churchmen.

Other cities founded by the first explorers—Pasto, Popoyán, Cali—flourished peacefully in the beautiful but mountainous interior of New Granada. They were safe from the attacks of sea raiders, which made life uneasy on the coast, although they paid for safety with isolation.

For people of Bogotá it was a matter of months to reach the coast. By way of the Magdalena River, Quesada and his bold men had reached the lofty plateau of the Chibchas, and the river remained the only route between Bogotá and the coast.

So hazardous was the journey that a colonial gentleman often made his will and said profound farewells to his family before setting forth. There was first the long, trying ride on muleback over plain and mountain, descending from the heights to the settlement of Honda on the river. There, travelers went on board large raftlike boats with thatched shelters

in the center, poled by Negro boatmen. They cooked their own food on deck and lay down to sleep on bedding brought with them, wrapping themselves in netting for protection against swarms of mosquitoes and other insects.

Day followed day and week followed week, as the rafts slid along with the rapid current, avoiding sandbanks, sailing around islands. Monkeys and macaws screamed from the forest, alligators sunned themselves on the shore. Day by day it became hotter, and the river grew broader, widening into an immense shining sheet of water hemmed in by primitive jungle.

If all went well—no shipwreck, no death from tropical fever—the boatmen finally poled their rafts through waterways of the delta to reach the port of Santa Marta. Probably the first act of every traveler was to kneel before his favorite saint in church and give thanks for a successful journey.

Citizens of Quito were not quite so isolated, but it took two weeks or more to reach Guayaquil on the Guayas River, the only seaport for the highland cities. Several times that little port was raided and sacked by corsairs who had made their way into the Pacific Ocean to disturb the peace of Spanish ports.

Between such visitations the inhabitants lived indolently in their balconied wooden houses, lounging in fiber hammocks hung across the rooms, until the stifling heat of the day was relieved by evening breezes. Then lighthearted gentlemen and ladies sallied out to amuse themselves with music and dancing, or water excursions in balsas.

Floating down the river from jungles and plantations came rafts and dugout canoes whose Indian boatmen sold their produce in a waterside market. There were heaps of pineapples, avocados and bananas, sugar cane and cacao (cocoa) beans from plantations. Cacao trees with their big colorful pods,

and bananas, grew wild in the lush lowlands and were profitable products. Every family depended on morning cups of thick, rich chocolate, and bananas were the staple food of Guayaquil—baked, boiled, fried, or fermented into a beverage.

Negroes predominated in the working population, for here, as elsewhere in the hot coast lands of the north, the Indians, used to a nomadic easy life, refused to be tamed into good laborers. Negro slaves were imported and presently there was a population of mixed breeds—Indian and Negro or Indian and Spaniard.

The somnolent port of Guayaquil roused from its laziness only to resist the attack of pirates or to receive an infrequent ship, bringing Spanish goods.

The Pacific coast ports were comparatively safe, but those of the Spanish Main, facing on the Caribbean Sea, were subject to attack from the boldest and most ruthless adventurers who ever sailed the seas. They ranged from independent corsairs and buccaneers to the more or less licensed privateers of Spain's enemies.

Of all the ports Cartagena de Indias on the coast of New Granada was the prize every sea raider longed to capture. It was one of the earliest and most important Spanish cities, founded in 1533 by Don Pedro de Heredia. Not only was it one of the few markets, where Spanish merchants traded with those of the colonies, but it was one of the chief treasure ports. By the water highway of the Magdalena precious metals and tropical products of the interior reached the sea at Cartagena.

Two channels through the land, Boca Grande and Boca Chica, protected the bay and its proud city from easy invasion, yet corsairs made devastating raids from its earliest years. After a few such occasions Boca Grande was filled up by

sunken ships, while two stout forts, with a great iron chain stretched between them, protected Boca Chica.

Later on, the defenses of the city were reinforced with tremendous bastions and towered fortresses, so that Cartagena was more like a fortified medieval town than any other in America. It was a city solidly built of stone, and its narrow streets echoed through the years to sailors' brawls, to wild battles with pirates and the armor-clad enemies of Spain. The wealth of its citizens, and treasure stored there for the King of Spain, attracted every adventurer.

Heroically soldiers and citizens fought against Sir Francis Drake in the sixteenth century, yet he captured the proud city and demanded an immense ransom in gold and silver before he would leave. A century later, war between France and Spain made an excuse for a French fleet, aided by corsairs, to raid Cartagena. That was a gallant battle, fought to the death on both sides. Don Sancho Jimeno, standing among his dying soldiers, refused to surrender to the French. Then the victorious commander Pointis unbuckled his own sword and presented it to the Spaniard in a gesture of admiration for his unquenchable spirit.

Once more in its long history, Cartagena was attacked, this time by the English who were taking from Spain her supremacy on the seas. In 1741, Admiral Vernon, with the largest fleet yet seen in the Caribbean, laid siege to the city. He intended to deal Spain a crushing blow by the capture of the prized city, and so sure was he of success that silver medals had already been made to celebrate the victory.

But every citizen became a fighter, side by side with the soldiers. Within their fortresses and thick city walls they held out through fifty-six days of siege, in spite of the superior num-

bers of the enemy, in spite of death from firearms and pestilence. Tropical fevers and death in battle so reduced Admiral Vernon's forces that he gave up and sailed away, leaving a devastated but triumphant city. Cartagena received from the King the well-deserved title of Heroic City.

During the seventeenth century the later Hapsburg kings, after Philip II, were unworthy monarchs, who wasted the resources of the country on court favorites and wars. Spain was rapidly declining from her power and splendor, so that the more progressive nations were able successfully to invade the Spanish Main. Dutch and English traders carried on a lively smuggling business with Spanish ports, whose citizens received insufficient goods from Spain and had no satisfactory outlet for their produce. Bit by bit, France, England and the Netherlands nibbled off fragments of Spanish territory among the string of lovely islands in the Caribbean Sea.

When the English settled Jamaica that island became the base for English enterprise against the Spaniards. The Governor even gave backing to the notorious pirate, Henry Morgan, when he raided Portobello and crossed the Isthmus over the Spanish Gold Road to destroy old Panamá, which had been so long the gateway to the Pacific.

French, English and Dutch settled permanently on some of the islands and colonized various sections of the Guianas on the mainland between Venezuela and Brazil.

The great basin of the Orinoco River and its tributaries, eastward from mountainous Venezuela, was explored and claimed by Spaniards, whose claims were disputed in the name of the English by Sir Walter Raleigh. He, like many Spaniards, was carried away by the legend of El Dorado, the Gilded King. Golden Manoa, the Gilded King's capital, existed, Raleigh was convinced, somewhere in the Orinoco wilderness.

His efforts to find Manoa and snatch a golden kingdom for England led to many skirmishes with Spaniards and attacks on small outpost settlements.

The Spaniards named the broad swampy plains of that river region the Llanos. There they met in full force the fierce warrior Caribs with whom they had contended on some of the islands. In the course of time, the meeting of Carib and Spaniard resulted in a mixed breed of men, the llaneros. They became invincible horsemen and cowboys, after animals brought by Spaniards had increased to large herds. Riding like centaurs, wielding their Carib lances, the llaneros hunted wild cattle for their hides. In their territory of great rivers and flooded plains they were equally at home in the water or on land.

The primitive Llanos formed a distant province of the Captaincy-general of Venezuela facing the Caribbean Sea. Mountainous Venezuela was similar to the other northern kingdoms in having both hot coastlands and valleys among the Andes, and settlement was of the same sort; scattered cities and large haciendas of rich landowners. Clinging to the shore, below steep mountain folds, La Guaira was the port for Caracas. This governing city was safely set among the highlands, reached from the port by a difficult trail through the mountains.

The principal cities of the northern kingdoms, being so separated from one another, so extremely remote from the King's Viceroy in Lima, grew very independent in managing their affairs. In 1749, the Viceroyalty of New Granada was established to bring them more closely under royal control. But by that time it was too late to make completely submissive subjects of Creole families who had been Americans for some generations. Loyalty to the King was given without

question, but there were loud outcries, even occasional revolts, against corrupt officials and burdensome taxes. Creole gentlemen, breathing the air of a New World, were beginning to feel that the land was theirs, rather than the possession of the King and his haughty noblemen.

CHAPTER XI

Colonial Chile

FROM THE time when the Men of Chile returned from their arduous journey over mountains and deserts, reporting scarcity of gold and contests with fierce Indian warriors, Chile had been a land apart. The overland trek from Perú was even more dangerous than most journeys of that period, whether the travelers took the route from Alto Perú over perilous mountain passes, or traversed the arid scorching deserts of the north. By sea, the voyage from Lima was made slow and difficult by contrary winds and currents. The hardy colonists had been forced by circumstances to take care of themselves and to build a society based on agricultural life in the country rather than on cities.

The string of small towns or cities, mostly on or near the coast, were united in a kingdom governed by a captain-general, but under orders from the Viceroy of Perú. The very conformation of their peculiar territory prevented colonial Chileños from extending their settlements eastward, for the immensely long strip of their dominion was nowhere wider than a hundred miles between the Andes and the ocean.

Pedro de Valdivia, setting his city of Santiago in the fertile valley between the Andes and the coast range, had chosen the ideal part of the long narrow territory to become a Spanish colonial kingdom.

It was a warm, sunny land, so similar in climate, in fertile valleys and dry mountain slopes to southern Spain, that Span-

iards felt perfectly at home. Like the homeland, there was a short rainy winter and long dry summer. There were rivers to provide water for irrigation of the rich soil. All the fruits, vegetables and grains of Spain grew luxuriantly.

This inviting land lay between the Coquimbo River in the north and the Bío-Bío in the south. North of that boundary were stark deserts and mountains, while south of the Bío-Bío stretched a region of forests and lakes inhabited by the invincible Araucanos. Not even the Spaniards could conquer this proud race. After generations of warfare the land of the Araucanos remained a separate Indian kingdom, where attempts at Spanish settlement generally met with disaster.

The Araucanos were interesting people who lived a semi-settled life in family groups, cultivating a few food plants. They had a tribal existence with ceremonies accompanied by music. Even while the Spaniards contended with them for possession of their lands, they admired the bravery and intelligence of their opponents. In the midst of Indian wars a Spanish captain, Alonso de Ercilla, wrote an epic poem, the first work of Chilean literature, in their honor. In the poem, called *La Araucana*, the Spaniard pictured with romantic fervor the qualities of the Indians and their chiefs, Lautaro and Capoulicán.

The Araucanos adopted horses, sheep and cattle from the Spaniards to make their lives more prosperous. Their native skill in weaving increased as they had plenty of wool for making their interesting ponchos and blankets. Later on, as there was more friendly contact with Spaniards, the heavy silver ornaments made by their craftsmen were appreciated.

Although less warlike tribes, and captured Araucanos, were forced to become laborers for the Spaniards, there was never in Chile the large Indian population to remain a separate inferior

race, as in Perú. On the *encomiendas* of the first colonists began the mingling with Spaniards which, in a few generations, produced a new type. Qualities of both races were combined in the half-breed people who became horsemen, cowboys and peasants, craftsmen and servants.

Descendants of the first *encomenderos* became hereditary lords of vast estates in the valleys and foothills of central Chile. Herds of cattle and fine horses grazed on the plains, irrigation canals framed fields of grain. In the vineyards, flourishing under the sun, the Spanish skill in vine culture and wine-making was transplanted to a new home. Groves of oranges and lemons, of olives, figs and almonds, spread their beauty over the land.

Every great estate was a self-sufficient kingdom, producing not only food but everything that was necessary for farm work and support of its people. Generation after generation the workers' families lived in the village attached to the estate, serving the same master and his sons, like peasants in feudal Europe. They were called *inquilinos*. That close association through generations made the population of the *hacienda* like a great patriarchal family. The workers felt that they belonged on the land. They had a personal interest in the yearly round of activities, taking for granted the poverty in which they lived. The *patrón* was like a father on whom they depended for everything. The master and his family, in turn, thought of their people as children to be taken care of. They were born to serve the *patrón*, the people believed, and he felt toward them a kindly responsibility.

This country life in colonial Chile had an easy-going, peaceful simplicity. The earth produced food in abundance; the sun was warm, there were song and dance and fiestas to celebrate the accomplishment of farm labors.

When the grapes were ripe in the autumn all the workers went among the vines, gathering the luscious fruit into great baskets to be carried to the wine-making sheds. Laughter and jokes lightened the labor and accompanied the treading of the grapes in great vats by the bare feet of men and women. From the juice was brewed the potent chicha, a drink with the same name as the Indian maize brew, but more intoxicating. In great clay jars the juice of the finest grapes was stored away to become good wine.

The harvesting and threshing of the wheat was another great festival. After the bundles of wheat stalks had been laid on the round, walled threshing floor of beaten earth, oxen and mares were let loose in the enclosure. Men on horseback pursued them round and round with shouts, while the grain was beaten out by the feet of the animals. Then with shovels the grain was tossed into the air in a golden shower, to let the wind blow away the chaff.

Every hacienda had, besides its field workers, its horsemen and cowboys, called huasos. They were supreme in the art of the lasso, in horse-breaking and cattle work, long before the cowboys of our primitive West began their careers. No cowboy was ever more daring, hardy or skilful than the huaso of old-time Chile.

To both master and man on the hacienda the horse was a dear and constant companion, for these men would never think of going anywhere on foot. The humblest huaso was proud of his horse. With great spurs on his heels, his feet thrust into large boxlike stirrups, with poncho streaming from his shoulders, he galloped after cattle and horses.

The patrón and his sons were expert horsemen. They rode spirited animals which they decked with headstall and bridle

of finely plaited hide, ornamented with silver, and the huge spurs on their heels were of silver.

Round-up, branding, slaughter of cattle and preparing of hides and tallow, were the big events of the year where the master had large herds. When the cattle had been rounded up, the calves were branded, the steers slaughtered, by agile and dexterous huasos in a tremendous uproar of shouts and bellowing, men and animals enveloped in clouds of dust.

Immediately some of the men went to work on the carcasses, which had been dragged to a special courtyard. The hides were stripped off and hung up to dry in the sun, all the fat parts of the animal were put into great vats to make tallow. Other men, with sure twists of their great knives, cut the meat from the carcass in long thin strips to make charqui. The strips were first hung in the shade to dry, then the process was continued in the sun until the meat was as hard and stiff as leather. In all colonial South America charqui was the form in which meat was distributed, for, lacking ice, fresh meat could not be kept.

On those self-sufficient haciendas the hides were used to make sacks for storing wine or tallow, to bind wheels and make framework for carts, to braid lassos and bridles, and for many other purposes. The tallow had its domestic usefulness and charqui furnished food for the hacienda population. Bundles of hides and charqui, and sacks of tallow, were sold to the cities or exported to Perú and Spain.

The labor of these great seasonal events—the round-up and slaughter, the vintage, the harvesting—was carried on with gusto, for after the labor came fiesta. Feasting on roast meat and chicha furnished by the patrón, was followed by song and dance all night long.

To the strumming of guitars and clapping of hands they danced the cueca, men and women flourishing handkerchiefs as they circled round each other. The girls offered mugs of chicha to their partners. Mingled with boisterous shouting, clapping and singing, was the gay jingle of the spurs on the stamping heels of the huasos.

Robust, simple and superstitious were the rustic folk of colonial Chile, who had the blood of Spaniard and Araucano in their veins. Out of their labor and fiestas, their joys and sorrows, grew the folk song and dance of Chile, which had a quality distinct from that of other regions.

The aristocratic landowning families who had such complete control over the lives of their humble workers, had a love for their land. They enjoyed the expansive, easy-going life in the rambling houses of thick adobe walls, surrounded by trees and gardens. Although many of the richest had their town houses in Santiago, the colonial landowners spent much time on their estates among their people. The master rode abroad over his lands to see how things were going in the fields, in the orchards, and on the range.

Hemmed in between the lofty rampart of the Andes and the barren cliffs or low ranges of the coast, the people of the haciendas lived on and for the land. Those who lived on the coast, in fishing villages and small towns at the mouths of rivers, turned their thoughts to the sea rather than the land.

They faced the whole Pacific Ocean. The sea was their outlet to other lands, the easiest way to travel from place to place, and from the sea came trade and visitors. The coastal folk of Chile were fishermen, mariners and navigators more generally than other colonials.

Coquimbo was early established to be a provisioning station for ships coming from Perú. Above it on the hill was the

pious little town of La Serena, largely composed of churches and monasteries. The city of Concepción on the River Bío-Bío had its tiny port of Talcahuano at the river's mouth. The only successful outpost of Spanish rule in the Araucano kingdom was the river port of Valdivia, strongly fortified against Indian attack. Valparaíso, port for Santiago, was a small settlement on the shore of a beautiful bay, embraced by mountains.

When Sir Francis Drake defied Spain by sailing into the Pacific Ocean, the small ports of Chile were the first to be attacked. His ruthless men sacked and burned houses, carried off food and pretty girls, and any other booty they could find. Drake was followed by other English raiders and by Dutch sea rovers.

Over and over again the sleepy security of little towns was disrupted by daredevils who descended on them from the sea. Coquimbo and La Serena were favorite goals for the pirates because of the wealth of rich altar services and silver statues of saints in the churches. Not content with such loot, the invaders always raided the fertile fields back from the coast to carry off precious food. When the church bells began to clamor and the alarming cry, "Los Ingleses!" rang through the streets, the people rushed for the hills to hide themselves, and monks vainly tried to protect their treasures from marauders.

How lonely were those little ports in the colonial centuries! In the intervals between invasions, fishing boats sailed in and out for their work or coastwise boats carried produce and people from port to port.

To Valparaíso, at intervals, came ships from Perú bringing cargo, loading up with wheat, hides and tallow from Chilean haciendas. At even longer intervals a ship set sail from this port with the King's revenue from Chile, to join the fleet of

galleons sailing from Lima for Panamá. It was a great event when, after months of waiting, that ship returned with the merchants who had bought and sold at Portobello. They brought back for the shops of Valparaíso and Santiago all the Spanish goods they were to have until the next fleet went to Panamá.

In the eighteenth century everything was more lively for the people of Valparaíso and Santiago, so isolated from other Spanish provinces. When the cumbersome system of trade through Portobello was abolished, ships from Spain sailed around Cape Horn to bring goods directly to Valparaíso as well as Lima. More and more the ships of other nations beat through the tempestuous waters around Cape Horn to enter the King of Spain's ocean. Valparaíso was their landfall for water and provisions.

Spanish officials kept a sharp eye on the doings of captains and men on these ships. Often a ship was detained, its captain imprisoned, because of suspected smuggling. Nevertheless contraband trade went on.

Occasionally some Frenchman or Englishman, from visiting ships, managed to make himself so valuable that he was permitted to remain. He set up shop in Valparaíso or Santiago, took to himself a Chilean wife, and began that mingling of other races with the Spanish which was to make of Chileans a distinctive people.

Until late in the colonial era Chileans were ignorant of the vast mineral wealth which lay hidden in their mountains. Their land was thought to be poor in the metals demanded by Spanish monarchs from their colonial empire. Those who made journeys over the deserts of the north had no idea that under their feet were stores of nitrate, precious fertilizer, which was to bring riches to the future nation of Chile.

Some gold was found, to be sure, in the gravel beds of mountain streams. After a while copper was discovered in the mountains back of Coquimbo. Hardy men, half Indian, became miners who laboriously dug out the ore for the owners of the land. Cakes of copper, smelted by crude methods, were shipped to Spain from Coquimbo.

In spite of Spain's efforts to keep other nations out of the Pacific Ocean, the far-flung trading enterprises of England and the young, vigorous United States brought Chilean ports more and more into contact with the outside world. Late in the eighteenth century British and Yankee traders were beginning their long voyages around Cape Horn and up to the northwest coast of North America to barter with the Indians for otter skins. Sailing on to China they exchanged these furs at great profit for Chinese silks and tea. It was the beginning of the lucrative China trade of clipper-ship days.

One of the first Yankee ships to sail on this enterprise was the *Columbia*, sent under Captain John Kendrick, to trade furs from the northwest coast for Chinese goods in Canton.

One day the Governor of the island Juan Fernandez, off the Chilean coast, was amazed to see this ship from Boston entering his harbor, the masts damaged by a bad storm. The kindly Governor allowed the foreign captain to make repairs and continue on his voyage, but the report of the *Columbia's* passing caused great alarm among the Spanish officials of Valparaíso. Captain Kendrick, thanks to the Governor's aid, sailed on to the northwest in search of furs.

In spite of Spanish agitation Yankee traders continued to round Cape Horn and stop at lonely Chilean islands. They soon discovered a source of profit in the large colonies of seals which basked on the island shores. Sealskins from Chilean islands were sold with great success in China.

After the seal fishers, in the early years of the nineteenth century, came the New England whalers, hunting for new grounds where they might capture the great sperm whales. They put into Valparaíso for water and provisions after the perilous voyage around the Horn.

So the Spanish colonials of Valparaíso had more acquaintance with other nations than most ports. Although the town was Chile's chief link with the outside world it was a small place in the eighteenth century, huddled on the narrow shore below steep hills, broken by ravines. The houses of the best families surrounded the Plaza, while small adobe cottages and garden plots nestled in the ravines. On the water front were warehouses for the storage of goods, owned by rich families who controlled the trade of the port. Near by were corrals for the troops of mules, on whose backs goods traveled from the port to Santiago.

Long pack trains of mules, with their rough picturesque drivers, followed the trails up through the coastal mountains to the interior and the capital city. Travelers, both men and women, made the journey on horseback. Pack mules went with them to carry luggage and bedding, for the crude post houses on the route furnished only floor space and the simplest food.

The dawn of the nineteenth century, which was to bring a new phase of life to Spanish South America, found the British, Scotch and Irish edging into trade at Valparaíso, as Spanish rules against foreigners were relaxed. They made their homes in Valparaíso, married Chilean women, and founded the prosperous trade which the city was to know in the nineteenth century.

One young Irishman, who came to Chile late in the eighteenth century as an engineer's draftsman, became a distin-

guished Chilean gentleman, Don Ambrosio O'Higgins. This foreigner was so valued for his military exploits and his character that he was appointed Governor of Chile. Later on in his career he became Viceroy of Perú. Bernardo O'Higgins, son of Don Ambrosio and a Chilean lady, was to become one of the heroes of revolutionary Chile.

One of Don Ambrosio's many useful enterprises, while Governor, was the building of a road through the mountains from Valparaíso to Santiago, making it possible for people to travel back and forth in carriages.

Santiago, residence of the Governor, was the chief city of the kingdom. It spread out in Spanish checkerboard fashion from the winding course of the Mapocho River, with gardens and orchards on the outskirts. The immense wall of the Andes, crowned with snow, framed the fertile valley on the east.

Around the Plaza de Armas were the Cathedral, the Governor's Palace and houses of aristocrats. The Plaza, as in the other towns, was a center of life and sociability. Beggars and servants, monks, and fair ladies demurely wrapped in black silk mantos, gentlemen on horseback, mingled in the crowd which streamed back and forth all day. Little shops under the arcades on one side of the Palaza were a favorite haunt of lively ladies accompanied by Negro or Indian maids.

Early in the morning the market people, mounted on loaded mules, came plodding in to spread their goods in the Plaza. Fruits and vegetables from country gardens were carried in boxes and nets made of interlaced strips of hide. Other vendors had the products of their domestic crafts, for Chileans, so isolated from the outside world, had to depend on small home industries for most of the things they used or wore. There were piles of fine cloth woven from wool and cotton for the making of garments. There were gay-striped ponchos, hats of

palm fiber and leather sandals worn by lower-class men. Most kitchen dishes were of red earthenware bought in the market.

The morning air was filled with a clamor of bells from many churches all over the town, calling pious folk to Mass. Ladies wrapped in mantos, accompanied by servant maids carrying prayer books and squares of carpet to sit upon on the cold stone floor tripped through the Plaza on their way to church.

As in other Spanish colonial cities the people's lives, from the lowest to the highest ranks, were absorbed in a round of Masses, of penances performed for their sins, and religious festivals. Boys of aristocratic families were instructed in Latin and theology by monks, in lecture halls of monasteries. Many emotional girls gave up the pleasant world of home and society to become cloistered nuns in one of the great convents.

Devotion to religion did not quench the spirits of upper-class Chileans, who were exceedingly vivacious and fond of amusement.

In their houses, charmingly built around patios, families and their friends spent evenings of conversation, song and dance. It was a thoroughly Spanish form of sociability called the *tertulia*. Visiting gentlemen bowed before the lovely sprightly women who lounged among velvet cushions on the *estrado*, a low wide bench built along one side of the drawing room. After greetings were exchanged the gentlemen carried on conversation from a row of chairs across the room until someone called for music. Any one of the gay, gracious girls was able and willing to sing to the accompaniment of harp or guitar. Presently the whole company passed from song to the dancing of the *fandango* and spirited Chilean dances.

No *tertulia* was complete without the serving of *maté*, the tea made from leaves of the *yerba maté* tree. It came from Paraguay, across the Andes, to be the daily beverage of

Chileans. The maté service was brought to the hostess on a silver tray. From a kettle, boiling over a charcoal brazier, she poured hot water over the leaves in the silvermounted gourd container. Taking the first sip through a silver tube with a spoonlike strainer at the end, the hostess passed the gourd to her guests. It went around the circle, each one taking a few sips.

So devoted were the people to this tea that the maté service was brought to them first thing in the morning, then again after the drowsy *siesta* of the afternoon, as well as in the evening.

In the delightful climate of Santiago and its valley, outdoor amusements were very popular. It was the custom for the aristocrats to meet at sunset in the lovely avenue framed in rows of poplars, called the Alameda. Little canals led water from the river under the trees to nourish flowers and foliage. On the broad promenades ladies in their carriages, prettily dressed, with flowers in their hair, received the greetings of horsemen trotting up and down.

On days of *fiesta* the whole pleasure-loving population streamed out to the country on foot, on horseback or in carts, for the joys of the *chingana*. Crowds gathered around open booths roofed with green boughs, where bands of musicians and dancers performed the gay song and dance of the country-folk. The music attracted *huasos* and their girls, or roving young gentlemen, to buy from tables where wine and *chicha*, sweetmeats and fritters fried in olive oil were displayed.

At the *chingana* the most dexterous *huasos* showed off their skill. Riding at full gallop, they swung from the saddle to snatch a hat or handkerchief from the ground. In exciting races they tested the qualities of their favorite horses. Although aristocrats, men and women, came in their carriages to enjoy

the fun, the chingana was essentially a gay fiesta of the people.

In their lovely land, where life slipped along lazily from year to year, where high and low alike had a capacity for careless enjoyment, the colonial Chileños came to have characteristics and customs all their own. So they remained until trade brought them into contact with the outside world.

CHAPTER XII

The Viceroyalty of La Plata

RIVERS, PLAINS and forests characterized the colonial empire in southeastern South America, making it inevitable that Spanish settlers would develop a life somewhat different from that in the countries dominated by the mighty Andes. Separated as they were from Perú by stupendous mountain ranges, by thousands of miles of primitive country, the Viceroy at Lima must have seemed too remote a governor to understand their needs.

Naturally, sturdy settlers who maintained their homes against the inroads of hostile Indians, and even more so their descendants, became exceedingly independent and self-sufficient. They were quite apt to take matters into their own hands in times of crisis.

Asunción, a thousand miles up the river from the Atlantic coast, remained for eighty years the capital of the Plata provinces. Isolated as it was, with no minerals to tempt adventurers from Spain, the ruling class was soon composed mostly of Creoles, American-born. There were a few white women with the first settlers, but other men took Indian wives. The mothers of the second generation in Asunción were for the most part Guaraní, and that language was more in use than Castilian Spanish.

The people lived in a soft languorous climate, where crops flourished in the fields without hard labor on the part of man. The quiet little town was scented with the fragrance of orange

groves. Fields of maize, wheat, tobacco and other products were worked by Guaraní laborers.

Beyond their fields was the luxuriant forest, and across the river lay the swampy plains and palm groves of the Gran Chaco. That wilderness was little explored because of the fierce Indians inhabiting it.

In the management of civic affairs the people were unruly, self-assertive and turbulent. Several unpopular governors were sent home to Spain in chains. While they awaited the arrival of a new royal governor, the councillors of the cabildo elected their own. There were many disturbances and quarrels between ambitious bishops and equally dominating governors. From the beginning, Asunción behaved more like an independent state than a city subservient to distant rulers.

Men from Perú and Chile continued to come down from their mountains to make settlements. From Chile the towns of Mendoza, San Luis and San Juan were founded on the sloping plain below the massive snowy Andes. Rivers from the mountains provided water for irrigation so that the towns were surrounded with flourishing gardens and orchards. This region remained under the government of Chile until the Viceroyalty of La Plata was established in 1776.

Below the plateau of Alto Perú, the towns of Tucumán, Santiago del Estero, Salta, and others were settlements of frontier folk who raised cattle and grew crops in a warm, favorable climate. Sugar cane soon produced profitable crops for hacendados around Tucumán. Although the pioneers managed to get Indian labor for their fields, they were constantly in danger of attack from irreconcilable natives who refused to be tamed into agricultural workers.

These towns were way stations on the trails which led up through the mountains to Perú. Cattle and sheep were driven

over the trails from Perú for the eastern farmers. Pack trains of mules carried bundles of hides from the Plata provinces to Lima, from which port they were shipped to Spain by way of Portobello. After the Fair, the pack trains returned over the mountains, bringing goods from Spain.

Two years the people of the eastern provinces had to wait, from the time they sent off their hides, until the pack trains returned with Spanish goods. It is easy to imagine what high prices they had to pay for things which passed through so many hands and made such tremendous journeys.

Closer to the river region was the town of Córdoba, having a low range of hills to the west, while the great plain stretched from it eastward and southward toward Buenos Aires. Warm sun and water from rivers made it possible for landholders to develop profitable haciendas. Their handsome homes in Córdoba and the churches and convents of the religious orders, made the town more like those of the Andes than other colonial cities of the eastern provinces.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Córdoba became an educational and religious center for the colonial empire, with the institutions of the orders and a seminary for the training of priests. It is typical of the Plata region that the bishop, who was largely responsible for creating out of the seminary the famous University of Córdoba, was American-born instead of a European Spaniard.

Fernando de Trejo y Sanabria came of a noble Spanish family of Asunción and was born in that town. After being educated at the University of San Marcos in Lima he became a priest and later the bishop of the eastern provinces of Tucumán, Santiago del Estero and Córdoba. Thanks to his devoted interest and scholarship, cultural courses, based on those of European universities, were added to the curriculum of

the seminary. In 1613, endowed by Bishop Trejo y Sanabria's fortune, the University of Córdoba evolved from the seminary for priests. During the colonial centuries Córdoba, because of its University and other schools, became a center of scholarship, called The Learned City. Students traveled weary miles over primitive country, even from across the Andes, to sit at the feet of the scholarly doctors of Córdoba. From that day to this the University of Córdoba has continued its educational work without a break.

As in other parts of South America the Jesuits were active east of the Andes in their work of conversion and education. Fathers of the Society of Jesus arrived in Asunción in 1588 to begin their missionary labors. Other friars had tried without success to build missions in the wild country of Paraguay, but the Jesuits soon had many converts among the Guaraní Indians.

They received permission from the King to build thirty mission villages in the wilderness on both banks of the Upper Paraná River. In that region, now, three countries meet—Brazil, Paraguay and Argentina.

Then began one of the most amazing enterprises in the long history of South America. The Jesuits had what amounted to an immense Indian reservation, from which white men were excluded except for the Jesuit fathers, two to each village, who governed and taught. Surrounded by luxuriant forests, the energetic fathers built centers of productive civilization.

In each village the Guaranís lived in low stone houses, grouped around a large plaza on which faced the church, college, workshops and storehouses—all built by Indians under the direction of the padres. Groves of sweet-scented orange trees and the glorious flowers of that region beautified the villages. All around them stretched fields of maize, wheat,

cotton, rice, tobacco and sugar cane. Herds of cattle were pastured in cleared land.

Many Indians spent their lives gathering leaves of yerba maté trees which grew in groves in the forests. The leaves were brought from the woods to be smoked, dried and packed for export. Maté, or Paraguay tea, brewed in the gourd container, was the universal beverage of all the southern part of the continent, so that yerba maté was one of the Jesuits' most profitable products.

Whole fleets of boats, built by the Indians, floated down the rivers to the towns, loaded with the produce of the communities. Nowhere did the Jesuits display more efficiently their genius for organization, teaching and money-making, than in the mission villages of Paraguay.

The hours of labor, prayer, and recreation were meticulously planned for the Indians by their fatherly rulers. They were trained in every useful craft which would make the communities self-sufficient. More than that, they were trained in arts and music to which their primitive souls responded wholeheartedly.

Indian voices chanted the stately Gregorian music of the Church. Indian bands provided music for saints' day fiestas, celebrated with color and drama in the plazas. Indian hands, under the direction of skilled Jesuits, carved in stone and wood the ornamentation for the churches. The naïve imagination of these children of the forests was expressed in the delightful designs they produced.

From the beginning the Jesuits met attacks from the world outside their forest arcadia. Down from the Brazilian wilds came the terrible bandeirantes, slave-hunters of São Paulo. Over and over again the missions were raided, thousands of

Indians carried off to miserable slavery in Brazil. Finally, the Jesuits were permitted to train Indian militias for their protection. These native soldiers became so efficient that the bandeirantes ceased their attacks. Often the Indian soldiers were loaned to townspeople in their conflicts with the Portuguese and with savage Indians.

As the Jesuit communities grew in prosperity, they became a power feared and hated by the colonials of the river towns. The Jesuits deprived them, said the colonists, of their much-needed source of free labor, yet exploited the Indians themselves. True it was, that the systematic labor of mission Indians made possible the profitable enterprises, but their lives were secure and civilized, while the colonists cruelly oppressed their native workers.

The Jesuits were also accused of planning to set up an independent state. Propaganda against them at the Court of Spain, added to the King's uneasiness over the power of the Order, led King Charles III to order their expulsion from all the realms of Spain in 1767. The fathers were ruthlessly taken from their missions and their great monasteries to be sent into exile.

That brought to an end the productive, peaceful villages of Paraguay. Other friars tried to keep the Indians under their care without success. They returned to their forest life, while the cattle were scattered and fields were overgrown. Today, only broken walls of once beautiful churches stand smothered in tropical vegetation to tell of that interesting social experiment.

While Spaniards were building towns in the interior the enormous plains, so accessible from the sea, remained without European settlement. The first arrival of white men in Mendoza's company had, however, wrought changes in the primi-

tive pampas. A few horses, wandering off when his settlement was abandoned, had found an equine paradise on the illimitable grassy plains. They thrived and multiplied exceedingly so that, by the time Spaniards once more turned their attention to the pampas, galloping herds were roaming far and wide.

Indians captured the strange new animals with their swinging bolas and learned to become better horsemen even than the Spaniards. Their lives were quite changed by the acquisition of riding animals. The range of their wanderings was increased. Horse meat and horse hide added something to their primitive existence, and they were able to unite in large tribal groups when it came time to resist the Spaniards' encroachment on their great prairies.

Like the Plains Indians of North America they rode bareback and nearly naked, but in place of the bow and arrow they had long sharp spears and the bolas—the stone balls attached to a braided rope of hide.

Cattle, too, had found the best grazing land in the world. The ancestors of the herds may have been the seven cows and a bull which, according to one story, were let loose somewhere between São Vicente and Paraguay by Portuguese explorers, or they may have strayed from some early settlement. At any rate, cattle were multiplying on the plains, ready to provide a livelihood for Spanish settlers.

From time to time officials of Asunción petitioned the King to authorize a settlement on the estuary. They pointed out how much it would help the prosperity of the inland towns, and suggested that ships, sailing across the open Atlantic, would be safer from marauding corsairs than in the Caribbean Sea.

It was Juan de Garay, citizen-soldier of Asunción and a seasoned campaigner, who finally started successful colonies. He first founded Santa Fe, six hundred miles down the river from

Asunción, to be a port of call on the lengthy voyage to the sea.

Soon after, in 1580, he set sail to refound Mendoza's ill-fated town of Buenos Aires. Among the sixty colonists in the party fifty-five were Creoles, born in Asunción. With them went tools and supplies, as well as two hundred Guaraní families for servants. The interesting fact about the founding of both Santa Fe and Buenos Aires is that the majority of the colonists were Creoles, belonging by birth to the New World.

For a long time Buenos Aires was only a crude town of adobe houses with roofs of thatch, but it had its plaza on the river bank, with the citadel and the cabildo facing each other across the space of trodden earth. Being so largely a colony of the native-born, the councillors of the cabildo were Creoles.

The settlers were seasoned pioneers who knew how to get on. Their Guaraní servants grew crops along the river banks while their masters lived in the saddle, hunting wild cattle for their hides or capturing wild horses. Soldiers rode out on raids against the warlike Indians, until the land near the town was comparatively safe.

To gentlemen farmers of the new Buenos Aires untamable Indians were a great drawback to prosperity. Since they had no "service of Indians" they turned their attention to cattle. From the Indians they learned the use of that effective weapon with the stone balls, which they called boleadora. Most of their time was occupied in cattle hunts to collect the hides which were their chief source of revenue.

The vast plains covered with high waving grass offered no landmarks to wandering horsemen save an occasional lagoon frequented by herons, flamingos and wild ducks, or the ombú tree. The only tree native to the pampa, an ombú, stood here and there on the solitary plain like a lonely sentinel. Its spreading gnarled roots and great dome of dark-green foliage

furnished shade from the burning sun of summer, and gave shelter from the furious storms which swept across the pampas. If there was no ombú for shelter, a horseman lay down to sleep with his head in the direction of his next day's journey, so that he would not get lost, and hobbled his horse as best he might, with nothing to hitch him to.

Large bands of men went out on cattle hunts over leagues of plain. Their weapon was the half-moon, a sharp knife of that shape attached to a long lance. They rode into the herds, hamstringing bulls until they had as many animals as they wanted. The hides were taken and the carcasses left for vultures and pumas. Fresh meat carved from the carcasses was roasted over the evening campfire and the food was washed down with a gourd of bitter maté.

Hides were not only the one source of profit, but most things needed on the ranch, such as buckets, fences, bridles, lassos, saddles, etc., were made of leather.

The settling of the pampas was very like early pioneering on the prairies of the United States. There were the same leagues of grassy plain, the same sort of fierce hunter Indians on horseback, swooping down on isolated ranches to burn and kill and drive off cattle. Just as North American pioneers pushed on relentlessly, regardless of Indian attacks, driving the natives before them to extinction, so it happened eventually on the pampas.

During the eighteenth century, Spanish ranchers from Buenos Aires spread out farther and farther over the plains. They and their families lived on lonely ranches called *estancias*, in low adobe houses surrounded with corrals for the animals. Every man put his brand on as many animals as he could catch, for they roamed free on the fenceless range.

People of the *estancias* lived in terror of Indian attack, for

the pampas natives had learned to organize in large bands, swift and daring in their raids. Sneaking up through the tall grass, they fell on solitary ranches, driving off cattle and horses, capturing women and children, leaving smoking ruins behind them.

The greatest problem for the *rancheros* of Buenos Aires was that of protecting their *estancias* from the Indians. Petitions to distant authorities for arms, for money to pay soldiers to fight Indians, went unheeded. The councillors of the *cabildo* sat in anxious sessions, trying to devise means to guard distant *estancias* from attack. The increasing boldness of warrior bands made it necessary many times to act quickly, so that the town councillors learned to organize their plans of defense without waiting for approval from a distant governor.

By the end of the eighteenth century a string of lonely forts protected hundreds of miles of the frontier. They were small settlements surrounded by stockades, where soldiers lived with their wives, patrolling the country and keeping constant watch for the appearance of Indian warriors.

Many of the soldiers, and those who rode after wild cattle and horses, were half-breed horsemen, products of the mating of frontier Spaniards with Indian women. They were the *gauchos*, men of the pampas, who were to become in the nineteenth century an essential, vivid part of Argentine life.

The struggle to win the pampas from the Indians for homes and cattle range developed the hardy Argentine countryman, who was horseman, cowpuncher and soldier. Whether he was white or *mestizo*, he was a product of the land and devoted to it. Life on the *estancias*, concerned with the raising of animals, was laying the foundation for future wealth.

At the same time, the cities on the rivers and in the interior were growing, carrying on their activities within the pattern

of Spanish municipal government. Since their leading citizens were, for the most part, native-born, they tended to manage their own affairs, and were increasingly impatient of regulations imposed by distant governors.

This was particularly true of Buenos Aires. The city was ruled by the Governor of Asunción until 1617, when the provinces of Paraguay and Río de la Plata were separated. Buenos Aires received a governor of its own and, as capital of the province, grew in pride and ambition.

It was no wonder that ambitious gentlemen became restive and indignant over their lack of prosperity. There they were on the estuary quite near the sea, yet their harbor was empty. They had no direct trade with Spain or any of her colonies.

The Spanish monarchs often proved themselves so stupidly rigid in their policies that they hampered the prosperity of their colonies and of Spain itself. The treatment of the Plata provinces was one of the worst instances of this. It was the established rule that trade with the colonial empire was to be carried on through the fleet which sailed annually to Portobello. Therefore the port of Buenos Aires, outlet by rivers for the inland cities, easily reached by direct voyage across the Atlantic, was closed to trade with Spain. Hides must be sent to Portobello by way of the Andes and Perú, and Spanish goods must return the same way. Merchant guilds of Seville and Lima had something to do with this, for they vigorously opposed the opening of Buenos Aires to trade, lest they lose some of their lucrative business.

At intervals the merchants of Buenos Aires were allowed to export hides and tallow in their own ships to Brazil and take a few goods in exchange. French and English slave traders were given concessions to bring a few cargoes of Negroes annually to supply labor for the city. Bit by bit, trade regulations

were loosened and after the fleet and fair of Portobello were abolished in 1740 affairs were better for the merchants of Buenos Aires. At intervals ships sailed directly to the Río de la Plata to trade with the provinces. Smuggling increased, for Dutch and English ships frequently slipped into the harbor and the Portuguese were more and more in evidence across the estuary.

The undulating plains across the water, called Banda Oriental or East Bank, remained practically without settlement for a long time, due to the fierce Charrúa Indians who preferred death to surrender. Both Spaniards and Portuguese hunted wild cattle in the Banda Oriental, however, and their interests frequently clashed.

The Portuguese built a fortified outpost across the estuary from Buenos Aires, called Colonia del Sacramento, which became an active center of contraband trade with Brazil. The Governor of Buenos Aires sent soldiers to capture the fort, but the Portuguese won it back. The place changed hands frequently until 1777 when it became permanently Spanish.

To establish further claim on the Banda Oriental the Spanish built a fortified citadel, Montevideo, near the mouth of the estuary, populating it with people from Buenos Aires.

When, in 1776, the huge territory of the Plata provinces was united under a Viceroy, Buenos Aires really began to grow. The Viceroy had his residence there, Spanish ships lay in the harbor, discharging goods and taking on cargo from the city and the provinces.

Caravans of bullock carts with arched tops of plaited straw and high wheels of solid wood, screeching as they turned, wore trails across the endless pampas as they traveled to Alto Perú with goods. On the return trip they brought silver and vicuña wool for Spain.

At last the vigorous, ambitious people of the Port could expand and increase their wealth. There were silks and satins for the aristocratic Creoles and stone houses for them to live in. The College of San Carlos was founded, a nucleus for the future university. Citizens were permitted to build a leather factory and an establishment for salting meat for export. The owners of estancias were receiving greater profits from their cattle.

Nevertheless, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the situation was not satisfactory for people so proud and independent as the upper-class Creoles of Buenos Aires. With the opening of the Port, Spaniards had come to the city, to whom the King gave the highest posts in the government. The superior airs of these Europeans, called scornfully *chapetones*, were insufferable to the *Porteños*, people of the Port.

In spite of rigid censorship from Spain, books and new ideas slipped into Buenos Aires by way of European ships. In addition, the Court of Spain, at this crucial time, was too weak and corrupt to command the respect of such people as the *Porteños*. Revolutionary change was already in the air.

CHAPTER XIII

Colonial Brazil

SUGAR AND slavery combined to make of the rich tropical capitanias of Pernambuco and Bahia a sugar kingdom in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Over leagues of fertile earth the landowning *fidalgos* extended their rule, while hundreds of black Africans felled the forests and cultivated the fields of green cane. Slave ships brought their unhappy human cargo, packed like beasts in the holds, to bear on their muscular backs the entire burden of labor for towns and plantations alike. Lower-class Portuguese, who were drawn to Brazil, found places for themselves in the towns, or as overseers on plantations, or set out to seek fortune in the wilderness.

Among the foreign nations whose ships had hovered along the shores of northeastern Brazil the Dutch became formidable rivals for possession of the sugar kingdom. Efficient and commercial-minded men of Holland determined to establish a Dutch empire on the coast of Brazil while Portugal was under the rule of the kings of Spain. Those monarchs were too busy with other kingdoms of their huge empire to pay much attention to Brazil.

The Dutch West India Company was organized for this purpose and in 1624 Bahia, the capital city, was attacked by a Dutch fleet. In spite of the forts protecting it and the valiant defense of the inhabitants, led by their warlike bishop, Bahia was captured and had to submit to foreign rule for a whole year.

The Bahianos had to fend for themselves, except for some help from a fleet sent from Portugal, but, being determined to rid themselves of the Dutch, they accomplished it. The invaders were not discouraged by one defeat, however. A few years later Olinda and Recife were taken. For twenty-two years the Dutch ruled the rich sugar lands of Pernambuco and extended their control along the coast.

Under the wise statesman, Count Maurice of Nassau, who governed the colony for some years, the towns prospered through free trade with Europe and the Count introduced education and civilized living. He built a Dutch city, Mauricestadt, on an island in the harbor of Recife.

In spite of certain material advantages the Portuguese colonists, intensely Catholic, were restive under the rule of Protestant foreigners. Portugal, no longer an independent nation, seemed very far away. Both townsfolk and planters began to feel that they were Brazilians, belonging to the land which they determined to free from invaders.

Constantly, during the years of Dutch possession, there was guerrilla warfare carried on by the colonists with their bands of Negro slave soldiers and half-breed captains. Dutch Recife and Portuguese Bahia fought one another. In that time of struggle, there was born in the people of Pernambuco the independent spirit which was to make that province a stronghold of republicanism in later centuries.

The Brazilian territories held by the Dutch were finally recaptured in 1654, but that did not mean that all the Dutch settlers left. Many of them had married colonial Portuguese women and remained to add their bit to the race mixtures in Brazil. Holland, being at that time busy with wars in Europe, was willing to relinquish claims on Brazil for a good money payment.

Portugal regained her freedom in 1640, but she had lost a large part of her East Indian empire to the Dutch, so that Brazilian lands became of great importance. While sugar harvests and cargoes of dye woods brought satisfaction to the home government, the Brazilian planters became an increasingly wealthy ruling class.

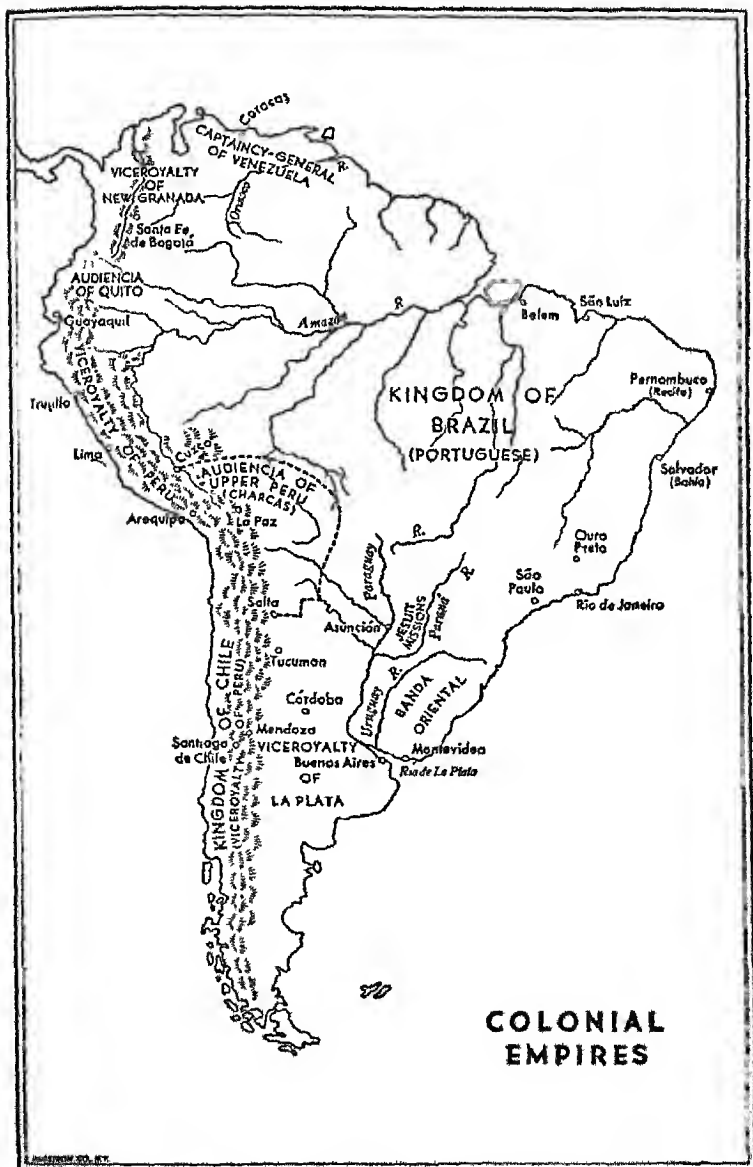
The huge estates, or fazendas, each one comprising seven or eight square miles, were a string of feudal kingdoms in the lush rich regions of Bahia and Pernambuco. Each one was a self-sufficient community ruled by an all-powerful master.

Center of every plantation was the sugar mill, the engenho. The cylinders between which cane was crushed were operated by long poles pushed by slaves, tramping round and round like animals. There were huge vats for boiling the sugar, workshops where tools and wagons were made, herds of horses and oxen for the field work. The hundred or so slaves lived in a settlement of huts called the senzala.

Lording it over engenho, workshops, senzala, was the Casa Grande, fortresslike in its thick walls and simple architecture. Within this patriarchal establishment were the master's home, quarters for married sons and daughters, great salons and kitchens, and the richly adorned family chapel whose priest was a vassal of the master like everyone else.

In large cool rooms furnished with carved furniture of Brazilian woods, with luxuries from Portugal and the Far East, the women of the master's family lived in seclusion. Their charms were reserved for the eyes of husbands and fathers, for they seldom appeared when there were guests.

Some of the mistresses had occupation in directing the labors of many slave servants in the large households, or overseeing the concoction of elaborate sweets in the kitchens. Sugar not only brought wealth to the families but had an important place



in their diet. Families cherished special recipes for fruit pastes, conserves or little cakes.

On the whole, the aristocratic ladies and their daughters had little to occupy them but fine sewing and, in their seclusion, lived much of the time among their favorite slave women. As they lounged on cool straw mats with their sewing, they amused themselves with the twitter and screech of caged birds and macaws, or listened to the folk tales and songs of their slaves.

Babies were turned over at once to Negro or Indian wet nurses. Each child had a boy or girl slave of his own, to be toy and playmate, to be tormented and mistreated if the young master or mistress chose. Since the women and children spent so much time among the slaves it is not strange that African emotionalism, musical feeling, folklore and language were mingled with the Portuguese inheritance.

These feudal aristocrats took pains to keep the purity of their stock by marrying their daughters to sugar planters of their own class. Many a girl was married at thirteen or fourteen, too young, too indolent, to be the active mistress of the Casa Grande. So that, in many cases, the household was managed by a superior black woman who was often an aristocrat herself, a princess of some African tribe. Honored and respected, she looked after the master's children, and ruled the household slaves. Her loyalty to the senhor and his family was like that of the mammies in the slave days of our Old South. She made an impressive appearance, this Tia or auntie, in her full, starched cotton skirts, white jacket and turban.

As for the master of the plantation, he was lord indeed over his family, and had the power of life and death over his slaves. When he rode abroad to direct plantation activities, handsomely dressed, on a beautiful horse whose saddle and headstall were

heavily ornamented with silver, everyone quailed before him. He was called the *senhor do engenho*, the master of the mill.

Outside the family circle the *senhor do engenho* continued the practice of early colonists by amusing himself with dark favorites from among the slave women. The attitude toward these favorites and their children was extremely tolerant, except among jealous wives. Often the master's half-breed children were brought up among the white ones and taught by the same priestly tutors. It was the custom when a master died to give freedom to these women and their children.

The sugar barons or *fazendeiros* of the northeast had money for beautiful possessions and leisure for the enjoyment of cultural luxuries, such as music and books. Many *fazendeiros* were men of power in colonial times, who resisted overbearing restrictions imposed on the colonies by Portuguese rulers, and were influential in city government.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the wealth of sugar lords, of the Church and its Orders made the capital, Bahia, a city of aristocratic luxury. Its steep cobbled streets were lined with stone houses, many of them very stately, with sculptured stone escutcheons of noble owners over the doorways and carved wooden balconies above. Every hilltop and every small square had its church or monastery.

Simple in architecture, the council rooms and church interiors were magnificent in decoration, and housed treasures in works of art. The baroque style, prevalent in Europe at that time, became in Brazil particularly colorful and flamboyant as Portuguese artists felt the influence of the luxuriant tropical world around them.

Dramatic saints, angels and cupids looked out from among scrolls of carved decoration glowing with gold leaf. The best painters adorned church ceilings with religious paintings,

framed in gold. Every noble family vied with the next in making gifts to the Church, in order to insure for themselves the blessings of the clergy.

In the houses of aristocratic families the salons had large pieces of splendid carved furniture in native rosewood, jacarandá. The walls were faced with Portuguese tiles called azulejos, which were, generally, joyous pastoral or hunting scenes painted in blue and white. Every family had its household chapel, a little gilded shrine where candles shed soft light on a gracious Virgin and her Menino Jesus, represented as a fat little cherub.

Living in a languorous climate, served by swarms of slaves, aristocratic families became so self-indulgent as to be almost totally helpless. Indolence went so far that when a senhor found it necessary to descend by the steep roadway from the cliff city to its port, he rode in a hammock suspended from poles borne on the shoulders of brawny Negroes. Another slave walked beside him to shield his lord from the sun with a parasol.

A lady never left home without the company of husband, father or trusted slave. She rode, borne by slaves, in a chair with a domed top adorned with carved birds and flowers, from which curtains were suspended to shield her from public view.

Although their lives were far from Christian, the nobility propitiated the saints with a daily round of superstitious observances, hoping thereby to secure their future residence in heaven. Bells clanged all day long from the innumerable churches, saints' days and religious festivals were celebrated with gorgeous processions.

Africans and the large population of mulattoes, who greatly outnumbered the white ruling class, enriched festivals with their exuberant love of song and dance. Reverence for tribal

African gods was mingled with their worship of Christian saints.

The slave-owning upper class and merchants found fortune on the plantations and in the few port towns. These people, however, settled only the fringe of the colonial empire. Portugal continued to send exiles and undesirables to add to the population, and offered hopes of fortune to many adventurous men who had no opportunities at home. They were men possessed of the audacious hardihood which, in earlier centuries, had won for Portugal a wealthy empire in the Far East.

Primitive wilderness, no matter what the dangers and difficulties, did not daunt them. They set off into the interior in all directions to claim for Portugal an immense territory many times the size of the mother country. That small nation of little more than a million people could not populate and settle such a territory, but Portuguese claims to half of South America, the future Brazil, were established by treaties with Spain.

In the interior northeast, back of the sugar lands, as well as on the coast north of Pernambuco, there was a huge savage region mostly unfit for cultivation because of scant rainfall. There was, however, forage for cattle in its underbrush and thorny bushes, caatingas. It was called the *Sertões*, a word which means inland or frontier territory, although it came to be applied particularly to this semi-arid northeast.

Adventurers of all sorts forged their way through this wilderness, fighting Indians, exterminating them or taming them to herd wild cattle which had increased in great numbers from a few strays. Many adventurers claimed leagues of land and herds of cattle, prospered from selling hides and beef and became cattle barons competing for power with the sugar barons of the coast lands.

The half-breed man in this region, countryman and cowboy, was a mixture of Portuguese and Indian. He became skilled in horsemanship and the handling of cattle, and as he pursued animals went clothed in leather from head to foot, to protect himself from the thorny caatingas.

This wild northeast, isolated from the coastal settlements, became the land of tough, daring men, fanatical and superstitious in spirit—the sertanejos, one of the important Brazilian types. Some of them were cattle lords, ruling bands of fierce soldiers, some were men who had taken to bandury for a living, many were vaqueiros, the cattle herders. On the northeast coast half-breed men became daring seamen, setting out to fish through ocean surf on light log rafts called jangadas.

In the colonial centuries other explorers, whose daring ambition overcame all obstacles, brought the vast valley of the Amazon and its tributaries under the control of Portugal. The achievements of these men are scarcely credible, for they navigated thousands of miles of tropical rivers and plowed their way through primitive jungles, leaving outposts of settlement far in the interior of the Amazon valley.

The other nations—France, Holland, England—whose adventurers were tempted into that wilderness by glimmering visions of Eldorado and the fabled city Manoa, never got very far in their explorations.

The French had founded a settlement on the coast of the present state of Maranhão, called Saint Louis for their King Louis XIII. It was not long before colonial soldiers seized the settlement, renaming it São Luiz and removing the last foothold of France on the shores of Brazil.

Early in the seventeenth century a Portuguese explorer, Pedro Teixeira, reversed the famous voyage of the Spaniard, Orellana, by making his way from the mouth of the Amazon up the

great river and its tributaries and overland to Quito. He doubled Orellana's feat by returning safely to the sea.

From São Luiz a Portuguese captain, Castello Branco, went exploring northward to build Fort Presépio at the junction of the Pará and Guáma Rivers, as a frontier outpost against French, Dutch and English. This fort became the city of Belem and the captain a domineering governor over a wilderness territory. Henceforth the Portuguese controlled the mouth of the Amazon so that the huge interior valley was kept from settlement by other nations.

Belem was strategically situated to receive ships from the sea, through the delta of the Amazon. Traders set forth from the city to bring back the wealth of jungle forests in woods, oils, spices, fruits, dyes and other products. Portuguese officials and merchants came to Belem to handle the trade and to make of the settlement a handsome colonial city.

Following on the heels of adventurers came the Jesuits into the Amazon valley, to build missions among the primitive Indians, under the direction of the accomplished Father Vieira. They formed productive settlements where their converts grew crops of sugar cane, tobacco, cacao and cotton. The Jesuit Order profited, of course, from the labor of the Indians, as angry planters of similar crops declared when they quarreled with the Jesuits for protecting the Indians from exploitation.

This enormous primitive territory of the north was too isolated by distance, by rivers and the sea, to be controlled by the royal governor at Bahia. The Amazon valley, together with the capitania of Maranhão, was made a separate colony, ruled directly from Portugal, so that one great rich section of Brazil had little contact with the rest of the colonial empire.

While sugar planters and missionaries, adventurers and cattle herders were developing the colonial empire in the upper half

of Brazil, other portions of the wilderness were being explored from the south.

On the plateau, where São Paulo was still no more than a village, descendants of the mamalucos had become great bands of restless greedy explorers, the bandeirantes. They were a strange breed of men, half-savage nomads, everlastingly on the hunt for gold, for land, for slaves—anything which would bring them money and power. Their slave hunts and raids on Jesuit missions, both Spanish and Portuguese, kept the plantations supplied with labor for a while. When that source of labor diminished they found an outlet for their brutal greed in the African slave trade. Whenever governors of other provinces had slave revolts or other troubles on their hands, they called in the Paulista bandeirantes to fight for them.

Whole caravans of these adventurers with their Indian women, with herds of cattle for food, lived on the trail for months and years at a time. Sometimes they settled in one place long enough to plant and harvest a crop of maize or manioc—then they were off again. Theirs was a life of savage adventure in lonely wilderness, their days of hunting finished by evenings around the campfire, when they sang wild songs to the violão, a Portuguese guitar.

Bandeirantes explored the pine forests and yerba maté groves of Paraná, they knew the wilds of Matto Grosso, land of forests and birthplace of great rivers. One of the most famous bandeirante leaders, Antonio Raposo, crossed the Andes to the Pacific Ocean, returning by way of the Amazon valley and the interior of Brazil.

On the southern plains, now the state of Rio Grande do Sul, the bandeirantes became cattlemen pursuing wild herds. At their crude ranchos they cut the meat from the carcasses into

thin pieces, salted it and hung it in the sun to dry, thus initiating the future Brazilian business of sun-dried meat, or charqui. This country bordered on the plains of the Banda Oriental and was, like the Spanish territory, overrun by wild cattle and Indians who had become horsemen. The roving adventurers of Rio Grande do Sul became gauchos, very similar to their counterparts in the Plata provinces.

At last, as the seventeenth century was closing, the bandeirantes were the ones to discover gold, so long desired. Thus they launched Brazil on a new wave of fortune.

North of the plateau of São Paulo was an interior region of eroded, broken mountains, uplands and river ravines, inhabited by exceedingly warlike Indians. So many times had the bandeirantes fought their way over that country, searching for gold, that they called the trail "the general road to the mines."

Gold! How that news traveled, in spite of the wilderness separating one province from another! While the bandeirantes scoured the river beds, discovering rich deposits of gold-bearing sand, a great migration began to the mines. Sugar planters and townsfolk with their slaves, flocks of adventurers and mulattoes, trekked from Pernambuco, Bahia and Rio de Janeiro to seize a share of the golden harvest. The cane fields were neglected and sugar cargoes for Portugal were greatly diminished. The King was satisfied, however, for at last gold was pouring into the kingdom.

Ships returning from Portugal brought hordes of fortune hunters to Minas Geraes as the territory was named, meaning General Mines. Paulista bandeirantes naturally considered that they had the first claim to the mines and resisted stoutly the influx of Portuguese and Brazilians from other parts. The Governor of Rio de Janeiro sent a company of dragoons to

protect the Portuguese and, for a year or two, civil war went on.

Disgruntled Paulistas continued their explorations westward, discovering more gold at Cuyabá in the wilderness of Matto Grosso and in the territory now the state of Goyaz. Then the rulers in Lisbon created new capitanias to control the riches of the mining regions — that of Goyaz and Matto Grosso and that of Minas Geraes. São Paulo became a small inland province so that the land of the bandeirantes did not profit from their discoveries. Paulistas trekked to the distant mines of Matto Grosso and Goyaz, helping to create settlements in those remote regions. Those who remained in São Paulo continued to breed a vigorous, ambitious type of man, exceedingly important in the making of Brazil.

From all the mines gold traveled on mule back over crude trails and by small boats on rivers, reaching the port of Rio de Janeiro after lengthy wearisome journeys. Thence the golden treasure crossed the sea to gladden the covetous monarchs in Lisbon.

Inexhaustible, apparently, were the riches of Minas Geraes. When the river beds had yielded up their gold, insatiable miners combed the mountainsides for rich veins and thousands of slaves labored for their masters, tunneling the mountains to extract the ore. Prospectors gathered in camps around the richest mines, so that Minas Geraes became a region of wild, extravagant settlements, such as spring up in the wake of any gold rush. Mining was done by the crudest, most laborious methods yet gold in amazing quantities was taken out every year.

Men who could buy slaves prospered exceedingly in spite of the "royal fifth" they must give the King; in spite of numerous taxes by which the Portuguese ruler tried to lay his hands on the greater part of the gold. Lone prospectors did not fare so

well, having to surrender so large a part of their hard-earned gold dust, but the lure of gold led them on.

The ruling family of Portugal was in decline, their tottering fortunes needed the gold of Brazil. In their short-sighted efforts to control the flow of treasure the monarchs shut off Minas Geraes from the outside world. No industries, no agriculture, no schools were allowed in the province—everyone must work in the mines. After all royal demands were satisfied, the share of the miners was melted into gold bars. Anyone found in possession of contraband gold dust was liable to confiscation of his property and exile to Africa, yet smuggling was universal. No foreigners were allowed to enter the province, nor were inhabitants permitted to leave without being searched by officials who guarded the roads.

Prospering mine-owners in the richest part of the district made of the hill town of Ouro Preto a place of stately mansions and churches lavishly endowed with treasures. So fine was the work of eighteenth-century architects and artists that old Ouro Preto has now been made a national monument to preserve it from change. Other cities of Minas Geraes were enriched with baroque architecture, and the most prized sculptured images, altars and church façades in the province were the work of Brazil's first artist, the crippled mulatto, Antonio Francisco Lisboa, called Aleijadinho, the Little Cripple.

Early in the eighteenth century, while Portuguese and Brazilians were still dazzled by gold, came another exciting discovery—diamonds! The richest district around Diamantina in Minas Geraes was declared a royal monopoly and the mines were fenced off and guarded from adventurous prospectors. Other mines were worked by men with capital, who won contracts from the King. Every diamond over twenty carats belonged to the monarch and a fortune in magnificent stones

came into his hands. In spite of all precautions there was smuggling of diamonds, and stones were found outside the royal preserve.

Although mining was so laborious and primitive and the journeys to the port of Rio de Janeiro so difficult, the flow of wealth from the mines continued unabated throughout the eighteenth century. It is reckoned that from thirty-five to fifty millions of dollars worth of gold was extracted in that period, and no one knows how many thousands of diamonds.

Yet so lavishly did King João, ruler in the latter part of the century, squander this treasure, that he died poor. There was nothing to show in Lisbon for the century of wealth but some expensively ornate buildings.

Treasure from the mines diminished, many exploited miners left the province and Minas Geraes went into a period of decline. But towns had been founded far and wide, and those men with their families, who remained in Minas Geraes, turned their attention from mining to growing crops and raising cattle.

The export of gold and diamonds through Rio de Janeiro, the most convenient port, brought that neglected town into prominence. Fortifications were built to protect the harbor from French corsairs who hungrily pursued the ships loaded with gold for Lisbon. In 1763 the city was made the capital in place of Bahia and, from that time until 1808, a series of Viceroys ruled the colonial provinces from Rio de Janeiro.

The city of colonial times bore no resemblance to the beautiful healthful metropolis of the present. In its glorious setting of sparkling bay and rhythmic, verdure-clothed mountains, Rio of the eighteenth century was an ugly blot.

Crooked unpaved streets wriggled away from the water front between unattractive stone houses. Pools of stagnant water in the gutters received refuse which decayed in the hot sun,

spreading disease. Frequent pestilences swept the city, leaving death in their wake. Then the people redoubled their prayers and vows in the churches, burning multitudes of candles before the saints. Swine and sheep were driven through the streets, in the hope that the plague would be drawn from the inhabitants to the animals ; but it did not occur to anyone to clean the streets or introduce the most elementary sanitation into their way of living.

Ships anchored before the water-front square or *Praça*, a large space of trodden earth, with never a tree to relieve the glare of the sun. There, in an ugly rectangular building, lived the Viceroy, in great discomfort, across the square from the church and convent of Carmo.

The *Praça* was a swarming hive of activity all day. Noisy market people argued and screamed on the shore where sail-boats unloaded their fish and fruits to be sold. Big black slaves, clad only in loin cloths, circled about the fountain in the center where pure water from the hills gushed out from bronze spouts. They chattered and quarreled as they filled large clay water jars for the households. In the late afternoon wealthy merchants and aristocrats came in their sedan chairs and carriages to the *Praça*, to enjoy the soft evening breeze from the sea, while they gossiped and exchanged scandal.

All day the crooked narrow streets were alive with the coming and going of people. Freed Negroes, who made a living as street vendors, carried their wares in large round baskets on their heads, crying their goods in musical chants. Slaves ran to and fro on errands for their masters, beggars whined from doorways, priests and monks trotted along, showering blessings on pious folk who hastened to kiss their hands or their robes.

In *Rua Direita* were the tiny hole-in-the-wall shops of weavers, gold- and silver-smiths, barbers, sellers of hats, drugs and

other commodities. All the merchants were fat, lazy Portuguese, who kept the commerce of the city in their hands, excluding native-born Brazilians.

Behind the shuttered windows of their rooms, wives and daughters lived in seclusion among their slaves, with no education and little to occupy them. Unmarried girls never left home except to go to Mass or to witness a few of the most important festivals. Although their families intended them to be entirely shut away from contact with men, these cloistered girls were adept in the language of glances and flowers.

Often at church portals the bold stare of a young gallant was answered by an inviting flash of dark eyes. Then the young man followed his lady and her attendant slave to her home and, night after night, took up his romantic watch below her balcony. Sometimes the shutter of her room was pushed aside to show a pretty face, or a rose was tossed to the patient lover.

Even the wealthy in colonial Rio lived with small comfort, although they owned elegant costumes from Portugal and services of gold and silver plate which were brought out for special festivals. Many rich nobles and merchants had their country houses, *chacaras*, in the beautiful countryside back of the city. When they went out to enjoy fresh country air and the fruits of the estate, the women were carried in hammocks or sedan chairs by slaves, while the men rode on horseback. Those who owned *fazendas* far in the country journeyed to them in wooden litters supported between two mules, one before and one behind.

The whole population of simple colonial Rio delighted in street spectacles which were provided in plenty by Church and Government. Honor was given to events in the royal family of Portugal by tremendous *festas*. These occasions were graced

by the presence of the Viceroy who, in his handsome coach drawn by mules, galloped through the streets to the wooden amphitheater, built especially for the sports and spectacles. The bishop and important clergy, government officials and all the wealthy sat in velvet-draped boxes to watch the events. They applauded the procession of towering, elaborate floats, presented by various trade guilds of the city. After the procession came hours of knightly games on horseback, transplanted from medieval Portugal.

Most unique of the festas was the Congadas, the Crowning of the Congo King. That was a slave festival, a celebration in which the Church permitted African ceremonies to be mingled with Catholic. Slaves of all degrees poured from their masters' houses on that occasion to shout and dance and sing in the streets. Playing on African drums and other primitive instruments, they whirled and jumped along in the wake of sedan chairs in which the Congo King and Queen were carried. Proudly the African monarchs rode on that great day, decked out in satin and velvet mantles and gilt-paper crowns.

The coronation was performed in church with all seriousness, then the riotous procession pranced along to the palace of the Viceroy, who appeared on a balcony to watch the show. The King and Queen danced clumsily in their heavy costumes, chanting their tale; a little drama acted out by a Negro boy representing the Prince, who was first attacked by an Indian chief, then rescued for his Princess by an African sorcerer. All this to the accompaniment of weird African music. Having received applause from the Viceroy, the giddy company whirled off to the wild rhythms of their music.

So colonial Brazilians lived in Rio de Janeiro under the Viceroys, having few outside influences, enjoying their prayers and superstitions and festivals. A different way of life was to

begin with the new century and a new source of wealth, supplanting sugar, gold and diamonds, was being prepared for the time when Brazil might trade with the world.

Pretty sprigs of the coffee plant with ripe red berries had been smuggled out from the French colony of Guiana by a young Portuguese officer, Sergeant Major Francisco de Mello Palheta. The plant had taken kindly to the rich red soil of São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro provinces, and coffee plantations were becoming productive in the early years of the nineteenth century. Merchants and planters of Rio were beginning to profit from coffee as people became addicted to the potent black brew.

Another change came in 1808. Happy-go-lucky colonial Rio awoke with a start to learn that it was to receive the Portuguese royal family. This migration of royalty was due to the menacing shadow of Napoleon, already stretching across Europe.

Fleeing from a French army, which was marching on Portugal, the royal family with the aid of their ally, England, crossed the sea to Brazil. They came packed into a fleet of ships with their most precious possessions; the mad Queen Dona Maria I, her son Dom João who ruled as regent, as well as hundreds of Portuguese nobles and their families.

Although the unfortunate Queen and her lazy, stout son were poor specimens of royalty, the colonial city was proud to become the residence of the court. Creole aristocrats had clothes and manners of European nobles to copy, but they were incensed over the insufferable airs of the Portuguese. These nobles complained bitterly of the crudities of Rio and despised everything colonial. They were permitted to take the best houses of the Brazilians and they treated the native aristocrats with scorn.

The most helpful act of the Regent Dom João was that of

opening Brazilian ports to trade with European nations. This was due to the influence of England who was not only an ally, but who dominated the policies of Portugal. England was interested in trade with Brazil and her commercial men flocked to the port cities. Many merchants of both France and England came to set up business in Rio de Janeiro. Foreign shops, goods and foods made life more civilized for the inhabitants. Prosperity came to all the chief provinces with freedom of trade.

During the colonial centuries Portugal had employed much the same policy toward Brazil as that of Spain in her colonies. Brazilians were not permitted to trade with any nation except the mother country, although they had a slight advantage over Spanish colonials because their ships, from any port, might trade with any port of Portugal. Brazilian enterprise could not develop because no colonial industries were allowed to compete with those of the mother country. Brazilians could not make wine or olive oil, or refine sugar, nor could they manufacture silk, flax or cotton.

Although the provinces were ruled by the Viceroy in Rio de Janeiro after 1763, they were so isolated from one another that they developed independently. Portuguese municipal government, set up in Brazilian cities, resembled that of Spain. In municipal councils leading Brazilians, like the Spanish Colonials in their *cabildos*, obtained some small experience in self-government.

Worse than trade restrictions was the isolation from European civilization, for Portugal did not intend to have intellectual ideas encouraging a spirit of independence in her colonies. No Brazilian city had a university, and the one printing press set up by a progressive governor was ordered by the King to be destroyed.

The Jesuits and other Orders were preservers of culture in Brazil, for education was in their hands and in their monasteries were musicians and men of scholarship. Music, particularly for the Church, had a deep hold on the people during colonial times. Priests and padres composed sacred music and trained music-loving Indian and Negro choristers, so that services in many churches had great beauty.

It was a loss to Brazil when the Jesuits were expelled by the Portuguese Prime Minister, Marquis de Pombal, as they were from the Spanish possessions, and for the same reasons. The Portuguese government feared their wealth and economic power and in Brazil the fazendeiros and bandeirantes hated them for their successful settlements and their protection of the Indians.

Brazilian minds could not be kept ignorant even by stupid monarchs and the inherited love of music and poetry was productive of fine things in colonial Brazil. There were lyric poets who excelled those of the mother country. Intellectual stimulation was brought across the sea by sons of Creole nobles who were educated at the University of Coimbra in Portugal. Although the highest positions in colonial government were given to Portuguese, men educated at Coimbra occupied lower political posts and there was growing in their minds the ideal of Brazil for the Brazilians.

Slavery colored the whole of life in colonial Brazil, determining how people lived as well as creating a population of mixed blood. White land-owners had the wealth and ruled society, controlling most of the city councils. Mestizos (half Indian) and mulattoes were skilled mechanics, overseers, and occupied other inferior positions. Sometimes mulattoes advanced to the ownership of small businesses or properties.

Although the slave system in itself was cruel and wrong, the

African people in Brazil were, on the whole, kindly treated, especially after the plantation system was well established. Often masters provided for the freedom of favored slaves in their wills. Many bought their freedom by working as porters and boatmen after they had accomplished their tasks for the masters. There came to be a large population of ex-slaves who found work in small trades.

In the last quarter of the eighteenth century the Marquis de Pombal issued decrees to help the oppressed Indian population. The enslavement of Indians was forbidden, they were to be paid for their labor, to be settled in towns and encouraged to learn trades and agriculture. Marriages between Indians and whites were to be respected. Law and its enforcement were two different things, of course, but the condition of the Indians was helped by Pombal's decrees. The Marquis de Pombal laid down the principle which has been an essential part of the Brazilian social system, even when neglected, that men of all castes and colors were to be on an equal footing in civic life.

The coming of the Court to Rio de Janeiro, and the improvements introduced by Dom João, opened the door to the world for colonial Brazilians. They were free to advance in trade and culture and could never again be reduced to the position of neglected colonials. Brazil, like the Spanish colonies, was ready for independence.

PART IV
*SOUTH AMERICAN COLONIES BECOME
NATIONS*

CHAPTER XIV

Background for Independence

IN THE WORLD outside the colonial empires in South America great changes were taking place in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The divine right of kings to absolute rule over nations was challenged. In France, in England, and in the North American colonies philosophers and men of democratic spirit were proclaiming the right of peoples to govern themselves, the right of the common man to liberty and equality. It was one of the wonderful periods in the world's history when men's minds became so possessed with new ideas that whole systems of government were changed.

In North America democratic men of the Thirteen Colonies formulated the Declaration of Independence and fought the American Revolution. A few years later the French people, with the cry of "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," began the French Revolution, and soon the King of France was toppled from his throne.

Successful revolution in France and North America was an inspiration to restless South Americans and Mexicans, for, as we know, the upper-class colonial subjects of Spain and Portugal were dissatisfied. They were acquainted with the works of eighteenth-century French philosophers, their sons were educated in European universities. During their sojourns in European capitals these young Creoles met men of intellect and liberal ideas who introduced them to the movements of thought in Europe.

In Madrid itself there was a group of South American aristocrats whose sense of inferiority and injured pride was heightened by contact with the haughty nobles of the Spanish Court. A new member of that group in the first year of the nineteenth century was a graceful, fiery youth from Venezuela, Simón Bolívar, who had been sent to Madrid to complete his education. At that period this young man was chiefly interested in the pleasures of his class, but he joined in the vaguely revolutionary talk of dissatisfied fellow South Americans.

Another Venezuelan, Francisco Miranda, had been for some years a familiar figure in the capitals of Europe. Handsome, and dramatic in personality, Francisco Miranda was a romantic dreamer of revolution who put his dreams into action whenever he had the opportunity. He fought in the American Revolution in a Spanish company under Rochambeau. When the French Revolution began he joined the army and became an important officer, taking part in many battles of the French Republic.

Miranda spent years going from one Court to another, trying to persuade some European nation to finance a revolt in South America. At one time England considered such a project for the advantage of her trade, but later gave up the idea.

In the United States Miranda tried in vain to get help from the government for his grandiose scheme. He did, however, persuade some New York bankers and merchants to finance an expedition to invade Venezuela, by lavish promises of future trade. Some adventurous North Americans were enlisted without full information as to what the adventure was to be. The little expedition in three ships did not get far, for the Spanish minister in Washington warned the authorities of Venezuela of its coming. Spanish vessels in the Caribbean

Sea captured two of the little ships before they ever touched the shores of South America.

Miranda got away on the other vessel and took refuge in the island of Trinidad, an English possession, from which point he raised more men and attacked the port of Coro in Venezuela. He had expected that the people would rise to join him at the first call for revolt, but he was entirely out of touch with the sentiments of the Venezuelan people. Those of Coro were good royalists who attacked and defeated his little band. Miranda managed to escape, but the deluded North Americans who had enlisted with him, and had been captured by the Spanish, were either executed or languished in Spanish prisons. Disappointed but undaunted, Miranda returned to London to continue his plotting and dreaming.

The club he formed in the English capital, *Gran Union Americana*, became the inspiration of aspiring patriotic young Creoles. In that circle, future leaders of South America's struggle for freedom met to discuss revolution. Bernardo O'Higgins of Chile, Antonio Nariño of New Granada, Montúfar and Rocafuerte of Quito, José de San Martín, the Argentine, there met and clasped hands in fellowship. They swore dramatically to devote themselves to the cause of emancipation for South America.

Ardent young Creoles, who had become imbued with the new ideals of liberty, who had discussed emancipation in European groups, returned to South America with their revolutionary ideas and with inspiring books. Secret societies of patriots were formed in various cities.

Antonio Nariño was the leader of the patriotic group in New Granada. He smuggled a printing press into Santa Fé de Bogotá on which he printed his translation of Thomas Paine's *Rights of Man*. This document was secretly distributed among

the people until the authorities discovered it. Nariño was shipped to Spain, to the dungeons of Cádiz, but later he escaped and returned to South America to lead the independence movement in New Granada. He was the president of the first Congress established in Bogotá. In Quito and in Caracas groups of patriots were busy with their secret plotting. Cautiously they tried to spread among the citizens the ideal of emancipation.

Upper-class people of South America, the Creoles, were ready to break the bonds which held them to Spain. They were the men of intelligence, ambition, and independent spirit who took the lead whenever possible in the Cabildos of their native cities. They were the wealthy landowners, the native aristocrats whose pride suffered from the domination of Europeans in society and government. The long colonial history of bad governors, burdensome taxes and restrictions on trade had created among them intense dissatisfaction with Spanish rule.

South Americans could not develop industries which would compete with those of Spain. They must buy from the mother country and sell to Spanish merchants. Although these rigid rules had been slightly relaxed by the end of the eighteenth century, prosperity was hampered because colonials were not permitted to trade with the nations of the world. Enterprising men of the cities chafed under the restrictions and were ambitious to manage their own affairs, while Creole aristocrats, as proud as the Spanish-born, desired the chief positions in government and society for themselves. No longer did they think of themselves as Spaniards, but as Americans, men who had a right to rule their cities and their lands themselves.

In Portuguese Brazil the restrictions imposed by the mother country were much the same and there was great dissatisfaction among native-born Brazilians, although the sentiment for inde-

pendence grew more slowly there than in the Spanish possessions.

Creole patriotic leaders were at work in various regions of Spanish South America and as they learned of one another's activities they began to feel that one ideal united South Americans—*independence from Spain*.

This spirit was particularly strong among the people of the Plata provinces. Their forebears had been sturdy pioneers who carved a life for themselves in primitive country, far from the chief officers of Spain in Perú. The *Porteños*, or citizens of Buenos Aires, took the lead in protests against Spanish mismanagement.

Buenos Aires was then a pleasant colonial city whose energetic citizens were building up trade in spite of Spanish regulations. An increasing number of trading ships, particularly from England, lay in the muddy river before the Citadel. The water was so shallow that ships anchored far out. Goods and passengers were ferried ashore in a unique manner by bullock carts which were driven into the water to meet small boats from the ships.

In the salons of their spacious houses *Porteños* and their charming wives received with gracious hospitality the English merchants who came with the ships to negotiate trade in hides and products from the interior. The people of Buenos Aires were rather taken with English character and ideas.

Then, suddenly, in 1806, the English became enemies and the *Porteños* had an opportunity to prove their ability to take care of themselves. An English fleet appeared in the Río de la Plata, commanded by an ambitious officer, Sir Home Popham. He was acting on his own initiative, but knowing that England had at one time considered plans of conquest in South America, he thought his acts would be approved.

Soldiers under General Beresford were sent ashore to seize Buenos Aires. The Viceroy, the Marquis de Sobremonte, ran away to Córdoba, leaving the city defenseless. The troops marched in and the flag of England was raised over the Citadel. Citizens were required to take an oath of allegiance to King George III of England.

Porteños, furious over the desertion of the Viceroy and collapse of Spanish authority, took matters into their own hands. Secretly in the city and outside they plotted to oust the British. Recruits were raised in the Banda Oriental and other nearby provinces under the leadership of a French naval officer devoted to the cause, Santiago de Liniers, aided by Juan Martín de Puerreydon and Martín Rodríguez. The troops then raised became a nucleus for a future patriot army. Among them were cavalry companies of gauchos, the wild horsemen of the plains. When the Porteños went into action against the British, these horsemen rode into battle at full gallop, swinging their boleadoras over their heads as though they were pursuing wild cattle. With boleadora and lasso they captured soldiers and cannon.

The method proved so effective that later on, when republican armies were formed, special cavalry squads were organized to fight with these original weapons.

The whole population of the city rose to help the Porteño troops, so that the British soldiers were driven into the Citadel, where they were besieged until General Beresford was obliged to raise the white flag of surrender. Once their city was recaptured, the citizens harbored no resentment against the captive British officers. They were lodged with upper-class families and played an active part in the evening tertulias, the gatherings for conversation and music, which formed the favorite social amusement in Buenos Aires.

Immediately after the recapture of the city, citizens called a "cabildo abierto" to make plans for future defense. This was an authorized practice of Spanish American municipal government. In times of emergency the chief officer—viceroy, governor or president of an Audiencia—had the power, on request of the Cabildo, to call a "cabildo abierto." This was an open town meeting of leading citizens to deal with the emergency.

The citizens of Buenos Aires called their own assembly, and, as they deliberated, a clamorous crowd in the plaza outside demanded that Captain Liniers be made Commander-in-chief of defense. This was done, and six months later the Viceroy Sobremonte was sent home to Spain under arrest.

Battalions of soldiers were organized by the Porteños to be commanded by a leading citizen, Cornelio Saavedra. They were soon needed. Sir Home Popham's fleet was still lying in the Río de la Plata, and in February 1807 another fleet appeared in the estuary under General Whitelocke. The British attacked and captured the Citadel of Montevideo which remained under their rule for some months. Then an army was sent out to retake Buenos Aires.

Every citizen, however, had become a furious defender of the city against the invaders. Every house was a fort, and cannon were assembled in the plaza. When the British troops marched down the parallel streets toward the plaza they were mowed down by gunfire from houses and roof-tops. Their demoralization was completed by the artillery in the plaza. General Whitelocke surrendered, for he realized that it would take too large an army and fleet to hold the two cities, when the whole population was opposed to English occupation. He agreed to the return of prisoners and the evacuation of Montevideo.

The British fleet sailed away to be received with disapproval

at home. The government repudiated this unofficial attempt at conquest, censured Sir Home Popham and dismissed General Whitelocke from the service.

Porteños of today cherish the story of the enterprising act of one of the ladies of Buenos Aires on that great day of victory. Doña Martina Céspedes was a strong-minded lady, possessed of three beautiful daughters. When the British troops began marching into the city, mother and daughters barred themselves into their house behind the protection of the great wooden entrance portal.

Presently a group of soldiers came down the street, hot and thirsty. They knocked on the door of Doña Martina's house, and when she opened it a crack, they asked politely for a drink of water.

"Certainly," replied the Portefia lady, "but come in one at a time when my daughters give the signal, for our house is small."

The soldiers had had a glimpse of pretty faces beyond the mother's severe figure, so they agreed. One by one they were slipped in through the narrow opening allowed them, but they did not come out again.

Next day, as General Liniers in the Citadel was receiving the congratulations of the townsfolk over the great victory, Doña Martina appeared with a martial air.

"Your Excellency," she said, "I come to announce that the number of prisoners published this morning is incorrect."

"How is that, Señora?" asked the General.

"That is very simple, Your Excellency. The count is incorrect because I have twelve prisoners and their arms in my house."

While the company listened with astonishment Doña Martina related how she and her pretty daughters had cleverly

lured the soldiers in, one by one, shut them all up and taken away their firearms.

Amused and pleased, General Liniers bestowed on the intrepid lady the rank of sergeant major in the army, with the uniform and all privileges. He offered to send for her prisoners at once.

Doña Martina, effusive in thanks for the honor bestowed on her, asked the General to collect only eleven prisoners. Her daughter, Petrona, she said, claimed the right to keep the twelfth because she had conquered him, and he wished to remain.

Laughing, the General said, "But, Señora, this Englishman is a heretic."

"Leave it to my daughter Petrona," declared her mother. "I wager she will cure him of his heresy."

Sure enough, before a month had passed, charming Petrona and her Englishman were married in church, with full Catholic ceremony. As for the martial Doña Martina, for years after that she marched with the republican army whenever there was a public procession, dressed in her uniform and admired by all beholders.

Petrona Céspedes was not the only girl to capture an Englishman. Some of the British officers so enjoyed their enforced stay among the Porteños that they decided to remain, and English merchants also settled down to become citizens of Buenos Aires. The handsome, blond, upstanding Englishmen were a sensation among the demure girls of the city. They in turn were captivated by the charm of pretty Porteñas and the dignified simplicity of life in the city. Anglo-Porteño families were founded then to become later on a solid part of Argentine society.

Icon. This Cortes refused to consider the Americans' desire for self-government.

Eighteen-ten was a crucial year for Spanish America. The great tide of feeling in the Spanish colonies burst out in a series of decisive actions, from Mexico to Buenos Aires.

In Mexico the priest, Miguel Hidalgo, gave the "Cry of Dolores," rang his church bell and led his humble Indian followers against the power of Spain. In South America there were calls for "cabildo abierto," as bodies of citizens met to depose their governors and set up ruling Juntas.

On April 19, in Caracas, Venezuelan patriots forced the Captain-General to resign and organized a Supreme Junta to "preserve the rights of Ferdinand VII." New Granada followed suit in July, when citizens of Santa Fé de Bogotá called for a "cabildo abierto" whose members demanded that the Viceroy cooperate with them in forming a government. When he refused, citizens shouted, "Fuera Españoles!—Away with the Spaniards!" and sent a messenger to the Viceroy to inform him that his government was at an end.

On May 25, the already dominant citizens of Buenos Aires forced their Viceroy to call a "cabildo abierto." This assembly proceeded to depose the Viceroy and to organize a Junta to govern until a congress was elected. Although the Junta declared its allegiance to Ferdinand VII this action was really a revolution in disguise in independent Buenos Aires. Ever since then, the date May 25 has been celebrated as the birth of Argentina.

In Chile, also, the ferment of new ideas had been going on among a small group of wealthy Creoles in Santiago. Citizens of Valparaíso heard of democratic ways of government from officers of British and North American trading ships, calling there for supplies.

Among the officers of an American ship, who were arrested for suspected smuggling, was the ship's doctor, Procopio Pollock, who became a leading spirit among revolutionary plotters. While his case was being tried in Concepción he made friends with the patriot, Martínez Rozas, enthusiastically encouraging his republican theories.

Procopio Pollock gave his Yankee intelligence to the cause of Chilean independence. He remained in Chile to practice medicine in Santiago. Secretly he wrote and distributed a little manuscript newspaper of revolutionary propaganda called *Los Gacetas de Procopio*. When his work was discovered by the Spanish governor he was banished to Buenos Aires, but continued to write his *Gaceta* and send it across the Andes whenever he could find a secret messenger.

Seditious talk went on among the spirited men and women in aristocratic salons of Santiago, so that, when the wave of action swept over South America in 1810, the Cabildo of that city also set up its governing Junta. That date, September 18, is celebrated as Chile's Independence Day. The most active leaders in Chile were Martínez Rozas, the three Carrera brothers and their ardent sister who were all ambitious aristocrats, and Bernardo O'Higgins, honest and devoted patriot.

Perú, stronghold of royalist government and Spanish aristocracy, was little affected by the spirit of independence. Quito and Upper Perú were too crushed by their disasters in 1809 to make new efforts.

The actions of city councils in 1810 were not as yet declarations of independence. Members of every Supreme Junta cried, "Viva El Rey Ferdinand!" Many public-spirited citizens in the Juntas were, at first, sincerely loyal to the exiled King. Creole leaders were simply demanding the right of colonials to govern their own territories under the Spanish Crown. Yet,

under the show of allegiance, groups of true patriots in each city were working for complete independence. The declaration of loyalty was made to win the support of the lower classes who had no interest in independence, but who were accustomed to giving unquestioning loyalty to Kings of Spain.

Nevertheless, South American revolution began with these declarations of 1810. Citizen governments were everywhere opposed and attacked by royalist officers and Spanish aristocrats. These men stubbornly defended the old order which had been for so long established in South America.

The burning flame of patriotism which swept over South America was, except in the Plata provinces, almost entirely confined to the upper-class Creoles, who were inspired by idealism, as well as the desire to rule their countries themselves. The revolution was carried forward, not by the force of a whole people set upon liberty, but by the unquenchable heroism and spirit of individuals.

Those men who returned from the intellectual circles of London and Paris, to become leaders in South America, preached romantic theories of liberty in fiery oratory. Their associates caught fire and the salons of Creole aristocrats from Venezuela to Chile and Buenos Aires seethed with seditious plans, in which the lovely spirited women were ardent supporters of their men.

Above all the able, devoted leaders, who valiantly did their part, stand the two Liberators—Simón Bolívar in the north and José de San Martín in the south.

CHAPTER XV

Revolution in the North

[Simón Bolívar]

IN THE HEARTS and imaginations of South Americans, throughout the continent, lives the figure of Simón Bolívar, the Liberator. He is a legend, a hero, an ideal. Generations of men and women have rendered homage to his memory, children's eager minds are fired by the tales of his magnificent deeds. Glory and adulation followed him during his spectacular life, but, much as he enjoyed that, the reward he hoped for was to be thus honored by future generations in the countries he helped create.

Imposing equestrian statues keep the hero before people's eyes in South American cities. In the northern countries which he freed, and united temporarily in the Republic of Gran Colombia, the Liberator is commemorated in many central plazas. Against the background of green mountain flanks and snowy peaks the slight dramatic figure rides his prancing charger with martial grace, as though still leading his troops in battle. Among the luxuriant foliage and flowers of tropical plazas the Liberator looks down on the strife or happiness of his people.

As the eighteenth century was nearing its close the boy, Simoncito, was growing up in the colonial city of Caracas. The city was the seat of government of the Captaincy-general of Venezuela, the home of wealthy Creole aristocrats. Simón Bolívar's family was among the richest and most high-born of them all. They were owners of haciendas and cattle ranches.

Simoncito, spoiled darling of his mother and sisters, was a problem, for he was wilful, tempestuous and already able to get what he wanted by his beguiling charm. His education was put in charge of various tutors, one of whom, Simón Rodríguez, had a great influence on his future life. Simón Rodríguez was an idealistic, erratic scholar, who had absorbed the theories of the Frenchman, Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Living like children of nature among wild tropical surroundings on the hacienda of San Mateo, the boy and his tutor explored together the teachings of Greek and Roman philosophers and of eighteenth-century Frenchmen. On the cattle ranch in the llanos the vaqueros, tough cowboys, taught the young master the arts of the lasso, of breaking wild horses, hunting cattle with lances, and throwing bulls by a deft twist of the tail. Bolívar was small and slight, but his active life hardened his body to a wiry strength and agility.

Although young Simón was too intent, during the next few years, on the pleasures to be found in aristocratic circles of Europe, he never quite forgot the inspiring ideas instilled into his mind by his unconventional tutor.

➤ There was a brief interlude of idyllic romance with his lovely young wife, Maria Teresa del Toro, whom he married in Madrid and brought back to tropical life at San Mateo. When she died of fever, Simón Bolívar returned to Europe to forget his grief in the sparkling life of Paris.

• The revolutionary talk of young South Americans, whom he met in Paris and London, stirred his mind, but it was a meeting with his old tutor, Rodríguez, which definitely turned the aristocratic playboy from pleasure to the serious business of revolution. As they tramped over the beautiful countryside of Italy the glowing harangues of the old scholar roused his young companion's mind and generous spirit to action. With

a dramatic gesture, typical of the man and of his time, Simón Bolívar stood on the hill of Monte Sacro in Rome and swore to devote his life to the emancipation of South America.

When he returned to Caracas he met again many of the companions with whom he had shared exalted ideas in the Creole clubs of Europe. Caracas was seething with dissatisfaction and increasing hatred of the Spaniards. Men suspected of conspiracies against Spain had been arrested, beheaded and their bodies quartered with the mediaeval savagery still practiced by the Spaniards. The bodies and severed heads had been exposed in plazas and by roadsides to serve as warning to the colonials.

Simón Bolívar became one of the group of young patriots who met in the seclusion of their patios to preach revolution in burning phrases. Hotheaded and romantic, he led the talk, gesturing with his fine hands, his deep-set black eyes glowing with fervor. They talked and talked, the young men, spurred on by the admiration of the women of their families.

When on April 19, 1810, the Cabildo deposed the Captain-general and set up a Supreme Junta, the young patriots took their oratory to the streets, urging the people to demand independence. A national Congress was called, with delegates from other provinces which had set up their own governments. The patriots, Bolívar among them, worked hard to swing the delegates of this assembly to vote for independence. Finally on July 5, 1811, the Venezuelans, first of South Americans to make the complete break with the mother country, declared their absolute independence from Spain.

Caracas went wild with joy that night, celebrating with bonfires, torchlight processions and clamor of church bells. There were shouts of "Viva la Libertad!" A new cry to be heard in South America.

Things were moving rapidly. In New Granada, Santa Fé

de Bogotá had deposed the Viceroy and organized a Junta ; the old fortified city of Cartagena had set up independent government. Venezuelans were organizing a national government and raising troops to meet Spanish forces moving against them.

In the patriotic salons of Caracas, beautifully dressed women fluttered around the young officers in their handsome uniforms, praising their high-flown oratory. Revolution meant glory then, the pride of having made themselves a nation. It was a matter of discussion, of calling congresses, framing constitutions, leading troops to victory. They did not know the horrors that were before them.

That time of dramatic excitement was brief. The Spanish General Monteverde was moving against the "rebels" ; Spanish ships were blockading the coast. From London, the old revolutionist, Francisco Miranda, returned to fight for his country. He had been a distinguished general in the French army, so, after some hesitation, the governing Junta gave him the leadership of the patriot troops.

Francisco Miranda was like some professional revolutionists of a later time who, after plotting and dreaming all their lives, cannot adapt themselves to the realities of the struggle when it comes. Acquainted at last with his fellow countrymen, Miranda neither liked nor trusted them, and he despised the half-breed class whom the patriots were trying to recruit for the army. He was accustomed to the formal warfare of Europe and did not understand the guerrilla tactics necessary in wild mountainous country, yet he would not take advice from his officers.

Although, after the declaration of independence, a National Congress was called, with delegates from provincial cities which had joined the republican cause, there was little national feeling. Each provincial group had a local patriotism, and

between the republican centers were regions where both Spanish troops and citizens brought about royalist uprisings.

Nor did General Miranda have a trained, united army to command. The officers were patriots of the upper class but their soldiers were recruited from the mixed-breed men of the lowest class or were Indian serfs of the haciendas who followed their own patrón rather than a commanding general. Miranda could not make European soldiers of this ill-equipped collection of colonials, nor could he plan campaigns suitable to the country. He seemed to lose faith in Venezuelans and became so haughty and aloof that his officers resented him. Hesitations, and disastrous conflicts with royalists, were demoralizing the army when an appalling catastrophe overwhelmed the young republic.

It was Holy Thursday, 1812, the second anniversary of the deposing of the Spanish governor. The churches of Caracas were crowded with worshippers when a frightful earthquake began. Walls of churches fell in on the people, the streets were heaped with ruins and rang with the cries of victims who were crushed under piles of stone.

Other cities, each one by strange chance a republican center, were destroyed. In the midst of panic and suffering the voices of priests were heard, exhorting the people to repentance. The earthquake was God's punishment for their sin of disloyalty, the clergy declared. Only republican cities had suffered, they pointed out. Superstitious minds were easily swayed, so that hundreds of people repudiated the republican cause. With death and disaster in the cities and blundering in the army, the republic was in a dangerous state.

Meanwhile, Bolívar had been sent by Miranda to guard Puerto Cabello, an important harbor town on the coast. The well-equipped citadel was filled with royalist prisoners, but

everything seemed secure, so that the young officer and his men were not sufficiently alert. Suddenly, one day, the guns of the citadel opened fire on the town, for the officer in charge had been bribed to surrender it to the royalist prisoners. In the fierce battle to hold the town many of Bolívar's soldiers deserted him and most of his officers were killed. He refused to surrender, but the civilians of the city gave up, and Bolívar with a few companions escaped by night to reach La Guaira.

He was deeply humiliated by the loss of his first command, but soon chagrin at his failure was turned to fury against his commander. Bolívar and his officers were filled with dismay to learn that Miranda had surrendered to General Monteverde, although he had superior forces. To their minds the old revolutionist had betrayed the cause.

Monteverde's army was advancing on Caracas, an army largely composed of riff-raff eager for plunder, and of Negro slaves who had been armed to fight against their masters. Savagery and looting were not confined to Spanish troops, for both sides recruited the lowest elements of the population in their need for fighters, but Monteverde's army was particularly brutal. The rumor of looting, burning and murdering, which accompanied their progress, terrified the people.

A great exodus of patriots and their families began from the capital. They crowded the rough mule trail winding down the mountains to the port, La Guaira; children in their arms and possessions packed on mules. Refugees crowded into the tiny port, with no hope of escape, for Miranda, by order of the Spanish General, had closed the port.

An English ship lay off shore, however, and when General Miranda himself appeared in La Guaira and the rumor went around that he intended to escape to England on that ship, the anger of the Creole officers knew no bounds. Their General

had betrayed them to the Spaniards, he had deserted Caracas, and now he intended to escape. Simón Bolívar was a leading spirit in the group of officers who went to the old man's room in the middle of the night, arrested him as a traitor and locked him up in jail.

They had not intended to deliver him to the Spaniards but that is what happened, for Monteverde seized the port. Miranda was sent to Spain in chains. After four terrible years in the dungeons of Cádiz, the man who had given years of his life for the cause of South American freedom died, a forgotten prisoner. Bolívar never expressed regret for Miranda's end, for to his mind the man was a traitor.

The Republic of Venezuela was dead after one short year of life; its gallant leaders in exile, the people terrorized by Spanish brutality, the country devastated by war and earthquake.

On the Dutch island of Curaçao Simón Bolívar brooded in exile. The romantic young revolutionist was shocked out of his vain self-confidence by the failures of the campaigns, but he did not give up. Already a daring scheme for the reconquest of Venezuela was taking shape in his mind. By the time he left the island, Bolívar had become a man who believed firmly that it was his destiny to be the liberator of his people.

With a few republican companions Bolívar sailed for Cartagena. That city, with Tunja and Santa Fé de Bogotá, were the only republican centers left in New Granada. The Spanish held the country and controlled the navigation of the Magdalena River, route to the interior.

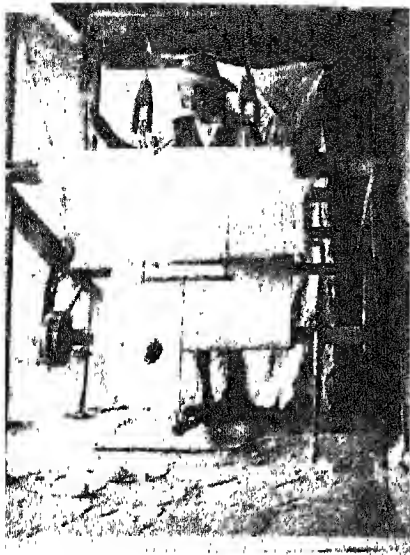
When Colonel Bolívar was assigned to a post in the New Granadan army he was just a refugee patriot officer from Venezuela. Soon, however, the republicans were roused by an eloquent appeal issued by the newcomer. Bolívar pointed out that their independence could not be obtained while the Span-

ish were able to send in armies and supplies from Venezuela. He called upon the people to liberate their brothers across the border.

Having stimulated sympathy for his country, the next move was to break Spanish control of the Magdalena. In that campaign Bolívar began his career as a daring leader who could accomplish incredible feats by skilful planning and swift moves. He was given permission by his commander to attack the first post on the river and, having taken that by poling his men on rafts up the stream at night to surprise that garrison, he went on to capture other posts in a series of battles fought in six days.

That swift, bold campaign won so much reputation for the Venezuelan that the President of the Congress of New Granada permitted him to organize an expedition to the border of Venezuela. Leagues of trackless wilderness must be crossed, and a range of the Andes barred the way, but Bolívar disregarded obstacles. He and his men hacked their way through dense forests and brought their horses and pack mules over precipitous mountain trails. The little company came through, made contact with another New Granadan troop, and captured the border town of Cúcuta.

Simón Bolívar was now the adored leader. His magnetic personality and inspiring words drew the New Granadan republicans around him. Many of them were young men like himself, intelligent, courageous, burning with patriotic zeal. It was such men, leading faithful mountain soldiers, who went with Bolívar to the conquest of Caracas. They knew how to make the best use of trails through a country that bristled with mountain peaks, that was broken and difficult. Bolívar's genius planned the swift moves and surprise attacks which kept the Spaniards falling back before them. That little army marched across leagues of wild mountainous country occupied



Otavalo Indian weaver, Ecuador



Small Otavalo Indian spinner, Ecuador



(Right) Bust of José de San Martín by Herbert Adams





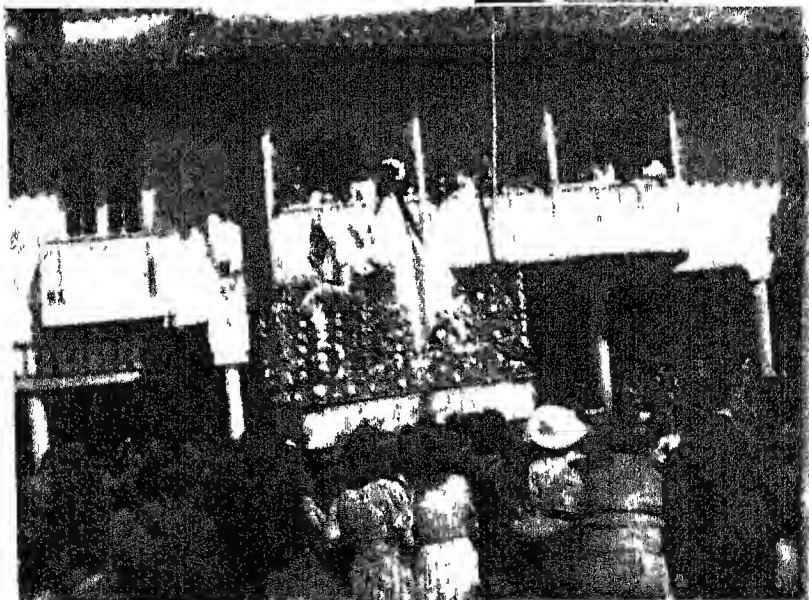
Otavalo Indians, Ecuador



Flower vendor, Buenos Aires, Argentina



Araucanian
Indian, Chile



by the enemy, winning town after town, inspiring the inhabitants to join their cause. In ninety days Bolívar had arrived before Caracas. General Monteverde retreated to Puerto Cabello and Caracas surrendered.

What a celebration greeted the liberating army! Venezuelans, who loved drama and display, greeted the Liberator with triumphal arches, with the booming of cannon, peals of bells and shouts of joy. Bolívar was drawn through the streets in a gilded chariot by twelve lovely maidens, while flowers were showered on him from the balconies.

With the troops of New Granada Simón Bolívar had won Venezuela from the border to Caracas, while in the east a small band of patriot officers had landed from the island of Trinidad, recruited soldiers and captured a few coast cities. Their commander, Santiago Mariño, fought for the east while Bolívar worked at Caracas, but the two men could not co-operate because each one wanted the honor of being the liberator of Venezuela. Meanwhile, the Spanish were drawing in on all sides, threatening what had been won.

Out of the Orinoco plains, the llanos, came the worst scourge the republicans in Venezuela were ever to know. A Spanish smuggler, named Boves, had become chieftain over bands of llaneros who fought for the pleasure of plunder and killing. Boves himself was a cruel and vicious man, delighting in torture.

The llaneros were the hunters of wild cattle, men of mixed breed, Indian and Spanish or Indian and Negro. "Half centaur, half alligator," they were called. In water or on land they rode bareback and half naked like wild Indians, wielding their deadly lances from hand to hand. Their diet was raw meat, kept under the saddle to be salted by the horses' sweat. Later on, bands of llaneros were to fight for the republican

cause, but in the early years of the war they were a terror to all the people.

Boves and his Infernal Legion of llaneros swept over the country like a devastating plague, leaving death and destruction in their wake. The helpless people of town and countryside suffered the horrors of a war which they did not really understand. The republicans, in desperation, adopted the principle of reprisals, so that the struggle was carried on with pitiless savagery, until ruined towns, disease, torture and death had reduced Venezuela to a worse state than before the Liberator came. For six months Bolívar worked with the energy of a dozen men to save the country, but it was no use.

The Infernal Legion was approaching Caracas, burning, looting and killing as they came. Bolívar led his people out in a tragic exodus. Old people, delicate women, mothers with babies in their arms, marched for twenty days through jungle and broken country under the relentless steaming downpour of the rainy season, to reach the coast.

What must have been the thoughts of Simón Bolívar as he rode at the head of that sad procession! Many fell by the wayside and died before they reached the coast. Those who survived, Bolívar's sisters among them, crowded into sailing vessels to take refuge on the islands of the Antilles.

Only a few coast cities remained in the hands of Santiago Mariño. This republican camp received the Liberator reluctantly, but soon llanero hordes defeated them with great slaughter. Some of the officers escaped to nearby islands. Simón Bolívar returned to New Granada to report to the Congress. He came almost alone, for the brave young men who had marched with him from New Granada lay dead among the mountains and plains of Venezuela. But the audacity and

skill of Bolívar's campaigns had won him fame, so that he was honored although he returned in defeat.

It was then the year 1815. Events in Europe were preparing worse troubles for the patriots of South America. With the aid of England the Spanish had defeated Napoleon and welcomed back Ferdinand VII to the throne. That wretched, tyrannical sovereign promptly deposed the Regency which had worked to free Spain from the French, threw the liberals in jail and revoked their laws. There was now a large, well-trained army, free to be sent against the rebellious American colonies. General Morillo, a skilled officer of the war with the French, was put in command of a fleet and ten thousand troops to conquer South America.

This news roused the republicans of New Granada to prepare for invasion. Bolívar, now general of the army, was sent to Cartagena to co-operate with its commander in taking Santa Marta, and to strengthen ports for defense.

The commander at Cartagena was Manuel Castillo. He was an ambitious man, interested chiefly in power for himself. Bolívar found that Castillo had overthrown the civil officers and made himself dictator of Cartagena. He refused to help Bolívar or even to allow him to enter the city. Bolívar used all his powers of tact and persuasion in vain. He could not win the strongly fortified city by force. Five months were wasted in argument and quarrel while the Spaniards prepared to invade New Granada by land and by sea.

At last General Bolívar gave up in despair, resigned his command, and sailed away to voluntary exile on the English island of Jamaica.

General Morillo besieged Cartagena by sea, while an army attacked it by land from the rear. The old fortified city knew

the most terrible siege of its long history. Behind their great walls the patriots held out for three months, until every living thing—every cat, dog or burro—had been eaten. Six thousand died before the desperate survivors in small sailboats ran the blockade of Spanish gunboats to escape.

The Spaniards entered a city heaped with dead, empty save for a few starving survivors. Castillo was found in hiding and was executed. Then the Spanish army ascended the Magdalena River to attack Bogotá. The city surrendered after the Spanish commander had promised honorable treatment of prisoners. The promise meant nothing, for executions began promptly and six hundred leading citizens were killed. Once more a Spanish Viceroy ruled New Granada from Bogotá.

In the year 1816 the struggle for independence in South America was at its lowest ebb. The whole of the north was in Spanish hands. In Chile, the republican movement had been crushed by royalist troops from Perú. Patriot cities of the Plata provinces were the only ones to keep their independence.

Simón Bolívar, the man who believed in his destiny, was a penniless exile in Jamaica. He had lost everything—his wealth and lands, the cause that was the dearest thing in life to him. His slight body was worn to skin and bone by six years of intense labor, he suffered greatly from fever. Occasionally other refugees joined him, but, in all their discussions, the men could see no hope of renewing the fight.

Swinging in the hammock in his peasant hut, Simón Bolívar spent long hours in thought, his burning eyes fixed on distant visions. In that dark time, when everything seemed lost, this man, who was the most far-seeing of all Spanish American leaders, worked out his clear vision of the future of South America. He dreamed of a continent of free nations, co-

operating for their mutual benefit. Never losing faith in ultimate success, he wrote down his conceptions, his analyses of mistakes and prophecies for the future, in a noble document called the *Jamaica Letter*.

Foreign governments were impressed by this document and so were liberal-minded men with money to help the cause. Not far from Jamaica was the new island-republic of Haiti, whose Negro people had won their freedom from France. Their president, Pétion, welcomed exiled Venezuelans from various islands and gave Bolívar financial aid in raising an expedition of re-conquest. Luis Brion, a wealthy merchant of Curaçao, offered ships for transport. In 1816 and 1817, Bolívar was at work once more, but campaigns to win coastal towns were unsuccessful.

It was the young general, Manuel Piar, who pointed out the value of capturing Angostura on the Lower Orinoco River. With that town for a base they would have access to the sea, and could penetrate the interior by way of the Orinoco and its tributary, the River Apure.

General Piar carried on a brilliant campaign on land, followed soon by Bolívar with more men. While they besieged the town, Brion's fleet arrived in the river and Angostura was captured. The fleet brought Venezuelans and their families from Haiti.

Once more a Venezuelan government was set up, although the country was yet to be won. Today, Angostura, the town from which Bolívar made his great march into the interior, is called Ciudad Bolívar in his honor.

For two years Angostura was the republican stronghold from which Bolívar went out with his little armies, motley collections of ragged soldiery, to try unsuccessfully to win the high-

land cities. No longer was there an army of determined republicans under the great leader. Whole companies of Indians were recruited from the lowlands and trained by splendid British officers who had offered their services; men who became Bolívar's devoted aides in terrible campaigns. Soldiers of fortune had been recruited by Venezuelans in England and Ireland. Most of them were worthless, but there were enough good soldiers to form a staunch British Legion.

Bolívar had heard of the exploits of a llanero leader, José Antonio Páez, who had his headquarters on the River Apure. Páez was an ignorant llanero himself, who had risen by hard work to the ownership of ranches and cattle. Unlike the llaneros who had been such a terror to the patriots, Páez had a simple-hearted feeling for la Patria, as well as personal ambition. He had gathered around him bands of llaneros to whom he was the hard-riding, hard-fighting comrade, a man they admired for his skill and daring. If "Uncle Páez" told them to fight for la Patria, that they would do.

Páez had been carrying on independent guerrilla warfare against the Spaniards in the interior. Spanish companies had been continually harassed by swift ferocious attacks of these demons on horseback, who had swooped down with their deadly lances and then scattered so quickly that they could not be conquered.

The llanero leader and Bolívar the Liberator were known to each other through the tales of their spectacular deeds. They joined forces in 1818, when Bolívar asked Páez to co-operate with him against the Spanish army of General Morillo. The chieftain, after winning the consent of his men, agreed. Together Páez and his wild horsemen, and Bolívar with his mixed army, fought through bitter campaigns in the primitive interior of deep rivers and swampy plains.

At one time it was necessary to cross a rapid river, but they had no boats. Near the opposite bank lay some Spanish gunboats.

"I will get you boats, my General," said Páez.

He called for fifty of his best men and led them at full gallop into the river. Swimming their horses, brandishing their lances and yelling like fiends, they reached the boats, leaped on board and captured them from the frightened crews.

The llaneros would not leave their plains or fight on foot, but Bolívar with his troops made unsuccessful, destructive attempts to win his way into the highlands. Hundreds of men were killed, but Bolívar went back to Angostura and recruited more. During those campaigns he lived as his men did, hungry and worn, sleeping on the ground, hiding from the enemy in forests. He could endure as many hours in the saddle as the llaneros, and they admired him because he was as hard and tough a soldier as themselves.

During this time the New Granadan, General Santander, with men from that country, was fighting with Bolívar's army. There was a fantastic plan taking form in the Liberator's mind to invade New Granada through the river plains and over the Andes. Bolívar discussed this plan with Santander and sent him ahead towards New Granada to prepare for the Liberator's coming. Communication between them would be impossible, but Santander would do his best to fulfil his part and then await Bolívar's arrival.

The scheme was carefully worked out in Bolívar's mind. Páez and his men would be left to protect the rear and distract the Spanish General Morillo; Bolívar would make use of the rainy season, for he knew that the Spaniards would then retire from the plains; Santander and his troops would meet Bolívar's army on the eastern slopes of the Andes.

The army was prepared for a long campaign but Bolívar did not reveal his intention to his officers. They would have thought he had lost his mind. At last, in February, 1819, he was ready to leave Angostura.

There was a final banquet, given in honor of an agent from the United States whom Bolívar wished to impress. Even in the remote river town of Angostura Venezuelans managed to keep some of their social gaieties. After the dinner was finished and toasts had been drunk, Bolívar made a fiery speech. Then, leaping on the table, he strode back and forth, shouting, "As I cross this table from one end to the other, I shall march from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Panamá to Cape Horn, until the last Spaniard is expelled!"

His startled companions thought it was one of the Liberator's melodramatic gestures, but in reality it expressed what was in his mind. With unquenchable determination he was setting out now to free all of South America.

The army marched along the Orinoco, through dense jungle and primeval country without a trail, met Páez and his men, and engaged in skirmishes with the Spaniards. Somehow, through that trackless country, a messenger from Santander arrived, bringing word that the way was clear to the border of New Granada. Then the rains began.

That was what Bolívar was waiting for. He gathered his officers around him, in the mud hut which was his headquarters, and told them what they were in for. It speaks well for the devotion and confidence that he inspired in men that every one agreed to follow him to the end.

The army set out upon the rivers and across the flooded plains which lay between them and their goal. For some days they poled themselves up the Arauca River on rafts, then took to the plains. Bolívar worked among the soldiers every day,

cheering them on, urging them to have courage, but he did not tell them where they were going. The men, and the women who always followed the army, marched through water and mud to their waists, holding arms and supplies above their heads, driving the herds of cattle which provided food, dragging the horses of the cavalry. At night they camped on grassy mounds which rose above the flooded plains of Casanare. All day and all night the rain poured down—not ordinary rain, but the persistent sheets of water of a tropical rainy season. Often there were rivers to be crossed on improvised rafts.

Never did they have a dry garment, never a fire to warm them at night. Their food was the raw meat of slaughtered steers. Yet they went on doggedly, following Bolívar with blind trust. He had to use all his powers of persuasion when the appalling masses of the Andes rose before them. Indians and horsemen of the plains had never even seen the mountains and they were terrified. Bolívar urged them to go on a little farther.

At the foot of the mountains Santander and his troops appeared, according to schedule, and led the way up the trails. Bolívar had chosen the worst and most remote trail over the frigid heights, which rose to fifteen thousand feet, because the Spaniards would never expect him to come that way. Day after day the forlorn men struggled on, clinging to sheer rock faces, slipping and falling with the animals into dark, appalling depths, tortured with sleet and bitter wind. The men of the plains suffered intensely. They died of soroche, the terrible mountain sickness of the Andes, they fell in their tracks and froze to death. All the cattle and horses were lost.

Bolívar, his fine English officer, Colonel Rooke, and General Santander were all young men of indomitable spirit and courage. Somehow they brought the wretched army over the hor-

rors of the mountain passes. They saw below a high green valley, sunny and beautiful. It must have looked like Paradise to the exhausted men. Only twelve hundred were left of the army of more than three thousand which had started up the mountains.

It had taken four months to cross the seven hundred and fifty terrible miles from Angostura, but they had done it. Bolívar had driven them on by the force of his will to accomplish the seemingly impossible feat.

When the startled villagers in the valley learned who these men were, who came staggering like phantoms down the trail, they offered the best they had in food and shelter. While his army of skeletons was resting and eating, Bolívar set out to commandeer every horse and able-bodied man in the region. The Spanish knew of their coming now and were assembling to block their way to Bogotá. Bolívar knew that he must act quickly. After allowing his exhausted men a few days to recover, he had them on the march again.

Although the Spanish had everything in their favor they seemed to be bewildered by the swift moves and surprise attacks which Bolívar knew so well how to carry through. The full force of the enemy was met at a crucial point, the crossing of the River Boyacá. The amazing spirit of the gaunt ragged patriot army, led with great skill by Bolívar and his officers, outwitted the Spanish at every turn and brought them crushing defeat. Only fifty men escaped to Bogotá, bringing such a tale of the battle that the Viceroy withdrew with his garrison. A rejoicing city hailed the wild-looking troops as they marched in triumphantly, and the Liberator was crowned with wreaths of laurel.

The Battle of Boyacá, August 7, 1819, insured the freedom of New Granada, although there was yet much to be done to

drive the Spanish and native royalists from the other provinces.

Simón Bolívar was the man of glory now, adored and hailed as the Liberator from Angostura to Bogotá. When he returned to Angostura he was able to push the Congress there to proclaim the republic he had dreamed of for years; Venezuela, New Granada and the kingdom of Quito, united as the Republic of Gran Colombia. Bolívar was elected President and General Santander of New Granada Vice President. The small state of Panamá declared its independence and asked to join Gran Colombia.

As yet the Republic existed chiefly on paper, for a large part of Venezuela remained to be freed and the kingdom of Quito was still under Spanish rule.

Within the next few years the freedom of the north was accomplished. The Spanish General Morillo, having met Bolívar during arrangements for an armistice ordered by Spain, was so impressed by him and by what he told of the strength of the patriot cause, that he resigned his command and returned to Spain. Under his successor, General La Torre, the war was resumed and Venezuela's freedom was assured by the patriot victory at Carabobo. It was "Uncle Páez" and his llaneros who later, in 1823, finished the war in Venezuela by the capture of Puerto Cabello, the last post.

Meanwhile, in 1821, the port town of Guayaquil revolted and set up an independent government. Bolívar's accomplished young General, Antonio José Sucre, a Venezuelan, was sent by sea with troops from New Granada. He was to help the people of Guayaquil and to move on into the mountains toward Quito. General San Martín had also sent some troops from Perú. While this was going on Bolívar pushed toward Quito from New Granada, in another mountain campaign of intense difficulty and suffering.

As he neared Quito, came news of the victory won by the republicans under General Sucre on the slopes of Pichincha. The two armies joined and another gorgeous triumphal display was staged in the old city of Quito. The Battle of Pichincha was fought on the 24th of May, 1822, and a few days later, on the 29th, leading citizens of Quito assembled to sign their declaration of independence. Both dates are now days of celebration in the modern republic of Ecuador.

Bolívar, the hard-working, indomitable leader of desperate campaigns, relaxed for a while to enjoy the dancing, the acclaim, the society of beautiful women. These celebrations after victory always stimulated his spirit and fed his love of glory.

There we shall leave him, the Liberator of the North, while we see how wars in the Plata provinces, in Chile and Perú, under the leadership of José de San Martín, are bringing the two Liberators closer, until they meet, face to face.

CHAPTER XVI

Revolution in the South

[José de San Martín]

Buenos Aires, spread along the bank of the Río de la Plata, was the focus and center of revolutionary spirit in the one-time Viceroyalty of La Plata. Its citizens were an independent lot, filled with pride and self-confidence since they had won back their city from the soldiers of powerful England. They were better prepared than most South Americans for the break with Spain, when the "cabildo abierto" deposed the Viceroy and set up a provisional government on May 25, 1810.

In the evening tertulias Creole men and women talked enthusiastically of independence, although, of course, said they, Ferdinand VII was their king. But he was in exile and it was necessary for the city and the provinces to govern themselves in his name. The most far-sighted among them knew, however, that the Declaration of May 25th meant revolution and separation from Spain. Fiery Mariano Moreno was the inspired leader of revolutionary thought.

Creole leaders organized the government, and sent out a call to the provinces to join them in the war they knew was coming. But the provincial cities did not wish to be led by Buenos Aires. Already people of the provinces resented the attempt of Porteños to take the lead in affairs because their city was the port of entry to the country. Each capital city wanted to dispose of its Spanish government in its own way.

Manuel Belgrano, one of the leading patriots of Buenos Aires,

rode with troops to Asunción, to invite the Paraguayans to join with Buenos Aires in the war. The citizens of Asunción refused. They made their own declaration of independence, chose consuls to run their government, and remained aloof. Paraguayans took no part in the war, but sat tight in their remote country, letting the other provinces win the war which insured their freedom.

Manuel Belgrano went on to the northwest provinces of Salta and Tucumán, where the people joined officers and men from Buenos Aires in the attempt to capture royalist Upper Perú. The inhabitants of these provinces were frontier folk, lovers of liberty, trained to guerrilla warfare in protecting themselves from Indian bands.

While victory and defeat alternated in this region the Buenos Aires army was trying to capture the fortified citadel of Montevideo. The Spanish governor and people of royalist sympathies refused to surrender. The city, however, did not represent the people of the Banda Oriental behind it, a country of rancheros and nomad gaucho cattle hunters.

Out of the Banda Oriental came the true leader of the people, the gaucho chieftain, José Gervasio Artigas. He was a man of the country, one who had worked with the nomad horsemen of the plains in various illegal enterprises. Independence to Artigas meant the right of the people to govern themselves, so that he was often at odds with the dominant leaders of Buenos Aires. Nevertheless, he and his gaucho horsemen joined Buenos Aires troops in the siege of Montevideo, which would have fallen had not King João VI in Brazil sent Portuguese troops to help the Spaniards. King João seized on this opportunity to get a foothold in the Banda Oriental, and the helpless people of the province suffered under the savage warfare going

on between Spaniards, Portuguese and patriot troops. The Portuguese remained until 1812.

So great was their misery that Artigas led the country population, thirteen thousand of them, in a mass migration across the River Uruguay to the province of Entre Rios. There they camped for months like a gypsy tribe.

When in 1813 a Constituent Assembly was held in Buenos Aires, to organize government for the provinces, Artigas sent his delegates from the Banda Oriental, instructed to demand a declaration of independence from Spain and a federated form of government. The hostility between the leader who stood for the people of the provinces and the politicians of Buenos Aires flared into open enmity when the Assembly refused to receive his delegates. Henceforth Artigas set himself up as an independent chieftain, so that civil war, between his gaucho bands and Buenos Aires troops, hindered the progress of the Plata provinces for some years.

Without the aid of Artigas and his men Montevideo was finally captured by Buenos Aires troops in 1814, an event of much importance for the progress of the war with Spain in the provinces.

Meanwhile, two years before, in 1812, the man who was to share with Bolívar the glory of liberating South America came from Spain, to offer his services to his native land.

José de San Martín was the son of a Spanish magistrate, born in the village of Yapeyu in what is now the territory of Misiones. His father having been recalled to Spain, young José grew up in the mother country and entered the Spanish army when he was a boy in his teens. Twenty years of service had won him distinction for his military skill, but, although he was a Spanish soldier, his spirit was loyal to America. He was a

republican, a member of one of the secret Creole societies which, in Europe, planned for South American independence.

When news came of the revolt in Buenos Aires, José de San Martín gave up his career in Spain and took ship for America to join his countrymen in their fight for freedom. The grave, handsome, rather austere young officer was warmly welcomed in the salons of Buenos Aires, where charming intelligent women played hostess in evening tertulias to the political and military leaders.

Even more welcome was his arrival to the republican officers who needed his experience in organizing the army. San Martín was given the command of a squadron of cavalry, which became the nucleus of the famous mounted grenadiers who were to follow him with such devotion through years of war. Before long the valuable new officer was sent on to the northwest, to make of raw provincial troops a disciplined army.

The two great leaders, who are honored in the hearts of Argentines, General Belgrano and General San Martín, met there in Tucumán and became friends. General Belgrano had saved Tucumán and Salta for the republicans in two great victories, sending the royalist troops back to their mountains in Upper Perú. He was not a man of war, however, and much preferred to serve his country in other ways. He was glad to resign the command to General San Martín.

The year 1814 was, as we know, a crucial time for the cause of liberty in South America. In the northern countries, laid waste by savage warfare, all seemed lost. In Chile the first republican revolt had been crushed by Peruvian troops. Only the Plata provinces were holding their own. Their situation was improved when Montevideo surrendered in 1814. With their base in the Río de la Plata lost, the Spanish commanders hesitated to try invasion by way of Upper Perú. San Martín

was able, then, to turn his attention to the great task he had in mind.

Troops of gaucho cavalry called the Gauchos of Salta, under their chieftain, Martín Guemes, were doing splendid work in defense of the northwest frontiers. The people of Tucumán and Salta backed them up, determined to keep the royalists out. San Martín could trust these people to hold the border against invasion, while he carried the war of liberation across the Andes.

Every attempt of republican troops to invade mountainous Upper Perú had met with defeat. The project of carrying the war of independence to Spain's stronghold in royalist Perú by this route was impossible, San Martín decided. Yet, while Spain held Perú, there was no freedom for Chile and the security of San Martín's own country was threatened.

The General's strategical mind mapped out an audacious plan. He must cross the immense cordillera of the Andes to Chile, bring freedom to that country and then proceed by sea to the winning of Perú. Dangerous and difficult indeed was this plan, for it required not only the military genius of San Martín, but the conquest of the mountains, the devotion and co-operation of many people. It was even bolder than the scheme carried through a few years later by Bolívar, when he invaded New Granada by the terrible march across flooded plains and over the Andes.

San Martín moved toward his purpose with steadfast unflinching determination. First he asked for the governorship of the province of Cuyo, for in its capital city, Mendoza, he would be close to the most feasible route over the mountains, the Uspallata Pass.

Cuyo was the region of sloping plains at the foot of the immense cordillera of the Andes, more formidable there than

anywhere else in the length of South America. The mountains were a towering barrier, crowned by some of the loftiest peaks in the continent, Aconcagua and Tupungato, which were eternally sheathed in ice and snow.

The province had been settled by men from Chile, and its cities were governed from that kingdom until the province was joined to the Viceroyalty of La Plata. There was a strong bond of sympathy between the people of Cuyo and those of Chile. Republican ideas had crossed the mountains with democratic men from Cuyo, to take fire in the minds of Creole gentlemen in Chile.

In the upper-class salons of Santiago both men and women had talked romantically of revolution, and had joined fellow South Americans in declaring for self-government in 1810. The Chilean revolt had been a matter of scattered campaigns, led by hotheaded ambitious aristocrats such as the three Carrera brothers, and by Bernardo O'Higgins, sincere and honest patriot. It had not been difficult for an army from Perú to defeat inexperienced officers and their untrained soldiers.

The end came when the Spanish army trapped Bernardo O'Higgins and his men in the plaza of Rancagua. Spaniards and Chileans alike were determined not to yield. Each side raised a black flag and cried, "War to the death! No surrender!" Taking the only way out, O'Higgins led his cavalry in a mad dash through the Spanish lines. He and about three hundred men escaped, to make their way over the mountains to join San Martín in Mendoza.

The General welcomed the Chilean refugees, choosing O'Higgins to command a Chilean division of the army he planned to raise. For three years the patriots worked under the wise direction of San Martín, supported enthusiastically by all the people of the province. Liberty meant a great deal to

the folk of Cuyo, and they gave of their labor and their money wholeheartedly, in the generous resolve to bring freedom to fellow South Americans across the mountains.

The Army of the Andes was the creation of San Martín's genius, aided by the people. All the resources of the province were made use of ; men joined the army, food from the fields was contributed by farmers, money was raised by taxes which people cheerfully accepted. When more money was needed the upper-class ladies of Mendoza collected their jewels and, with San Martín's wife at the head, marched in a body to present them to the beloved General.

Across the mountains from Chile came Fray Luis Beltrán in his monk's robes, on foot, carrying a bag of tools he had made himself. He was a man of Mendoza who had fought with the Chileans and now returned to offer his services to the General. San Martín appointed this ingenious man to make arms and equipment for the soldiers.

Fray Luis taught his workers to cast cannon, shot and shell, to make gunpowder, gun carriages, saddles, shoes and knapsacks for the soldiers. When metal gave out, the enterprising friar melted down church bells to provide more.

San Martín established a cloth factory to produce cloth for the army, which the ladies of Mendoza cut and stitched into uniforms. The pleasant little town, fresh with trees and flower-filled patios, became a hive of activity, in which men and women gave their time and labor to the great enterprise.

It had to be a homemade army, for little help could be expected from Buenos Aires. Although some munitions were sent, the government was too busy with war in other parts of the provinces to do very much.

The people of the province kept the secret of San Martín's plans. Of course the Spanish governor in Chile was aware

that something was afoot, but false information was given out to deceive him. Indian chiefs were told that the General planned to invade Chile by passes far to the south. As San Martín expected, this word was passed on to the Spanish, so that troops were set to watch those passes instead of the Uspallata route. San Martín had his spies in Chile, patriots who mingled with the royalists in various disguises to learn what they were thinking and planning, then managed by trusted messengers to get news to Mendoza.

Then, in 1816, a Congress of patriots, gathered in Tucumán, declared the complete independence of the United Provinces of La Plata from Spain. Revolution had been going on since 1810, so that it was high time for full independence to be established. Although, today, Argentines celebrate the date of the "cabildo abierto," May 25th, as the birth of Argentina, they consider July 9th, the date of the Tucumán Declaration, their real independence day.

San Martín seized on this event to help him in a plan for studying the routes across the mountains of which there were no maps. He commissioned an aide-de-camp named Condarco, a skilled engineer, to carry a copy of the Declaration of Independence to the Spanish governor in Santiago de Chile. He knew very well that his messenger would be rejected, but it was a legitimate excuse for a man to travel back and forth by the two passes.

"Without making a note," said San Martín to Condarco, "you must bring back in your head a plan of both passes, Uspallata and Los Patos. I shall send you by Los Patos which is the longer route, and as they are certain to send you back at once, if they don't hang you, you will return by Uspallata, the nearest way."

The Spanish did not hang the messenger, but the governor

ordered the hangman to burn the obnoxious document publicly. Condarco, as he expected, was told to take himself off quickly. So back he went by Uspallata Pass, memorizing every detail of the route as he had that of Los Patos. In Mendoza he drew accurate maps and plans, by which San Martín could organize the expedition.

So for three years San Martín worked and planned incessantly, thinking out every detail of the tremendous undertaking. Although travelers and pack trains of mules had gone back and forth for years through those passes, which reached a height of twelve thousand feet between towering snowclad peaks, no one had ever thought it possible to take troops across the mountains. The Uspallata trail, a rough mule track hewn out along the precipitous flanks of mountains, was in places so narrow that mounted men must go in single file, and be in continual danger of toppling over the edge into the abyss below. During most of the year the pass was blocked by deep snow and ice. The passage must be made in midsummer, which is January in that part of the world.

"What spoils my sleep," said San Martín to his companions, "is not the strength of the enemy, but how to pass those immense mountains."

The army must transport artillery and cavalry horses over the terrible trails ; the men must carry sufficient food for themselves and the animals to last through fifteen days of toilsome journeying through barren, freezing mountains.

They prepared a concentrated food made of ground charqui, peppers, and corn meal which could be boiled in the stew pots. Herds of bullocks were assembled to be slaughtered for food on the way. Troops of mules were gathered also, for they must carry guns and supplies on their backs. Even the dreaded mountain sickness, soroche, was provided for. The army was

supplied with garlic and onions, the best cure. All through the exhausting heights of the mountains the men chewed the stuff and rubbed it on the teeth of the animals to counteract the effect of high altitudes.

Troops were trained on the plains outside Mendoza under the severe direction of their great general. Fray Luis Beltrán had replaced his monk's robe by a uniform and commanded a company of artillery. There were foot soldiers, artillery companies and squadrons of mounted grenadiers. These last were a handsome sight in the striking uniform, designed by San Martín and stitched by the ladies of Mendoza. It was of deep blue trimmed with scarlet, and the high blue shako bore a scarlet cockade. The grenadiers were about to set forth on martial adventures which would make them a heroic memory to Argentines. To this day a splendid cavalry troop called the Grenadiers de San Martín, carries on the tradition. They wear the same dashing nineteenth-century uniform and escort the president of Argentina on all state occasions.

At last, in January, 1817, the Army of the Andes was ready to march. While San Martín prepared to set out, on what has been called one of the greatest military exploits of history, Simón Bolívar in the north was recruiting troops at Angostura, planning a crossing of the Andes equally remarkable, and carried through under even worse conditions. What an inspiring, great-minded pair of men they were!

There was high holiday in Mendoza when the new army marched through the streets, gay with flowers and banners, to ask the favor of their patron saint, the Virgen del Carmen, and to consecrate the banner which had been embroidered for them by the ladies of Mendoza. It bore the emblem of the sun above clasped hands holding a liberty cap, all encircled with the victor's laurel wreath. After the ceremony General San

Martín stood on a platform in the plaza, waving the new flag, a symbol of freedom, while a great shout, "Viva la Patria !" burst from the troops and excited citizens.

"Soldiers !" cried San Martín. "Swear to sustain this flag and to die in defence of it as I swear to do."

"We swear !" came the roar of response, while bells and cannon added their joyous uproar to the celebration.

During the long time of preparation the soldiers and their officers had looked out every day to the glistening snow peaks towering into the sky above the rugged foothills. Now, at last, they marched to the mountains. The army went in several divisions, Bernardo O'Higgins and the Chilean companies going by way of Los Patos, followed by San Martín, while General Heras led other companies through the Uspallata Pass. It was an army of about five thousand men, every one of whom was devoted to the cause of freedom.

In the military mind of San Martín every move of the expedition had been seen clear and whole, linked to the next move, and so it was carried out with faithful discipline by the officers and their men.

They took that army, with guns, supplies and animals, through all the terrors of the mountains. The divisions came through, according to schedule, and marched down into the fertile smiling valleys of Chile. They met without mishap at Chacabuco, as San Martín had ordered, surprised a large force of Spaniards and defeated them in a battle which set Chile afire with excitement and hope. San Martín marched his victorious army into Santiago.

Great was the rejoicing of Chilean patriots who had been held for three years under obnoxious Spanish rule. San Martín was acclaimed as their hero, they begged him to become their dictator. But personal glory and the adulation of multitudes

were distasteful to the austere soldier whose heart was set on finishing his task by freeing Perú. The General recognized in Bernardo O'Higgins a man as loyal to the cause, as disinterested as himself. He appointed O'Higgins to be Supreme Director of Chile.

A patriot government at Santiago prepared to rule Chile, but the war was by no means won. Months of bitter struggle between royalists and republicans went on, Chilean troops having the aid of San Martín's army. As far as the Chileans were concerned, it was an aristocrats' war. The peasants and huasos, or cowboys, on each side fought as their patróns ordered them to, while the mass of the population was indifferent.

At last (April 5, 1818), the Argentine and Chilean forces defeated a large royalist army on the plains of Maipú. Chilean independence was secured, although the Spanish still held the fortified town of Valdivia and their ships menaced the ports and blocked progress to Perú by sea.

Valparaíso, seaport and merchants' town, now began to play an important part in the progress of Chile. As we know, English and North American merchants and seamen were favored visitors there even before the wars of independence began. As soon as there was a Chilean government to welcome them, men from England and the United States came in increasing numbers to Valparaíso. It is interesting to know that, as early as 1818, our government was represented in the new-born republic by a consul, Mr. Worthington, and a government agent, Jeremiah Robinson, men who helped Chile with her problems.

Chileans of Valparaíso, with the enthusiastic aid of British and North American seamen, were trying to assemble a small fleet to combat Spain on the sea. At this crucial moment there arrived, to offer his services to Chile, the most famous soldier

of fortune of the age, Admiral Lord Cochrane of England. He was a great sailor, a man of brilliance and daring, but his arrogant disposition involved him in many quarrels. Having been dismissed from the English navy over some trouble, he came to create a navy for Chile.

The arrival of this distinguished officer and his fascinating young wife was made the occasion for a round of festivities. Upper-class Chileans were very gay, sociable people who were just emerging from the turmoil and hardship of war. They were ready to celebrate their freedom and enjoy life once more in the balls, tertulias and picnic parties to which they were accustomed.

Among the English and North Americans in Santiago at that time were Jeremiah Robinson, the merchant, Samuel Hill, and the English naval officer, Captain Basil Hall. These men in their diaries preserved a delightful record of the lively social affairs in which they took part.

Lord Cochrane and the officers who came with him set about helping the Chileans to develop a fleet. A few ships had been captured, a few more were bought from the United States or England. Chilean seamen, enthusiastic but inexperienced, were trained by British and North American officers.

When four ships were ready Lord Cochrane went forth to drive the Spanish from the Pacific Ocean. Bernardo O'Higgins, standing on a hill above Valparaíso, watched them set sail, the Chilean flag flying at their mastheads. He said to his companions, "Four ships gave the western continent to Spain. These four will take it from her." He was right.

Admiral Cochrane with his ships sailed up the coast to make a raid on Callao. It was unsuccessful, but the very boldness of the attempt put heart into the Chilean sailors. They sailed on to capture two Spanish vessels, laden with naval stores, at

Guayaquil. Then the Admiral determined to win prestige for himself and the young navy by a spectacular feat. It was one of the seemingly impossible performances in which the inspired leaders of South American wars were so successful.

Cochrane told his officers that he intended to capture Valdivia. It was a citadel at a river's mouth, so protected by a ring of forts that it was called the Gibraltar of South America and was considered impregnable. The scheme was mad, the Admiral said to his officers, therefore the Spaniards would not take the appearance of the ships before their forts seriously.

Spanish guns from the forts began firing as soldiers and sailors put off from the ships in small boats toward the shore. Nevertheless, the men landed, drove off the Spanish sentinels and scrambled over rocks slippery with surf to the first fort. While gunners were firing on one group of men, another band made its way around the fort, climbed by high rocks up to the ramparts and attacked from the rear.

As so often happened in bold raids by South American patriots, the Spanish soldiers became so confused and upset by surprise that the fort was easily captured. On went the Chileans, taking by assault the other forts on one bank of the river. Then the ships sailed in, firing on the remaining forts until they surrendered.

When the fleet returned to Valparaíso, with the wonderful news that Valdivia was captured, Chileans went wild with excitement and showered honors on their naval fighters. This was in 1820, the year in which José de San Martín was able at last to carry the war for freedom to Perú.

There had been two years of hard work to prepare an expedition. Chile was exhausted by its own war. It was very difficult to raise money and find equipment for a new army, although Bernardo O'Higgins and most of the leading patriots

were eager to win Perú for the republican cause. In 1819 the Buenos Aires government, distracted with dissension and fighting in the provinces, ordered San Martín to return with his army. The General, after winning the consent of his officers, refused to go. He believed, quite rightly, that his important task was to win the last royalist stronghold from Spain. "My destiny called me to Perú," he said. His refusal lost him needed help from Buenos Aires, but in spite of that the expedition was ready in August 1820.

The army sailed for Perú in the ships of the new fleet, whose seamen were eager for the next great exploit. Troops were landed at Pisco, a port in southern Perú, while the fleet sailed on to give Spanish sea forces another blow.

A large Spanish war vessel, the *Esmeralda*, well equipped with guns and men, lay close under the cannon of the fortress in Callao harbor, with gunboats huddled around it. Admiral Cochrane left his little fleet outside the harbor, while in the dead of night he led a company of small boats, manned with adventurous fighters, into the harbor. Silently they slipped in, with muffled oars, among the dark Spanish ships until they were close under the hull of the *Esmeralda*. Quietly the men clambered aboard, following the Admiral who seized the watchman before he could give the alarm. Then the Chileans let loose such a hullabaloo of shouts that they added confusion to the surprise of the attack. They fought so fiercely, hand to hand, that those of the crew who were not killed or captured jumped overboard.

While the guns of the fortress peppered them with shot, the men cut the cables, raised the sails, and slid out of the harbor under the very noses of the Spaniards. Men in the other boats of the expedition cut cables and set fire to small ships before they rowed back to the fleet.

In the dawn, as the Admiral counted over his boats and

found one missing, he saw it approaching from the harbor, the crew towing a Spanish gunboat they had captured.

The Chilean navy, in that audacious exploit, gave the death blow to Spanish sea power in the Pacific. Although a few small ships hovered around the island of Chiloe, far to the south along Chile's lengthy coastline, they did not venture to attack any republican ship.

Admiral Cochrane was master of the coast, and he settled down to blockade Callao with his fleet, while San Martín continued his work on land.

In that year, 1820, Simón Bolívar was master in Bogotá, and his far-seeing mind was leaping forward to plans for a free Perú, while San Martín, on the soil of the country, was working toward the same end. The two Liberators were bringing the two revolutionary movements, of the north and of the south, closer together, to meet in Perú.

CHAPTER XVII

The Winning of Perú

WHILE THE DESIRE for independence grew in South America, in the north and the south, Perú remained almost untouched by the new ideas. The people were shut away from their neighbors by geographical barriers, and by the fact that their country was the headquarters of Spanish rule. Royalist officials and soldiers had complete control of the country. In aristocratic Lima the haughty Spanish nobles had more power than in any other city ; talk of independence was considered treasonable, and those of republican sentiments did not dare to make any open move.

José de San Martín did not enter the country with the intention of making a conquest by force of arms. He said, "I wish to have all men thinking with me and do not choose to advance one step beyond the gradual march of public opinion." From the time when his army landed in Pisco the General devoted himself patiently, by propaganda, to the task of educating the people to the desire for independence.

His proclamations called on them to join with their brothers in other countries for the cause of liberty, and declared that his only wish was to aid them in this task.

For six months the General carried on his campaign of education from headquarters established north of Lima. His tactics roused great response in the countryside, and in Lima the republicans took heart and began to organize. The army won the confidence of the people, while the morale of the royalist

troops was undermined so that whole companies deserted to San Martín.

By order from Spain an armistice was arranged between San Martín and the Viceroy but, after long discussions, the attempt to make peace was abandoned. San Martín insisted that independence for Perú was essential, and to this the Spanish government would not agree.

Meanwhile, the Chilean fleet continued to hover off the coast, guarding the various ports and blockading Callao so that the capital was shut off from food supplies coming by sea.

At this time the English naval officer, Captain Basil Hall, was cruising his ship back and forth between Valparaíso and Callao, to look after the interests of English merchants. He was a keen observer and, in his journal, he wrote interesting comments on the state of affairs in the two countries in the year 1821.

As soon as the war was over the Chilean government had invited traders and citizens of other lands to enter the country, so that, by 1821, the harbor of Valparaíso was filled with ships from England and the United States. The docks and warehouses were heaped with bales of goods, the shops were doing a lively business. There was continual movement on the road between Santiago and the port. Carts and mule pack trains transported foreign goods to the capital and returned with products of the country to be shipped from Valparaíso.

The Captain noticed a change in the spirit of the people — an increased energy and vitality, the attitude of free men. Living conditions were improved by trade with other nations, schools and libraries were being opened. Chile, he believed, was stepping forward into a new life.

In contrast, the harbor of Callao was empty and forlorn ; a few ships were huddled close under the protection of the

fortress, the warehouses were closed, there was no stream of commerce between the port and Lima.

On his visits to the city he found the luxurious, pleasure-loving aristocrats in a state of gloom and fear. The city, once so gay, was depressing. There were few social gatherings. Men regarded one another with suspicion. While the royalists shivered, fearing the republican army, fearing even more a revolt of the slaves and cholos, the republicans were active in spreading their propaganda.

As the situation became worse, the Viceroy decided to retire with his troops to the interior. This move caused a panic among the royalists, left now at the 'mercy of San Martín's army. Ladies fled to the convents or barred themselves in their houses behind closed shutters. The streets, and the road to Callao, were crowded with carts and mules laden with household possessions, and with frantic refugees hurrying to the protection of the royalist fortress of Callao.

Jubilantly the republican aristocrats called a "cabildo abierto" and invited San Martín to come to Lima and take control. Even then the General would not ride into the city with his army like a conqueror. He entered quietly by night, alone save for one aide, to discuss matters with the Cabildo.

Word got around that the great General had arrived and men and women flocked to meet him. They crowded about their hero, showering him with praises and congratulations. Emotional ladies clasped his knees and hung about his neck in rapturous enthusiasm.

The General did not care for this extravagant display, but he made use of the enthusiasm to help him bring order out of the confusion. He proclaimed himself Protector of Perú, for he saw the need of a strong hand over the people.

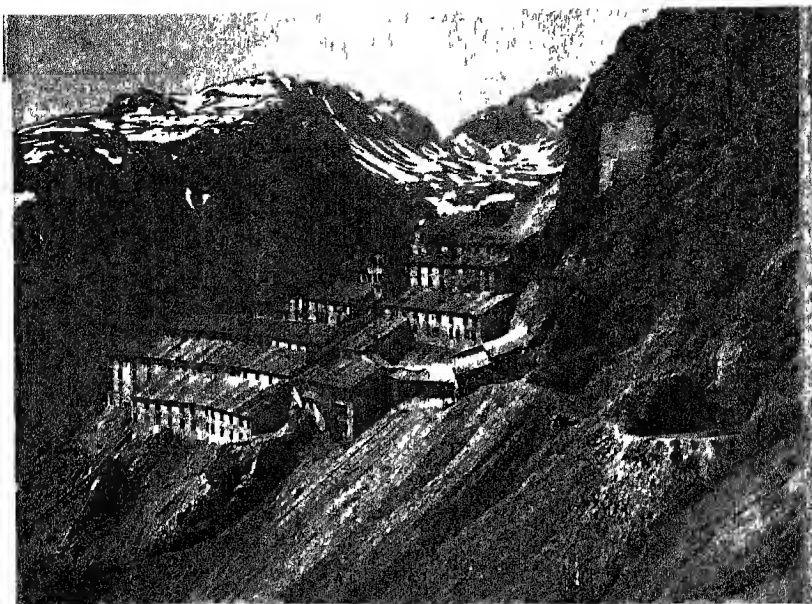
In order to dramatize the new state of things a great cele-

bration in honor of independence was staged in the old Plaza de Armas, overlooked by the Cathedral and Palace of the Viceroy. Cannon roared, bells clamored, the people shouted themselves hoarse with cries of "Viva la Patria ! Viva la Libertad !" San Martín, standing on a platform above the crowd, displayed the new flag of Perú and exhorted the people to complete their struggle for liberty.

Not for long did admiration and united spirit support San Martín in his difficult role of Protector. He was obliged to use dictatorial methods to bring order out of chaos, to organize the few raw Peruvian troops into a useful part of his army. Indolent, pleasure-loving people resented his strict ordinances, some of his soldiers turned against him because there was no opportunity for plunder or glory under his severe rule.

Peruvians, jealous for their own prerogatives, began to speak of San Martín as a foreign intruder ; there were murmurs that the Protector wished to make himself king. Worse yet, there was controversy between San Martín and Admiral Cochrane. The two men were too different in character to like or understand one another. Cochrane's quarrelsome, arrogant disposition resented the Protector's dictatorship. He disagreed with San Martín on the conduct of the war. Finally, the Admiral sailed back to Chile, to spread distrust of San Martín and to confirm the rumor that he intended to make himself king of Perú.

It was true that San Martín had become convinced that the best form of government for Perú, and perhaps for the other new nations, was constitutional monarchy. He had no ambition to rule himself, but was willing to see a European prince become king of Perú. Although he had given himself, heart and soul, for the cause of independence from Spain and still

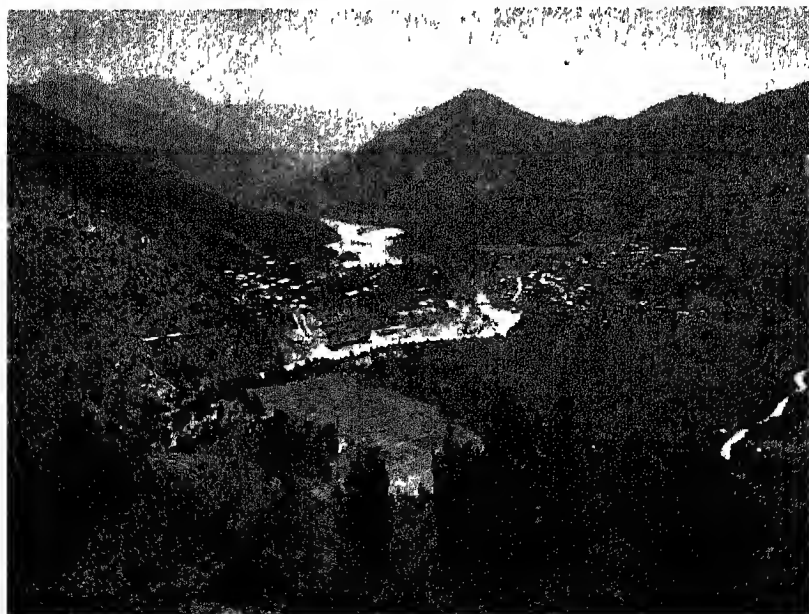


El Teniente copper mine, Chile





Sorata and valley of Rio San Cristobal, Bolivia



considered that essential, he did not think the ignorant, unruly people were yet ready for self-government.

In all his years of work for South America San Martín had had to contend with the dissensions of leaders whose ideas of how to conduct the war and what sort of government to have clashed. In addition, he had seen chaos and suffering caused by war in every region. San Martín's constructive mind foresaw the difficulties of organizing stable life in countries where the mass of the people were ignorant and poverty-stricken and the upper classes had no experience in government. It seemed to him that constitutional monarchy was a more suitable form of government for the new nations than a republican form.

In Perú, conditions were particularly chaotic and ambitious aristocrats, who were trying to organize an independent government, had never done anything constructive in their lives. Progress toward the winning of Perú was hampered by the quarrels of rival leaders, each one wanting power for himself.

The republicans held Lima and Callao but they had yet to capture the country from the Viceroy and his army. This seemed to the General impossible without help from Simón Bolívar's victorious army in the north. The Liberator was already a glorious figure in South America, for he had won Venezuela, New Granada and Quito in spectacular campaigns. His very name roused people to enthusiasm.

José de San Martín sent a messenger to Simón Bolívar, who was at Guayaquil, asking for a conference.

In that tropical port, all alight with joyous celebrations for the Liberator, the two men came face to face, July 25, 1822. José de San Martín did not enjoy the lavish banquet given in his honor, for he did not find stimulation and satisfaction in such displays as did Bolívar.

The two men passed hours in secret discussion, and from that interview José de San Martín came away a saddened and disappointed man. "The Liberator is not the man we thought him," he said to his officers.

San Martín had been defeated at every point. He had hoped to win Guayaquil to join Perú, but Bolívar had already used his influence with the people to have them declare for union with his republic, Gran Colombia. They argued over the question of sending Colombian troops to Perú. When San Martín realized that the Liberator's egotistical spirit must be supreme, he offered to serve with his army under Bolívar's command. That, of course, the Venezuelan could not accept. Before the interview was over San Martín was convinced that if Bolívar were to come to Perú he, San Martín, must leave.

The two men could not see eye to eye at all in their ideas for the future of the new nations. Bolívar would have none of San Martín's plan for monarchy. The nations must be republics, he said, and eventually, when the people had been educated to it, there must be real democracy.

Sad at heart the Liberator of the South said farewell to the Liberator of the North and sailed back to Perú. There he helped the citizens to organize a Congress and elect their own officers. He told them to ask Simón Bolívar to come to their aid in the final conflict with the Spaniards. Then he resigned his position and left the country. In a stirring message to the Peruvian people he told them that he had wished only to make them independent and to leave them their free choice of government.

In Chile the partisans of Admiral Cochrane received San Martín with coldness and suspicion ; only Bernardo O'Higgins, his friend and comrade in arms, stood by him, and the Supreme

Director's position was none too secure. Jealous opponents were already undermining his authority.

San Martín crossed the Andes to his own country, but there, too, the man who had been the guiding genius of their struggle, who had freed Chile and Perú, was neglected. The government did not forgive him for disobeying the order to return to Buenos Aires. His beloved wife had died, his money was gone. Friends helped him, and with his daughter he took ship for France to spend his remaining years in voluntary exile.

The Peruvian congress sent appeals to Simón Bolívar to come to their aid, but it was a year before the Liberator could get free from his work in the north and receive permission from the Congress of Colombia to go to Perú. Meanwhile his devoted young friend and general, Antonio José Sucre, had been sent ahead with Colombian troops. He had a difficult time trying to bring order into the military affairs of Perú.

Politically the country was in even worse state. The Peruvian aristocrats were only half-hearted republicans at best. Many of them went over to the royalists. Two ambitious men, Riva-Agüero and the Marquis de Torre-Tagle, headed rival factions and alternated in seizing the presidency of the Congress. Just before Bolívar reached Perú the Marquis had deposed Riva-Agüero, who had set up a rival government in Trujillo. Several times the royalists had invaded Lima, carrying off treasures from churches and houses of republicans. The aristocrats, lazy and inefficient themselves, looked to Bolívar to save them.

The Liberator landed in Callao in September, 1823, to be received with the most extravagant fanfare, adulation and glittering display he had yet experienced. A charming villa

at Magdalena Vieja, outside Lima, was prepared for him, beautifully furnished. There he was surrounded by the adoring attentions of the most beautiful women of Lima.

Simón Bolívar was the hero of the usual round of lavish festivities before he could shake himself free to attack his stupendous task. Everything was in confusion. The army was composed chiefly of mestizos, mulattoes and Indians, inefficient and badly trained. The population at large was indifferent, the sad Indians of the mountains took no part in the struggle except when they were conscripted for the army. In Lima quarreling aristocrats blocked all progress. Then the Marquis de Torre-Tagle deserted to the royalists with a large following.

It was necessary for Bolívar to accede to the demand of the Congress that he become dictator of Perú. He was terribly ill with fever, but he rose from his bed to organize an army against all obstacles. All of his fiery energy and determination were thrown into the work, but it could not have been accomplished without the devoted aid of his staunch friend and brilliant general, Antonio José Sucre.

Simón Bolívar realized that the war must be decided in the heights of the Andes, where a magnificent Spanish army held the country, with headquarters at Cuzco. And he was determined to bring the struggle to an end. "We must liberate these people in spite of themselves," he wrote to a Colombian general. "Otherwise, we shall be campaigning to the end of the world."

In five months of intensive work Bolívar and Sucre created out of unpromising material a trained and well-equipped army of nine thousand men. The various divisions marched over burning deserts and freezing mountains to the rendezvous near Cerro de Pasco. Twelve thousand feet above the sea, between

massive ramparts of the Andes, the army marched and counter-marched. The men were gradually acclimated to altitude and mountain cold.

Gathered there for the supreme conflict were staunch fighters from all South America, hardened by years of terrible warfare. There were divisions of Colombians and of Peruvians. In the squadrons of cavalry were llaneros of Venezuela, huasos of Chile, gauchos and grenadiers of La Plata, all of them perfect horsemen and valiant soldiers. Simón Bolívar reviewed his army and spoke to them in his most inspired and ringing words which were greeted with wild cheers.

Through a gap in the mountains the patriots could see the army of the Viceroy advancing toward them through a lower valley. Each commander sent his cavalry troops ahead and they met on the plain of Junin. Below immense snow peaks the troops faced each other in battle array, lances raised. Simultaneously the horsemen galloped forward at full speed, met with terrific shock, sabers glistening in the sun, lances toppling men from their horses. In that swift battle not a shot was fired, and it was all over in an hour.

The Spanish cavalry fell back toward their army, Bolívar came up rapidly with his infantry. When the Spaniards saw the whole patriot army advancing, they lost their nerve and retreated steadily for several hundred miles, leaving behind munitions and equipment.

While the patriot soldiers, their hearts full of pride and courage, marched on under General Sucre's command, Bolívar returned to Lima to raise more troops and supplies for the final battle. There he met with the first blow to his prestige. A message came from the Congress of Colombia, ordering him to turn over the command of the war to General Sucre. It was a bitter thing for the Liberator to relinquish command at

that great moment. When General Sucre received the order he, with the other loyal officers, begged Bolívar to keep the command, but he persuaded them to accept the order. The Liberator knew that General Sucre would finish the campaign with courage and skill.

Patriots and royalists followed each other in and out among the mountains, occasionally meeting in skirmishes, each commander maneuvering for position for the final battle. General Sucre, by his skilful moves, brought his army to the place he and Bolívar had chosen as the most strategic, on the high plain near Ayacucho. The two armies camped in full view of each other on opposite sides of the valley.

In this age, when war has become ruthless savagery, the story of the Battle of Ayacucho reads like a tale of ancient chivalry. On the morning of December 9, 1824, the soldiers of each army breakfasted around their camp fires, the officers of the opposing armies paid polite visits to one another and returned to their own lines.

General Sucre reviewed his troops, every man of them alert to do his utmost, for they all knew that they must win or die. Their numbers were inferior to those of the Spanish army and from their position retreat was practically impossible. With the colorful gallantry of nineteenth-century generals, Sucre cried to his men: "Upon your efforts today depends the fate of South America. This shall be a day of glory that will crown your long struggles. Soldiers! Long live the Liberator! Long live Bolívar, the saviour of Perú!"

From across the valley the Viceroy, La Serna, sent an aide to announce that he was ready to begin the battle. Trumpets sounded. The divisions moved forward in perfect order, faithfully obeying the commands of their officers. It was a battle conducted according to the rules, in which the skill and quick

thinking of officers, backed up by the discipline of their men, would bring victory.

At a moment when the patriot lines were wavering, General Cordova, the youngest commander of the Colombian army, was ordered to bring in his infantry. Riding in front of his men, the young general dismounted and killed his horse with his sword.

"There lies my last horse," he cried to his soldiers. "I have now no means of escape and we must fight it out together."

Waving his hat over his head, he shouted, "Adelante, con paso de vencedores ! Forward, with the step of conquerors !"

The men rushed forward, following his gallant lead, in such a furious charge that the Spanish retreated before them. The patriots charged on up the hill, followed by the rest of the army. In a short time the Viceroy was captured and the battle was over. La Serna ordered his general, Canterac, to surrender with his companies.

The Battle of Ayacucho was one of the most important ever fought in South America, and in its gallant story the charge of General Cordova is a cherished incident.

General Sucre and his officers received the surrender of the proud Spaniards, La Serna and Canterac, in the spirit of honor and courtesy which had marked the whole affair. The patriot General Miller, an Englishman, served tea to the defeated generals while Sucre's magnanimous terms were discussed. The Spanish generals were to keep their swords and uniforms, Spanish soldiers were to be sent back to Spain at the expense of the Republic. General La Serna agreed to surrender all Spanish forces in Perú.

The war was over and South America was free !

Soon the victorious patriots marched into Cuzco, where royalists joined with republicans in fêting the army with the

usual gay balls and parties. The Indians, rising to the occasion, danced in their native costumes to the plaintive music of their flutes and drums.

In the fortress of Callao and the provinces of Upper Perú two stubborn Spanish commanders refused to accept La Serna's surrender. Starvation eventually forced the remaining royalists in the fortress to submit, and General Sucre, sent by Bolívar to Upper Perú, made an end of resistance there.

Those were days of glory indeed for the Liberator. He had accomplished every daring dream and brought freedom to Venezuela, New Granada, Quito and Perú. Lima, delirious with joy, lavished honors and adoration upon him.

In the Villa Magdalena, Simón Bolívar and his vivid, spirited companion, Manuela Saenz, held high court. Manuela was more important to him than any other of the women who had loved him. He had first seen her when she leaned from a balcony to throw flowers to him, during his triumphal procession through the streets of Quito. That night he danced with her at a ball until dawn, and when he left for Guayaquil Manuela Saenz went with him, deserting her good but dull husband, the English Dr. Thorne.

During the year that Bolívar remained in Perú striving to start the new nation on its life, the Villa Magdalena was a beautiful setting for the brilliant social affairs of the Liberator and his Manuela. Today the charming house is the Museo Boliviano, its rooms filled with mementos of the heroes, Simón Bolívar, José de San Martín and Antonio José Sucre.

While Bolívar was busy in Lima, the citizens of Upper Perú had gathered in Chuquisaca under Sucre's direction, to decide on their form of government. They voted to become a separate nation, Republica Bolívar, begging the Liberator to accept the position of Supreme Director. Bolivar thanked them but de-

clined, appointing General Sucre in his place. So was initiated the Republic of Bolivia with Sucre its first president. Later on the capital city, Chuquisaca, was re-named Sucre in his honor.

Bolívar spent strenuous months organizing a national life for Perú. Then word came of trouble and dissension in the republic so dear to his heart, Gran Colombia. It was necessary for him to return, but, before leaving Perú, he set out on a triumphal progress through the "land of the Incas."

Every city turned out to honor him with the best display it could achieve. People of all classes from aristocrats to Indians came out to meet him, strewing flowers in his path. Indians in gaudy costumes escorted him with dances and music. He rode under triumphal arches while beautiful women, and little girls dressed as angels, presented him with extravagant gifts, such as wreaths of solid gold and golden keys to their cities.

The climax of the path of glory came at Chuquisaca, where the Liberator and General Sucre took part in the celebration for the first anniversary of the Battle of Ayacucho. There the citizens presented both generals with magnificent uniforms, swords and scabbards encrusted with gold and jewels.

Simón Bolívar was at the height of his fame. From one end to the other of South America he was worshiped and acclaimed. The liberated people lavished on him all the honors their extravagant imaginations could invent, but they could not take the gift of liberty and build from that foundation peaceful orderly nations.

Bolívar once wrote to a friend, "I fear peace more than war." It was a prophetic remark. Already local jealousies and the intrigues of ambitious men were tearing apart the Republic of Gran Colombia which he had created.

He returned to Colombia to spend the last few years of his

life in desperate efforts to restore order and unity among warring factions. His old comrade in arms, Páez of the llaneros, plotted with other old friends of the war to separate Venezuela from Gran Colombia. In Bogotá, Santander, who had been president in Bolívar's place since the Liberator had been in Perú, was no longer in sympathy with him. The interests of both Santander and Páez were in their own countries, their patriotism was local, and they did not follow Bolívar in his desire to keep Gran Colombia united.

The dissensions, disloyalties and petty intrigues of men who had been his friends, who should have been building a strong republic, broke Bolívar's indomitable spirit. His body was worn out with years of incredibly strenuous life, he had lost faith in the people. One crushing blow was an attempt by enemies to assassinate him.

During the last year of Bolívar's life, 1830, there was in all the lands of the north nothing but revolt and anarchy. The same was true of Perú. Simón Bolívar gave up the fight and planned to leave South America forever. He said farewell to weeping crowds of people in Bogotá and took the long journey down the Magdalena to the coast. There he became too ill to go farther.

A few friends who had come to him cared for him in a cottage at Santa Marta as fever consumed his frail body. There died the greatest hero of South America, bitter and disillusioned. "All who have served the Revolution have ploughed the sea," was his despairing comment on the heroic work of years. Simón Bolívar died believing that his life's work had been in vain, but future generations have given him the glory he cared for most.

José de San Martín, in exile, did not live to know how his character and work were to be revered by the people of Argen-

tina and of all South America; how he would be called El Santo de la Espada, the Saint of the Sword. On a hill above Mendoza today a splendid monument commemorates the Army of the Andes. Sculptured in relief against a background of rock the Army marches; the grenadiers, the foot soldiers, the artillery, the mules. Ahead of them, on a rocky point, San Martín rides his bronze steed, his gaze fixed steadfastly on the snowy crests of the Andes shimmering against the sky.

In Chile, Bernardo O'Higgins, the steadfast patriot, was deposed by the intrigues of enemies and finished his life in exile. He too was honored and appreciated after his death. His bronze figure stands between the trees on the Avenida de las Delicias in Santiago, which has recently been re-christened Avenida Bernardo O'Higgins in his memory.

Antonio José Sucre, one of the most gallant and high-minded of the South American leaders, struggled through several years of dissension and revolt as President of Bolivia before he resigned in 1828. From his home in Quito he went out several times to help Bolívar in the revolts which tore Gran Colombia apart. Then riding home to Quito, one time, over a mountain trail, he was shot from ambush by a royalist fanatic. The death of his comrade, whom he loved as a son, was the last blow to fall upon Simón Bolívar as he lay dying.

Freedom from Spain was won for the South American people by the heroic service of great men and the soldiers who followed them, but they had yet to learn how to become nations.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Age of the Caudillos

OUT OF THE turmoil of fourteen years of war — 1810 to 1824 — a group of young nations emerged to begin their life in the former Spanish empire of South America. They were justified in the pride and enthusiasm they felt, for, with small armies fighting under the most tremendous difficulties, guided by governing bodies of inexperienced men, they had overthrown the power of Spain and made themselves independent.

With their minds full of inspiring ideas the Creole upper class, which had carried through the wars, took on the rule of their countries. They organized congresses and elected delegates, abolished slavery and made laws to better the condition of the Indians. They wrote noble constitutions based on English parliamentary government and the Constitution of the United States, but republicanism really existed only on paper. Most of the leaders talked of democracy but few of them had any concern for the welfare of the people. Institutions were called by different names, but the class and social system of the colonies continued. Creole landowners and aristocrats, having got rid of their European superiors, now controlled the governments and the mass of the people, for whom the new governments meant a change of masters but little improvement in their way of life.

The new nations opened their doors to the world; diplomatic

recognition from the important nations was vital to them and they wished to be received as equals.

England and the United States had been the nations most sympathetic to the struggle for independence going on in South America. England had helped unofficially with loans and munitions, and many Englishmen fought and died in the wars. North Americans also enlisted, particularly in Chile's naval forces.

As Spain's power weakened, England had begun building up trade in South America even before the wars, and had consular representatives in the port cities as soon as there were South American governments to deal with. The United States also had consuls in some cities. Two men who were in the Argentine and Chile during the wars, Joel R. Poinsett and Jeremiah Robinson, gave their interest and counsel to the patriots.

It was natural for the people of the North American republic to have great sympathy for others in their struggle for freedom, and this popular feeling found a spokesman in Henry Clay. It was largely due to his perseverance that the United States recognized Gran Colombia in 1822. A few months later the other republics were acknowledged. We may well be proud that our democracy took the lead in welcoming the new nations of the Western Hemisphere.

England began diplomatic relations by acknowledging the Argentine government in 1825 and extending recognition to the other republics soon after. France followed suit a few years later, and in 1835 the Catholic nations of South America won recognition of their independence from the Vatican at Rome.

While the Spanish American republics were taking form, and

still fighting against Spain, England and the United States kept a watchful eye on European nations who might by helping Spain win for themselves territory on the American continents. It was to the interest of both those nations to prevent European powers from acquiring new possessions in the Western Hemisphere.

The English Minister Canning held many conferences with the American Minister in London on the subject, asking the co-operation of the United States in a declaration of policy. In return the United States asked England to accord recognition to the Spanish American republics. As the British government was not then ready to take that step, the two nations proceeded independently.

In 1823 President Monroe delivered his famous message to Congress which has gone down in history as the Monroe Doctrine. The policy contained in that declaration was adopted for the protection of the United States, for the government feared the encroachment of European powers and the establishment of monarchies in the Western Hemisphere. In effect, President Monroe's declaration was a warning to European powers of "hands off" in the Western Hemisphere, as well as a statement that the United States would not interfere in the affairs of Europe. The United States declared that "the American continents are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by European powers."

Although the Monroe Doctrine was formulated primarily in the interests of the United States, the South Americans understood it as a safeguard against aggression for themselves. At that time they had admiration for the strength and republican institutions of the United States, so that at first they welcomed the declaration of their powerful northern neighbor. They were still pleased, some time later, when a warning from the

United States, that no interference would be tolerated, caused Germany and England to settle a quarrel with Venezuela without going to war.

As foreign ministers took up their posts in the South American republics, after the wars, they must have found it difficult sometimes to decide which one of the conflicting groups represented the nation to which they were assigned.

Even while war against Spain was going on there had been war between rival groups of patriots whose ideas were opposed. No sooner was independence achieved than political and military leaders began quarreling among themselves so that civil war raged for years in some of the countries.

It was inevitable that South Americans should go through a long period of chaos and disorder, for they had to build their nations on the foundation of their past as Spanish colonies living under a highly centralized government and a more or less feudal social order. The white upper class inherited from their Spanish forebears the intense individualism and undisciplined spirit typical of the Spanish. Then, too, they were descendants of conquerors who had achieved fortune and position for themselves by bold individual effort. They could not attain to unity even in their own class.

The landowning aristocrats, who dominated the governing bodies of the new nations, were lords who ruled over lands and submissive laborers. The Indians and mixed-blood people of town and country were too illiterate, too accustomed to the rule of powerful masters, to become free citizens, without education in a democratic way of life. They could be ignored by the men who ran the governments, or easily manipulated by spectacular leaders.

In the mestizo class there were men of uneasy pride and ambition, always struggling to attain position among their

white superiors, who were an unruly element in the population. Many of these men achieved success as soldiers in the wars, rising to the rank of colonels or generals as Creole officers were killed. They tasted power and found an outlet for their ambition in leading military revolts.

When it came to organizing governments there were many problems to be solved. New governmental machinery, republican in form, must be set up to take the place of centralized Spanish administration. The question of monarchy or republic caused much argument for a while. Many of the finest men, like San Martín, thought that constitutional monarchy would give stability to the countries, while others took for their ideal, republican government as organized by the United States. Simón Bolívar, although he believed in democracy, planned republics with presidents elected for life, who would be practically benevolent dictators.

When the republican idea won out, there was yet the crucial struggle between those who believed in strong centralized government and others who wanted a loose federation of states. For centuries important cities and their provinces had been isolated from others by geographical obstacles and the difficulties of travel. Municipal governments were strong units in the Spanish colonial system. The people of provinces, even of cities, were intensely local in their feeling and loyalty. Anyone outside their own region was regarded as a "foreigner." When independence came, these provincial regions wanted to manage their own affairs, they had very little sentiment for national unity. This fiercely local spirit was to persist through many years in South America, and the struggle between federalists of the provinces and those who wanted centralization, was to cause devastating civil wars.

Only the strong hand of a dramatic leader could maintain government over so many unruly elements and conflicting ideas, so it came about that South American nations were ruled, some for many years, by powerful men who generally gained control by military revolt. They governed despotically until overthrown by another military leader, with troops at his command.

The Spanish name for those powerful makers of revolution was *caudillo*. Sometimes the *caudillos* were mestizo generals, ambitious for power and riches ; sometimes they were aristocrats of striking personality and positive ideas. They won the allegiance of soldiers who gave their loyalty to daring leaders ; they fed the people's love of spectacles with their extravagant displays, with martial celebrations, music and banners. *La Patria* had replaced Spanish monarchy as a symbol of unity for Spanish Americans and they liked to have it personified in a spectacular leader. The *caudillos* fed national spirit and dressed their tyrannical rule with high-sounding oratory to which South Americans were very susceptible. The best of these despotic rulers owed some of their power to the fact that they expressed the dimly felt will of the people who were too ignorant and untrained to act for themselves.

Dictators were probably necessary during the years when new nations were in the making. They could not successfully pass from the feudal order of the colonies to a truly republican system. A few of the nations worked through the disturbing age of the *caudillos* in a reasonably short time, others have not completely emerged from it yet. Under the rule of the *caudillos* the nations of today evolved, during the mid-nineteenth century, from the old colonial divisions.

GRAN COLOMBIA

IN the year of Simón Bolívar's death, 1830, the union of the north, which he had created and tried so hard to preserve, fell apart. The huge territory, without roads, broken up into mountains, rivers, plains and jungles, could not be held together under one government. Then, too, the people of the old kingdoms, whose interest was in their own locality, did not accept Bolívar's conception of the larger union.

In the Liberator's homeland it was General Páez, the llanero chieftain, who led the revolt to establish Venezuela as a separate republic. Both ambition and his feeling for Venezuela as "la Patria" led him to break away from Gran Colombia. Páez became one of the most picturesque caudillos, the first dictator-president of Venezuela.

The burly warrior of the plains became an admirer of culture and conservative aristocracy, so that he had the support of the important families in his rule.

For many years the old llanero was the power behind government in Venezuela even when he was not actually president. A series of dictators followed him during the nineteenth century, some of them fantastically bombastic, like Guzmán Blanco, the son of a journalist, who gave himself the title "The Illustrious American"; others tyrants like the mestizo cattle rancher Cipriano Castro whose cruelties were unbelievable. Cipriano Castro made trouble for Venezuela by his insolent attitude toward foreign nations.

Venezuela remained a land tyrannized over by men who repressed liberal thought and action; a land of mixed-blood people living in poverty while a small ruling class of white aristocrats continued their existence of luxurious charm.

Bolívar and Sucre had brought the old kingdom of Quito

into the union of Gran Colombia, but there was little sentiment among the people for this union. In 1830, leading citizens of Quito voted to form the separate Republic of Ecuador, choosing General Juan José Flores, who led the revolt, for their Supreme Chief.

Little Ecuador, its people predominantly poor Indians and cholos, cursed with many restless generals and idle soldiers, had little opportunity to become an orderly country. Revolution became the usual way of life. Indians of the highlands and cholos of town and country plodded along indifferently while governments rose and fell.

General Flores, the military caudillo, and Vicente Rocafuerte, leader of the liberals, were the dominating figures during some years of turmoil. The most powerful personality in Ecuadorian history during the nineteenth century was Gabriel García Moreno, one of the few civilian South American dictators. He was a lawyer and scholar of great ability, austere and upright in character.

From 1861, when he became president, Moreno controlled the country for fifteen years, although not continuously as president. His rule was sternly despotic, but constructive in many ways. Methods of agriculture were improved, roads were built to replace mule trails. The most important of these was a road from Quito to the coast, making the highland capital more accessible.

Schools were opened everywhere under the direction of the religious orders, for García Moreno was devoutly Catholic and believed that the people needed the moral discipline of the Church. Moreno's despotism increased with the years until every protesting voice was silenced in exile or death. Ecuadorian liberals in exile, ably led by Juan Montalvo, one of Ecuador's greatest men of letters, wrote with violence against

their own ends. Politics became the great game, for political position meant not only power but wealth, which could be used to win adherents. Ambitious mestizos climbed to power through politics and became dictators when they could control the army.

Santa Cruz, the Bolivian dictator, was a mestizo who claimed Inca ancestry and perhaps dreamed of restoring the Indian empire. He was sufficiently powerful and able to accomplish his ambitious scheme of uniting Perú and Bolivia in a Confederation to be ruled by himself. It did not last long, for Chile could not tolerate such a strong power to the north and joined with disgruntled Peruvians in a war which defeated Santa Cruz and sent him into exile.

The most famous dictator of Perú was another mestizo, Ramón Castilla, who ruled the country both in and out of the presidency from 1845 to 1862. He was more constructive than many of the caudillos, and, having wealth from nitrates and guano to spend, he made a great showing with such modern advancements as railways and telegraphs.

Two elements molded the history of Perú and Bolivia, making them different from Chile; the mountains, and the Indian people whose ancestors had formed the population of the Inca Empire.

The active life of Bolivia was concentrated on the lofty plateau, thousands of feet above sea level, overlooked by immense mountains. In Perú there were three distinct zones; the desert coast where irrigation in river valleys made oases of fertility; the lofty valleys and plateaus of the Andes between great ranges; east of the Andes a tropical region of luxuriant forest and great rivers, inhabited by untamed Indians. Communications between the three zones were primitive, and national life centered in Lima and a few other accessible cities.

In both Perú and Bolivia the mountain Indian people formed the base of the population. They were oppressed, ignorant, living in servitude to white masters. Their blood had been mingled with that of the Spaniards for several centuries so that the mestizo class was larger than the white upper class.

In Chile, on the other hand, a comparatively small population of Indians had been amalgamated with the Spanish so far back in colonial times that there was no longer a sharp separation between them. After the working people of haciendas and towns had fought in the patriot armies, they were all called Chileans. Only the Araucanian Indian nation remained apart in their southern kingdom.

Although the towering rampart of the Andes formed the eastern frontier of Chile, the mountains were too rugged and barren for habitation. People lived for the most part in the foothills, the valleys and along the sea coast.

Many of the upper-class families of Chile came from the Basque provinces of Spain where the character of the people was more energetic and practical than in other parts of Spain. When these Spaniards intermarried with English, Scotch and Irish who settled in Chile, they founded a nation very different in character from the Indian-dominated nations of Perú and Bolivia.

Chile, through the port of Valparaíso, had had more contact with foreign nations than other West Coast countries in the latter part of the colonial period. The English, as soon as independence gave them a free hand, built a thriving trade in Valparaíso. Chileans also went into maritime commerce and developed an ambition to control the sea on the Pacific coast.

In Chile the period of chaos and military caudillos was shorter than elsewhere because the great landowners had more undisputed control over a landless people than in the other

countries. They controlled the nation as they had the old kingdom, while the ordinary people, easy-going and gypsy-like in character, remained dependent on the ruling class for their existence.

Bernardo O'Higgins, as Supreme Director, ruled autocratically for a few years, but did many things for the benefit of the people. He was one of the few leaders with democratic ideas, so that he tried to provide education and better living conditions for the common people. When the opposition of enemies forced him to resign, he went into exile in Perú and, for seven years, chaos reigned in Chile.

There was a struggle between autocratic caudillos, of whom Ramón Freire was the most important, and the strong land-owning class. Liberal-minded men also strove for a share in government and for a more progressive system.

Diego Portales, a merchant, was the man who brought about a new era of order by his strong will and commonsense, by gaining the support of landholders and the Church. Organized during his years of power, Chile became in the mid-nineteenth century, a centralized state whose autocratic presidents ruled for the benefit of the landowners. Their firm rule brought order so that Chile was able to advance more rapidly than her neighbors in economic prosperity and civilization for the upper classes.

The feudal system of *inquilinos*, dependent laborers attached to the haciendas, remained intact, while workers in mines or in towns, the "*rotos*" (ragged ones) continued to live in poverty.

EAST OF THE ANDES

THE huge region of pampas and rivers, east of the Andes, had a different story from that of the West Coast countries. Fron-

tier existence had developed a sturdy spirit in the inhabitants so that they were able to take a more active part than others in the making of the nations which grew from the old provinces.

Antagonistic groups in the former Viceroyalty of La Plata opposed one another in civil war even while they were fighting Spain. When the Congress meeting in Tucumán, in 1816, created the United Provinces of La Plata they tried to make a nation which could not become a reality until years of bloody strife had passed.

Buenos Aires was the logical capital of such a federated nation as the Congress tried to create, because it was the port of the country and the most progressive city. Its political leaders were determined to rule the country for the benefit of Buenos Aires, but the provinces, made up of townsmen, rancheros and gauchos, refused to accept the domination of the Porteños. Destructive years of war were caused by conflict between Unitarios, men of Buenos Aires, and Federalistas of the provinces.

The provinces were led in their struggle by powerful caudillos who had their personal following of gaucho horsemen. They had power, these caudillos, because they understood their people who had held their own against wild Indians and who wanted no interference from a commercial city like Buenos Aires.

José Gervasio Artigas was one of the first caudillos. When he withdrew from the siege of Montevideo he set himself up as the Protector of Free Peoples, and, at the height of his power, controlled five provinces. His army was composed of the free men of the plains in a great cattle country, all of them opposed to the rule of Buenos Aires.

Artigas was the great warrior chieftain, adored by his savage

soldiery. An Englishman, Robertson, who visited his headquarters, described Artigas sitting on an ox skull among his men in a crude mud hut. He was eating with them from a section of beef stretched on stakes to roast over a fire on the floor, and drinking rum from a cow's horn.

The Protector of Free Peoples was more than a gaucho caudillo, however. He is considered by Uruguayans the father of their independence, for he was the spokesman for the people of the Banda Oriental, their leader in the struggle for freedom from Buenos Aires.

He attacked and captured Montevideo from Buenos Aires troops, holding it briefly as the capital of his domain. Then King João VI of Portugal and Brazil stepped into the conflict. His Spanish wife, Carlota Joaquina, who was the sister of the notorious Ferdinand VII, claimed the Banda Oriental as part of the kingdom belonging by right to the Spanish King. João VI saw in this claim a chance to extend the territory of Brazil to the Río de la Plata.

In 1816, King João sent an army against Artigas and captured Montevideo. War went on in the province, however, as Artigas resisted Brazil. The people of the province suffered intensely, for the land was overrun by soldiers, crops laid waste and herds of cattle destroyed to feed the army.

Soon Artigas was beset on both sides, for Buenos Aires took advantage of the situation to make war on him. It was too much for the gaucho chief and his undisciplined men, courageous as they were. Every battlefield was strewn with the bodies of men who never surrendered. Artigas was driven from the Banda Oriental and was eventually defeated, taking refuge in Paraguay. The Banda Oriental remained under Portuguese-Brazilian rule for some years—the next stage in

the progress of that province toward becoming the nation of Uruguay.

Artigas, because of his real belief in democratic rule by the people, was the most important of the caudillos who, in the years after the wars with Spain, led the battles of the provinces. There were many other chieftains whose bands of gauchos fought because freedom for themselves and their land of endless plains was the breath of life.

The gauchos belonged body and soul to the pampas. They lived by hunting wild cattle and selling their hides, or hiring out temporarily on the estancias (cattle ranches) for round-up and slaughter of cattle or breaking wild horses. But they never surrendered their liberty and when they had earned enough to drink and gamble at the village pulperia (store and saloon) they wandered off again over the plains. Money was spent to buy new horses for their string, silver-mounted trappings for a favorite steed, or a silver-mounted belt for the gaucho himself.

It was natural for these men to follow the caudillos who were oftentimes lords of leagues of land and vast herds of cattle. Buenos Aires, to the gauchos, represented politics and the law which they hated. Law interfered with the freedom of the gaucho by shutting him up in jail if, by accident, he killed his opponent in a knife duel. If he escaped prison he had to become a gaucho malo, an outlaw, whose hand was against every man.

So for years the nomad horsemen and provincial townsfolk followed the chieftains who fought the battles of the Federalistas against the Unitarios of Buenos Aires. The two parties hated one another with bitterness. First one party, then the other, seized power in Buenos Aires or set up government somewhere else.

A time of comparative order, although it was the dead peace of despotism, came when the terrible but fascinating figure of Juan Manuel de Rosas, supreme gaucho of them all, rose to power.

He came of a wealthy landowning family who had their patriarchal mansion in Buenos Aires and a huge estancia near the Indian frontier. Rosas had been an Indian fighter and lived among his gaucho horsemen like a comrade.

When he became Governor of Buenos Aires province, in 1829, he had large companies of gaucho cavalry and Indian troops devoted to his service. Rosas climbed to absolute dictatorship because he understood both the people of the pampas and the upper class of Buenos Aires with whom he belonged by birth. His class supported him because he revered the Church and the family, like a good Porteño. His own mother and father were treated with respect and his daughter, Manu-elita, a lovely person, was the only one who could stay his hand from deeds of terror.

Juan Manuel de Rosas called himself a federal, but his federalism meant that the caudillos of the provinces might rule their domains by bloodshed and terror so long as they gave allegiance to Rosas, the supreme caudillo. He ruled the whole country despotically from Buenos Aires, calling it the Argentine Confederation. The Unitarios were hounded and persecuted so that many of them, the most worthwhile citizens, lived in exile in Montevideo. Rosas had his spies everywhere to report any murmur of discontent or suspicion of intrigue. Brutal men of his club, the Mazorca, were permitted to hunt out suspected men in their homes, drag them to jail or kill them without benefit of trial.

The tyranny was dramatized by the color red, which became the badge of Rosas' brand of federalism. The dictator's ter-

rible soldiers were dressed in gaudy scarlet uniforms. The color of blood tinged the whole country as citizens tried to display their loyalty in their clothes, carriages and household possessions. The portrait of the dictator appeared on cups and saucers, fans and gloves. No one dared display blue in his possessions for that was the color of the hated Unitarios.

Yet this man, whose dictatorship is called in Argentine history *The Tyranny*, won respect and admiration from many people. In Buenos Aires the upper class, the merchants and foreigners, upheld him because under his autocratic rule there was order, so that business might proceed and prosperity increase.

Rosas resisted all attempts of England and France to intervene in his despotic rule of the country. It took another caudillo as strong in personality, as ruthless as himself, to dislodge him. This man was General Urquiza.

The Argentine Confederation of Rosas endured until General Urquiza took the field against him in 1851. Urquiza was governor of Entre Rios, a landowner with leagues of cattle land and hordes of gaucho soldiers. He treated the whole province as his private domain. Paraguay and Brazil were won to join his campaign against Rosas, for both of them were fearful of the dictator's ambitions.

Urquiza marched toward Buenos Aires with an army of twenty-four thousand men, the largest yet seen in South America. They met the Rosas army at Monte Caseros in a great battle. Many of Rosas' men deserted him, the army was defeated and the dictator fled to Buenos Aires. With his dear Manuelita he took ship for England. The man who had been a dreaded tyrant, rich and all-powerful, spent the rest of his life farming quietly near Southampton.

During miserable years of war the huge territory, once the

Viceroyalty of La Plata, was gradually shaped into the nations of the future.

The Banda Oriental passed to Brazil, in 1817, and remained under Portuguese rule and then that of the new Empire of Brazil until 1825. Then a group of Orientales, the Immortal Thirty-three, who were living in Buenos Aires, raised troops and entered the province. The people rose in answer to their call for a national gathering, a Congress met and its members voted to join the Argentine Confederation. That government accepted them, but Brazil would not give up the province without war. For three years the conflict devastated the country and so upset trade that England became the mediator between the two nations. Both Brazil and the Argentine agreed to relinquish their claims and the Banda Oriental, in 1828, became the Republic of Uruguay.

While generals and politicians clashed in war, one province of La Plata remained aloof. Small Paraguay, far in the interior, was isolated by the will of the all-powerful dictator, Dr. José Gaspar Rodríguez Francia. This stern, melancholy man was a native of Asunción, an accomplished lawyer. He was chosen by the citizens to be one of the consuls to govern them when independence was declared. From that moment Dr. Francia cleverly manipulated people and affairs until he had disposed of his fellow officials, and persuaded a Congress of easy-going Paraguayans to elect him dictator for life.

The inhabitants of Paraguay were, for the most part, simple mestizos and Guaraní Indians. They were easily managed by such a relentless person as Dr. Francia. He hated the clergy and old Spanish families of Asunción, persecuting them until he had the usually dominant class reduced to fearful submission.

The dictator's hatred of all foreigners included the governors of Buenos Aires, with whom he refused to co-operate. The

borders of Paraguay were closed ; no foreigners were allowed to enter the country, no trade was permitted.

Dr. Francia forced his people to become a self-supporting, self-contained small nation. The lazy Indians and mestizo farmers learned to grow all the necessary crops to provide the nation's food. Cotton was grown and woven into cloth for the people's simple garments, for no foreign goods might enter the country. The man power of the nation was trained into a strong efficient army.

While constructive life in the other provinces was continually disrupted by war the Paraguayans knew peace and prosperity, but they lived in the shadow of a terrible fear. El Supremo, as he was called, became fanatically suspicious and cruel as he held the country in his iron grip, year after year. Anyone suspected of opposition languished in prison or was executed.

El Supremo became to the simple people a figure of almost supernatural powers, regarded with awe and fear. They scarcely dared whisper his name. The gloomy dictator lived alone in his palace without friends, for no one dared approach him as man to man. He grew so morosely fearful of attack that, when he rode from the palace to the barracks, he sent attendants ahead to beat people out of the way with their swords. Citizens learned to scatter at his approach, so that El Supremo rode, a lonely somber figure, through empty streets.

When Dr. Francia died in 1840 the people were completely at a loss, having no idea how to plan government. They floundered until they found another dictator, Don Carlos Antonio López, a corpulent unattractive lawyer, who was a very shrewd person. He became president in 1844 and, like his predecessor, was elected dictator for life. López used the

country as his private domain for the enrichment of himself and his family.

López did, however, open the ports and rivers to trade with Buenos Aires. Contact with the world soon brought trouble, for the Argentine dictator, Rosas, thought Paraguay should become part of his Argentine Confederation. When the Paraguayans refused, Rosas closed the River Paraná to Paraguayan trade. This bottled up the country completely, for Asunción depended on the route down the Paraguay and Paraná Rivers for trade and outlet to the world.

Quarrels with Rosas led López to join with General Urquiza and Brazil in the war which sent the tyrant into exile. Then, with the ports and rivers once more open, López permitted Paraguay to join the company of recognized nations. He received ministers of the United States, France and England in Asunción.

Sophisticated social life, brought to Asunción by foreigners, made changes for the languorous provincial people of the small capital. Then when the dictator's son, Don Francisco Solano López, returned from a long sojourn in Europe, he introduced European manners and luxuries to Asunción.

As soon as his father died the younger López stepped into his shoes as dictator. He was a vain, bizarre person, who fancied himself a Napoleonic conqueror, and ruled his little court with fantastic pomp.

Small Paraguay at that time had the largest, best-trained army of any of the countries. Having military strength and great ambition, the younger López took a provocative attitude toward Brazil and Argentina in boundary disputes.

The ambitions of the nations clashed when it came to defining boundaries in the great primitive interior. López refused to join his neighbors in a joint commission to settle the ques-



tions, or to aid Brazil in an expedition that nation made into Uruguay. When pro-Brazilians came into power in Uruguay that nation, too, became an enemy.

López provoked war by seizing a Brazilian ship in the Paraguay River ; the three hostile nations joined against him, and, in 1865, Paraguay found itself at war with Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay. The Paraguayans were efficient soldiers who succeeded at first against the enemy armies, but the few Paraguayan ships were no match for the ironclads of Brazil.

As things began to go badly for Paraguay the soldiers were hurled recklessly into battle. They were gallant fighters and López did not care how many lives he sacrificed. Defeat was treated as a crime, for which both officers and their families suffered.

The war dragged on for five terrible years, until half the population was killed and the manhood of the nation destroyed. Only women, old men and children were left, and famine and disease took many of them. López refused to surrender, flogging his people on like a madman, until he himself was killed and there could be peace in the devastated land.

It speaks well for the vitality of the Paraguayan people that the nation could survive such a catastrophe and restore itself, as it did, to a more normal life.

The Hispanic nations of South America, untried in self-government, had to endure the rule of despotic, powerful personalities as they learned slowly and painfully to become modern states. One by one they emerged from turmoil, little by little the people learned to take a more active part in national life. Although territorial quarrels and mutual suspicion are not entirely a thing of the past, the nations are emerging from their narrow nationalism. They think of themselves now as self-respecting neighbors on the great southern continent.

CHAPTER XIX

Brazil Becomes an Empire

PORTUGUESE BRAZIL was developing in its own way toward the status of an independent nation while the Spanish colonies were struggling through their wars with the mother country.

During colonial times there had been murmurs against the Portuguese in some sections of the country and a few scattered attempts at revolt. Before the end of the eighteenth century a group of conspirators in Ouro Preto whispered plans for a republic. The conspiracy was betrayed to the government, most of the men escaped or were exiled. The humblest and most sincere of the plotters, called from his trade Tiradentes (Tooth-puller) was hanged with great ceremony in Rio de Janeiro in 1792. Tiradentes became in Brazilian minds the first hero of liberty.

After the arrival of the Portuguese Court, in 1808, Brazilians were temporarily occupied in taking advantage of increased trade brought about by the Regent Dom João. Many men watched with interest the wars which followed the declarations of 1810 in the Spanish possessions. But although there were disturbances, particularly in republican-minded Pernambuco and progressive São Paulo, there were no great efforts to win independence.

In 1815 Dom João pleased the Brazilians by raising their country to equality with Portugal in the "United Kingdoms of Brazil, Portugal and Algarves." A few months later, the

mad Queen having died, he was proclaimed King João VI of Portugal and Brazil.

King João VI brought many changes to colonial Rio de Janeiro. Foreign merchants came in great numbers, so that shops displayed European luxuries, furnishings and fabrics. Foreign visitors, English and French, introduced European manners and customs among the simple colonial aristocrats.

Dom João offered his people the use of the Royal Library of sixty thousand volumes, brought from Portugal. There were printing presses in Rio producing a few books and journals.

In the Botanical Gardens, which he founded, the King was experimenting with useful spice plants, fruits and exotic trees imported from other lands. On the royal country estate at Santa Cruz there was a delightfully Oriental tea garden tended by Chinese farmers imported for the purpose.

Music and the theater were Dom João's chief delights. He was astonished, when he first came to Rio de Janeiro, to hear the musical services of the Church splendidly sung by Negro choristers at the church of St. Ignatius Loyola. They had been trained by a Jesuit musician, Father Mauricio. The King appointed Father Mauricio director of music in his Royal Chapel where, aided by musicians from Portugal, he developed musical festivals which vied with those of Rome.

Probably plays in the Royal Theater were not very good, but such events, and festivals of music in the Royal Chapel, brought a new glamour of Court life to the Brazilians. Even the secluded women, following the example of the Portuguese, appeared at these functions in French costumes and exquisite jewelry. Their languorous beauty attracted so much admiration that they would never again consent to be shut up like nuns in their homes.

One of the most intelligent acts of Dom João was that of inviting a group of French artists and architects to live in Rio while they helped him make a cultivated capital of the provincial city. French architectural design gave style to new buildings, so that the city was more worthy of its glorious setting of bay and mountains. The brothers Taunay, painter and sculptor, and the historical painter, Jean Baptiste Debret, opened an Academy of Fine Arts.

The sophisticated Frenchmen had their influence on society and they, in turn, were enchanted with the exotic tropical land, its landscape and the colorful population.

Jean Baptiste Debret observed everything with a keen artist's eye, and drew everything, from formal state occasions to the picturesque street types of Rio and the primitive Indians of the interior.

Aided by Portuguese theatrical artists, he designed a marvelous pageant and ballet to celebrate the marriage of young Dom Pedro, the Crown Prince, with the Austrian Princess Leopoldina. The pageant must have been given in the Praça by the shore, on which stood the old Palace, for the crowning splendors of the show were the actual arrival of Neptune from the sea in his chariot and of Venus, stepping ashore from her conch shell.

Dom Pedro was a handsome, headstrong, intelligent prince, whose gracious easy manners endeared him to the people. They soon came to love Leopoldina also, who was a kind and lovely person. Her tender heart responded to any plea for help. More than that, she took an intelligent interest in the affairs of the kingdom. The popular young pair were good figures around whom to build the sentiment of Brazil for the Brazilians.

Leading men of nationalistic spirit made much of Dom

Pedro. They wished to educate him to think of himself as belonging to Brazil, to wean him from the influence of Portuguese nobles. National sentiment and desire for independence were strong among the most progressive Brazilians. They felt that their land had become the most important part of the United Kingdom of Brazil, Portugal and Algarves. Resentment against the overbearing Portuguese nobles in the country grew daily, while the moves of the government in Lisbon were watched with suspicion.

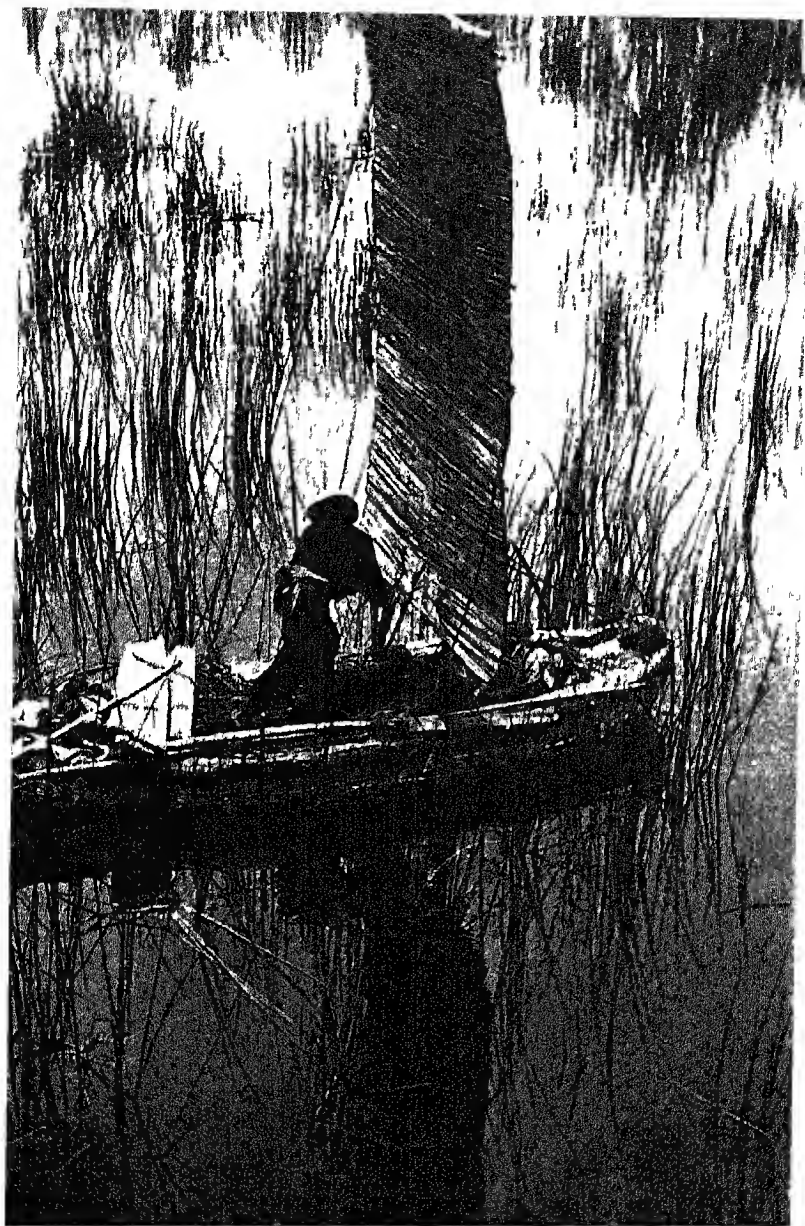
After driving out the French, a constitutional Cortes was ruling in Portugal. Its members intended to destroy the unity of Brazil by making each province a separate government ruled from Lisbon.

By the year 1821 King João VI, who wanted only to be let alone to enjoy his peaceful life in Rio, realized that he must exert himself to save his crown. The Cortes asked him to return to Portugal and he decided that he must go. Dom Pedro was appointed to rule Brazil as Regent.

The King was uneasy about the state of Brazil, for there had been republican revolts in the north and nationalistic sentiment was becoming outspoken. He counseled his son, "Pedro, if Brazil separates from Portugal, as seems likely, you take the crown yourself rather than let it fall into the hands of an adventurer." Then he took ship for Portugal, accompanied by a flock of nobles whose departure was greeted with rejoicing.

Dom Pedro's Minister of State was José Bonifacio de Andrada e Silva of São Paulo. He and his brothers were the leaders of the Brazilian patriots. José Bonifacio, in particular, was a great statesman, a man of culture and European experience, who was the guiding spirit in the making of independent Brazil.

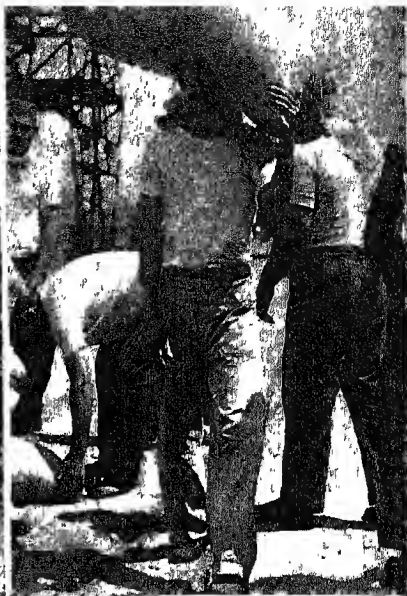
The young Regent called a Constituent Assembly, in which



Balsa on Lake Titicaca



Coffee picker, Brazil



Loading coffee, Santos, Brazil



the Andrada Ministry guided opinion and counseled Dom Pedro. They expected trouble and it was not long in coming.

The Cortes in Lisbon revoked all the rights granted to Brazil and sent an imperative command to Dom Pedro to return to Portugal to continue his education. The romantic, hotheaded prince had been well trained to consider himself a leader, a popular hero, so that this insulting message from the Cortes filled him with indignation. When a committee of leading citizens presented him with a flattering petition begging him to remain with them, he announced publicly that he would do so.

Soon after, news came to Brazil that the delegates sent to Lisbon from the Constituent Assembly had been coldly received and their claims rejected. This message caught up with Dom Pedro while he was hunting by the little stream of Ypiranga near São Paulo.

Dom Pedro rode to meet his guard of honor and, rising in his stirrups, cried: "Brasileiros! From this day our motto will be—Independence or Death!"

The Cry of Ypiranga, on September 7, 1822, began Brazil's independent existence. That proud moment in Brazilian history is commemorated, together with other patriotic events, in the sculptured reliefs of the imposing monument to Independence, standing before the Ypiranga Museum in São Paulo.

In Rio the Prince's dramatic defiance of Portugal was greeted with wild delight. On his twenty-fourth birthday he was proclaimed Pedro I, Constitutional Emperor of Brazil and Defender of the Catholic Faith. A few months later, in December, there was a magnificent coronation ceremony in the Royal Chapel. The young Emperor and Empress rode in their state coach under triumphal arches of flowers, through the narrow

streets which were strewn with blossoms and green boughs. From the balconies, hung with brilliant brocades, beautiful ladies of Rio showered bouquets on their rulers.

Brazilian patriots, led by the Paulistas, were strong for constitutional government. Pedro I hastened to initiate the sessions of the Constituent Assembly in Rio, to organize the government and plan a constitution. The formal opening of the Assembly was made an occasion of national rejoicing. Once more the Emperor and Empress rode through the streets in their robes of state, accompanied by the nobility in their coaches.

In the evening the momentous event was celebrated at the Royal Theater. Court society filled the boxes, the lovely ladies gorgeously dressed and decked with diamonds and feather ornaments. There were patriotic speeches and the singing of the national anthem to arouse emotion to a high pitch.

The crowning event of the evening was a piece composed for the occasion, called the Discovery of Brazil. After Portuguese discoverers had planted the banner of Portugal under the palm trees and conferred oratorically with the feather-decked native Indians, a chariot appeared from which leaped a little figure displaying the new imperial banner inscribed, "Independence or Death." Enthusiasm and shouts of applause almost overwhelmed the young rulers who now found themselves the leaders of an Empire.

Reasonably, with very little fighting, Brazil began her national life. A fleet, sent from Portugal, was held under the guns of the forts in the harbor of Rio until the commander gave up and went home. The Portuguese were entrenched in Bahia and some other northern ports, but, in 1823, Lord Cochrane, having resigned his position in Chile, came to help the Brazilians create a navy.

Dom Pedro, with Leopoldina beside him, spent much time in the shipyards at Rio de Janeiro, watching the fitting out of a small fleet under Lord Cochrane's energetic direction. Then the intrepid Admiral set sail with his few ships to attack Bahia.

The Brazilians had been raising an army in the provinces back of the city of Bahia to attack from the rear, while Lord Cochrane engaged the Portuguese ships in the harbor.

As the recruiting officers went through the wild region of the Sertão they came to the home of a Brazilian farmer. He had no sons but his young daughter, Dona Maria de Jesus, was fired with a burning desire to fight for her country. It took courage for a girl of sixteen to defy family and custom, but Dona Maria slipped away to the home of her married sister, borrowed a suit of her brother-in-law's clothes, cut off her hair and rode into the town of Cachoeira to enlist in the army. Boldly she faced the recruiting officers.

Her disguise succeeded, she was accepted, and fought so well that she won the commission of ensign and proudly wore the uniform of the Emperor's dragoons. When, finally, her identity was discovered, she was honored as a heroine of Brazil. To this day her story is cherished.

Probably Dona Maria took part in the attack on Bahia which, with the help of Lord Cochrane's ships, won that city for the patriots. Lord Cochrane defeated the Portuguese fleet and chased the ships far out to sea. With his usual daring and skill he then went on to capture the other Portuguese strongholds in the north.

In the following year the republicans of the northern provinces staged a revolt, fearing that Pedro I favored Portugal. They called themselves the Republic of the Equator. Lord Cochrane, sent with the fleet to bring the rebels to order, soon crushed this movement of separation. It was a warning to

Pedro I, however, that his people intended to have a voice in the government.

In 1825, Portugal accepted the situation and acknowledged the independence of Brazil. Other nations sent their diplomatic representatives so that Brazil was well launched on her national life.

Although there was controversy in the Constituent Assembly, between upholders of strong imperial authority and democratic nationalists, Brazilians in the cities expanded joyously in their new national life. They were proud of their nation, excited over their prosperity as they traded with other nations. They welcomed strangers to their land.

Great barons of the sugar and coffee fazendas had their fine mansions in Rio de Janeiro. The men were actively interested in government, while their wives bloomed under the gay social gatherings of the Court. Ships brought to Rio both the people and products of France. French dressmakers and milliners dressed the beautiful Brazilians; French shops in the Rua do Ouvidor, selling the luxuries, cosmetics and perfumes of France, began the reputation of that narrow thoroughfare as a place of tempting shops.

No longer were the wives and daughters of the upper class ignorant and secluded. There were academies to teach young ladies social graces, music, dancing and French. There were French tutors for the young gentlemen of the aristocracy, for education now assumed importance. Then and there began the deep influence of French culture and elegance which was to give a sophisticated overtone to the natural grace and warmth of upper-class Brazilian society.

Life in Rio was very pleasant indeed in those days, for the aristocracy had the festivities of the Court, and the people

enjoyed the gorgeous pageantry in the streets with which all state occasions were celebrated.

Traditional street festivals were still the joy of the mixed population of Negro slaves and mulattoes. Carnival then began to be a gay celebration, chiefly carried on by the Negroes, who sang and danced in the streets, dousing people with water and smearing them with flour. White gentlemen took part in the street fun, while gentle *senhoritas* joined in from the balconies, pelting each other with waxen balls filled with aromatic water.

Every wealthy family had its country estate, or *chacara*, in the exotic, luxuriant countryside back of the city. The simple country houses were surrounded with fragrant groves of orange and lemon trees, the gardens filled with tropical flowers, jasmine and mimosa.

At Christmas and Easter there were great festivities in the country houses; rich meals served on heavy silver plate, nights spent in amusement when the gay companies gambled or danced or listened to the melancholy sweetness of Portuguese songs rendered by the musicians.

Aristocratic life in provincial cities was more conservative, following the simple colonial pattern, for they were too distant from the capital to be much affected by Court life. Few of the cities ever saw their Emperor and Empress.

Slavery, of course, was the foundation of the easy, indolent upper-class life, and the means by which wealth came to the owners of coffee or sugar plantations, or of mines. As a rule, however, slaves in the country or in town houses were kindly treated. There was a patriarchal quality to life on the plantations, a friendliness between masters and slaves. The Negroes labored for their masters, but they also had free time, two

days a week, when they might work their own plots of land. They might grow a little coffee or fruit, raise a few horses or cattle, to sell for their own benefit. They might buy their freedom if they saved the price the master had paid for them.

Among the working people of Rio and other cities there were many free Negroes earning their living by small businesses, and many industrious and talented mulattoes. The people of color gave warmth and picturesque gaiety to street life in the cities. In Rio there were vendors in their varied costumes, chanting their wares with musical cries ; stately Negresses in full skirts and turbans selling their sweetmeats or African foods ; processions of slaves coming in from the coffee plantations, with full sacks on their heads, marching to the rhythm of African songs.

Coffee was coming into its own. Almost any man of means had at least a small plantation in the country and profited from the sale of his coffee. Roasted coffee was sold by Negro vendors from door to door in small tin containers, for it was universally used. Even the slaves had their morning ration of black coffee with their food.

In the red soil of Rio de Janeiro province and on the plateau of São Paulo the dark glossy green of coffee trees spread farther and farther. The Paulistas, inheriting the energy and ambition of the colonial bandeirantes, set hundreds of slaves to clearing the ground and planting coffee trees in ever larger estates. Down through the coastal range, Serra do Mar, by precipitous trails, pack mules brought sacks of coffee to the pestilential little port of Santos to be loaded on ships for foreign nations.

The men of the southern provinces, Paulistas in the lead, were the most progressive of the nation, the most determined to take an active part in liberal constitutional government.

Formerly the sugar barons of the north had been the dominating influence in the nation, but they were losing power to the energetic landowners of the south.

In the mining province of Minas Geraes there was still profit from gold and diamonds, but the people were finding a new source of prosperity in agriculture and cattle raising. Men of Minas Geraes were beginning to make their voices heard in the nation.

On the southern cattle plains of Rio Grande do Sul the owners of leagues of land were making money from hides, tallow and sun-dried beef. They were like the gaucho chieftains of the Argentine ; free horsemen and cattle men, living with patriarchal simplicity on their ranches.

In the hot provinces of the north, so near the Equator, life was more indolent than elsewhere. Lower-class white men and mulattoes aped their betters in scorn of work. It was the ambition of everyone to buy a slave or two so that he might live in idleness on the labor of his Negroes. English visitors, during the reign of Pedro I, saw more in the north of the harsh side of slavery than in Rio ; more of the misery and abuse of the Negroes. In every port city, including Rio, they were horrified by the tragic slave markets where gaunt, emaciated new slaves, just off the terrible slave ships, were put up for sale.

Although the profits from sugar had declined, the masters of the Casas Grandes still lived in patriarchal style on their plantations or in the mansions of Bahia, as old Salvador was generally called. Ships of France or England were often in the harbor, bringing trade, bringing foreign naval officers or diplomatic representatives to be entertained by the aristocrats in their conservative way. Occasionally, the Emperor and Empress came to pay a visit of state, arriving with a fine retinue

in luxuriously fitted ships. Visitors to Bahia in that period were carried up from the shore to the cliff city in sedan chairs, borne on the shoulders of Negroes.

Back of the coastal provinces where Brazilian national life was advancing rapidly, lay the vast jungles and rivers of the Amazon valley, the wildernesses of Matto Grosso and Paraná. Although the huge primitive interior was scarcely touched by the white man's civilization, it formed part of the Empire of Brazil—half of South America—over which arrogant, impetuous Dom Pedro became ruler.

For a few years the young Emperor who had led the country to independence was still the popular hero. But from the beginning there was trouble with the very intelligent, positive men of strong nationalistic feeling who composed the Constituent Assembly and the Ministry. They were professional men, clergy, magistrates, who were determined to curb the headstrong ruler and prevent him from becoming an absolute monarch.

José Bonifacio de Andrada and his brother, Carlos Antonio, were ministers in the Cabinet. They considered themselves the makers of Brazilian independence and intended to keep the arrogant young Emperor in hand. Soon the Andradas became heads of an opposition party of nationalists in which anti-Portuguese members joined, for they were always suspicious of the Emperor's Portuguese sympathies. Dom Pedro deposed the Andradas from office, dissolved the Assembly and presently exiled the Andradas to France.

Pedro I appointed a committee to draw up a Constitution. It was a liberal document which remained, with few changes, the Constitution of Brazil until the end of Pedro II's reign. The Constitution was adopted, but there was no harmony in

the government, for the struggle continued between the Emperor, the anti-Portuguese and radical nationalists.

When old King João died in Portugal, Dom Pedro became heir to the Portuguese throne. He abdicated in favor of his little daughter Maria da Gloria, but that did not reassure the nationalists. They feared that Dom Pedro would bring Brazil once more under the rule of Portugal. He was, after all, of the royal family and he was Portuguese, not Brazilian.

Although the politicians were in constant controversy with the Emperor, the people stood by him until he scandalized the whole country by his reckless infatuation for the beautiful Domitila Castro Canto e Mello of São Paulo. She was fascinating, seductive, and extremely ambitious. The people called her Madame Pompadour, for she was evidently determined to be the power behind the throne like famous mistresses of French kings. For some years she made and unmade ministers and controlled the Emperor's policies. He created a title for her, Marchioness of Santos, and built a beautiful villa for her close to the palace.

Pedro and Leopoldina as heads of the state had been much admired. Leopoldina's fine character and devoted motherhood endeared her to Brazilians. They adored their good Empress and were infuriated by the humiliation brought upon her, for the dashing Domitila openly flaunted her power over the Emperor. When the long-suffering Empress, who was very ill at the time, had a violent quarrel with Dom Pedro over the favorite and soon after died, the people accused him of causing her death.

Domitila expected Dom Pedro to make her Empress, but her ambition was frustrated by the Ministers and the dislike of the people. Dom Pedro married a charming young French

princess who was very popular, but he was not restored to favor.

In government, also, the arrogant Emperor was always at odds with the liberals and anti-Portuguese. Then the army deserted him and Dom Pedro realized that he would have to go. In 1831 he abdicated in favor of his small son, Pedro, only five years old.

With his wife and eldest daughter, Maria da Gloria, Pedro I departed from Brazil. The boy emperor and his sisters were left under the guardianship of José Bonifacio de Andrada, who had returned to favor. Regents were appointed to rule until the boy was of age.

Young Pedro and his sisters had a strange, lonely bringing up, under the care of tutors, without their parents, in the spacious palace at Boa Vista. The boy was Brazilian-born and his education, planned in every detail of health, recreation and study by José Bonifacio de Andrada, was designed to make him the accomplished ruler of his people.

Pedro had the serious honest nature to respond to his training. He loved books and pursued every branch of learning with interest. As he lived with quiet order in the palace and the exquisite country round about, the love of Brazil became his deepest emotion and was to be the guiding principle of his life. He was quite ready to take on his young shoulders the burden of governing his land for the good of the people.

Meanwhile, during the boyhood of Pedro, the three Regents had been replaced by a single one, the priest, Father Feijó. The government was in constant trouble. There was strife between political parties, mutinies in the army, secession movements in the north and south. For some years the people of Rio Grande do Sul resisted the national government and lived in practical independence. But as historians have said, the

political leaders of Brazil during that time gained valuable practical experience of parliamentary government.

In spite of disorders, Brazil had progressed farther than her Spanish American neighbors. There was freedom of speech and an intelligent free press. There was one government in the whole huge country. The people, except for the lowest class, had some political education. Their Parliament was a fairly representative governing body.

When Pedro was fifteen the Regent and Ministers decided that the appealing figure of the young Emperor would help to bring unity in the country. In 1840, the two chambers of the Parliament voted to declare him of age, and a deputation went to the palace to present the proposal to him. Pedro replied quietly, "I am ready." A year later the slim, serious boy was crowned with great ceremony as the Emperor of a vast sprawling nation of many provinces. His youth and simplicity roused among the people a feeling of affectionate loyalty.

His subjects varied from the cultivated upper class in the coast cities to primitive Indians in the interior. Slaves and mulattoes formed the lower classes in all populated regions. The provinces had poor communication with each other and their leading men thought first of local interests, only secondarily of national unity. It was a tremendous task for one so young to undertake, but Pedro II had been well trained for it. For nearly fifty years he ruled Brazil with disinterested wisdom, preserving the country as one nation when it might have split up into many states.

The young Emperor's Ministers set about choosing a bride for him, and settled on Thereza Christina, a Princess of Sicily. When Pedro II, nineteen years of age, went in state to the harbor to welcome his bride, he looked forward romantically to a beautiful girl. But, alas, his princess was positively homely

and walked with a limp. Pedro welcomed her courteously in spite of his disappointment. As it turned out, Thereza Christina was a splendid warm-hearted woman who devoted herself to the Emperor and to Brazil.

The imperial pair, with their children, set an example to the nation of sober, affectionate family life, very different from the wild behavior of the Emperor's father, Pedro I. The people loved both Dom Pedro and his Empress, who became symbols of national unity.

Only two wars disturbed Brazil's relations with her neighbors during the long reign of Pedro II. There was the joint enterprise with General Urquiza and Paraguay to defeat the Argentine tyrant, Rosas. Then, in 1865, the provocative actions of Paraguay's dictator López drew Brazil, along with Argentina and Uruguay, into the war so disastrous for Paraguay.

Within the country Dom Pedro's rule gave Brazil years of productive peace and progress, in contrast to the turmoil and civil war in the Spanish American republics. Pedro II was scrupulous in respecting the rights of Brazilians under their Constitution, but his was the guiding hand in all affairs of state and his the important decisions. He was a keen judge of men in his appointments and set an example by his own upright disinterestedness, so that the Brazilian national government was of unusually high character. The provinces, under governors appointed by the Emperor, had their elected legislative assemblies. Some historians have called Pedro II a "benevolent despot," but, although he kept a strong hand over the country because of his backward people, he believed that democracy was the ideal form of government.

The Emperor took a genuine paternal interest in the welfare of the humble folk of his realm. In the early years of his reign he established a weekly function which he called "receiving

the family of Brazil." On those occasions the poorest subjects, including slaves and Indians, might meet their Emperor and tell him their troubles and complaints.

Dignified and simple in manner, Dom Pedro, with his tall upright figure and bearded, kindly face, was a loved figure. He did not become personally known to the subjects of distant provinces until 1870 when he toured the country from one end to the other, received everywhere with enthusiasm.

In Pedro II's reign Rio de Janeiro became a cultivated capital with a brilliant but restrained Court life. France was the model for culture and social life; French language and literature were equally important with Portuguese, French furnishings and luxuries were the mode for the upper class. Painters, writers and musicians, like everyone else, looked to Paris for inspiration.

Rio had an Academy of Fine Arts, a Conservatory of Music, the National Museum and National Library. In the season performances at the Theater and Opera were brilliant occasions.

Foreign scientists, scholars and men of talent were welcomed to Brazil, for the Emperor was a man of the widest interests and of ambition for his country's advancement. In 1865 came the Swiss-American scientist, Louis Agassiz, and his New England wife, to conduct a scientific expedition among the jungles and rivers of the Amazon valley.

All the resources of the government were put at the disposal of the foreign scientists, although Brazilians themselves looked upon this venture into their primitive wilderness as a hazardous undertaking. The Agassiz party, however, spent months of profitable research, hospitably cared for by local officials and their families wherever they went. Mrs. Agassiz later published a fascinating record of life on the Amazon.

In Rio Louis Agassiz gave a series of lectures attended by the Emperor and the Court, including many ladies. Educational lectures were a new thing in Rio, and it was another innovation for upper-class ladies to accompany their husbands to such public functions.

Dom Pedro, who cared more for learning than for politics, had the education of his people deeply at heart. Elementary and secondary schools were opened in provincial cities. In Rio the *Colegio Dom Pedro II* became, as it has remained ever since, the National Preparatory School. In Ouro Preto a school of mines was established and schools of medicine in other cities.

The Emperor did much to beautify his beloved capital, and for the summer residence of the Court, he built Petropolis in a narrow valley among the jagged peaks of the Organ Mountains. To develop the region he invited Swiss and Bavarian mountain folk to settle there. They were simple industrious people who gave the village its air of a small German watering place. In the unpretentious country palace among delightful gardens, surrounded by villas of aristocratic families the Emperor and Empress spent quiet happy holidays. At first Petropolis was reached by a carriage road built up through the mountains, but later the first railroad in Brazil connected Rio de Janeiro with the summer residence of the Court.

In the mid-nineteenth century huge Brazil, sprawling and primitive, began to progress as a modern nation. One of the most necessary enterprises was the improvement of communications from one province to another, from the coast to the interior. For a thousand miles the rugged ranges of the *Serra do Mar* made a difficult barrier between coast and interior. The most efficient way to travel from province to province was by sea, from one port city to another. Before there were any

railroads Brazilian steamships were carrying people and goods up and down the coast.

Behind the coastal range the sparsely inhabited uplands, forests and mountains were crisscrossed by mule trails, a few rutted wagon roads, and cattle drives. Great herds of cattle grazed in the wild Sertão, in Minas Geraes, São Paulo and Rio Grande do Sul. At certain seasons they were driven for miles to fattening pastures, over trails like the old Texas cattle drives in our country. Then they were driven on to slaughter houses near the cities, for having no ice, fresh meat had to be consumed as soon as slaughtered. In Rio Grande do Sul cattle were driven to the charqui establishments. There the thin sections of meat stripped from the carcasses were salted and hung to dry in the sun like an enormous wash.

Aside from the trails, people traveled a great deal by river, in barges or dugout canoes. By the time the Agassiz party made its expedition, in 1865, the government had wood-burning steamers plying on the Amazon and some of its tributaries. Their progress was slow and they had to tie up nearly every day at some small settlement to lay in a stock of wood for fuel. To this day small local steamers on the Amazon proceed the same way.

In that mysterious region of rivers and jungles there were small cities—Belem, Santarem, Manáos—occupied with trade in forest products. Along the banks of the rivers lived Indians in their grass houses, with a primitive simplicity little changed from the customs of their remote ancestors.

Railroads were necessary for the advancement of Brazil, but the government had neither the money nor the skilled engineers for the work. To be sure, the Dom Pedro Railroad from Rio to Petropolis, built up the mountains by switchbacks, was

His hope was vain, for the abolitionists and growing republican party worked industriously in Parliament for the emancipation of the slaves. In 1888, while Pedro II was in Europe for his health and very ill, his daughter Isabel was ruling as Regent. Being an ardent abolitionist herself she did not oppose the abolition bill in Parliament. When it was passed she signed the decree, in May 1888. It must be signed, Isabel declared, even though it cost her the crown. The event was celebrated with great rejoicing in Brazil and congratulations were sent from the United States and other countries.

In Europe the Empress Thereza brought the news to the bedside of the sick Emperor. "What a great people!" he exclaimed, and from that moment he began to recover, to go back to them.

The emancipation of the slaves not only lost Isabel her future as Empress of Brazil, but had much to do with the overthrow of the Empire under Dom Pedro's rule. The importation of free labor from Germany and Italy for the coffee fazendas had begun some time before, but most of the landowners and others, whose business depended on slave labor, were faced with ruin. They received no compensation for the loss of their slaves who, as soon as they were free, left the plantations to seek little jobs in the towns. Infuriated landowners joined with republicans in opposition to the Emperor.

When the benevolent white-bearded Emperor and his wife returned to Brazil they did not realize that the warm welcome of the people was only a personal tribute to them. The younger leaders of the country were dissatisfied with the Emperor, the republican party had grown in strength and determination. Landowners and business men joined the republicans, blaming the loss of their slaves on the Emperor. Throughout the country there was a surge of republican spirit

demanding the end of the dynasty. "The monarchy is an exotic plant on the American continent," was the slogan of the republican party.

They looked at their Spanish American neighbors—all republics—and decided that it was time for Brazil to take her place among them as a republic. One reason for haste was that the leaders did not like Isabel and her French husband, Comte D'Eu. They feared that, after Dom Pedro's death, it would take a real revolution to bring about a republic. Army generals, backed by their soldiers, were also taking an active part in politics. They became a determining factor in the republican party.

Pedro II, with characteristic tolerance, did not interfere in the controversies. It was a shock, however, when on November 15, 1889, General Deodoro Fonseca with the troops of Rio seized the government buildings and declared for a republic. Army officers rode to the palace to inform the Emperor that he must abdicate. Pedro II signed the papers without protest, for he would not oppose the will of the Brazilians.

The Emperor and his family were informed that they must leave the country at once and they were hustled on board a ship at night with unfeeling haste, for the officers feared a revolt of the people when they learned the truth. The Empire was overthrown and a republic set up so swiftly that the people remained passive and bewildered, mourning the loss of their dearly loved rulers.

Pedro II and Empress Thereza were never again to see the land they so fondly loved. Thereza Christina could not survive the loss and died soon after they reached Portugal. Dom Pedro failed rapidly, broken-hearted over the disloyalty of men he trusted, suffering in exile from his beloved land. In two years he, too, was dead.

Pedro II, by his wise, tolerant and strong rule, and by great personal qualities, had given his land peace, progress and civilization. Brazilians, when the Empire came to an end, had more real freedom than any other people in South America. In time, republican Brazil realized the debt she owed to Dom Pedro. The bodies of the Emperor and Empress were brought back from Portugal to Brazil with all honors, to rest in the church at Petropolis, among the mountains they loved.

PART V
SOUTH AMERICA TODAY,

CHAPTER XX

Ten Republics

CENTURIES HAVE rolled by since human beings, on the continent of South America, first began to make homes for themselves and build civilizations. Some of the dark-skinned people whose ancestors came from Asia advanced far in agriculture and arts. Spaniards and Portuguese conquered the native races and imposed upon the continent their European culture. During the course of three centuries the blending of races created ways of life to which all the peoples contributed. Descendants of Spaniards and Portuguese became Americans, they belonged to the New World ; it was necessary for them to break with the mother countries in order to build their independent nations.

Each country, as it developed its national life, had geographical difficulties to contend with, had to learn how to use its resources. The continent of South America is one of the richest, most varied, most dramatically beautiful land masses on the face of the globe. Everything is huge, everything is extreme ; there are some of the most tremendous mountains, the largest rivers, the most immense plains and forests, to be found in the world. South America has every variety of climate, from the tropics to the Antarctic cold of Cape Horn.

Among the republics of South America, those hampered by the hot, damp climate of the tropics have advanced more slowly in civilization than those in the southern part of the continent where the climate is temperate. In every phase of

South American history the peoples have conquered great physical obstacles in order to make use of natural resources.

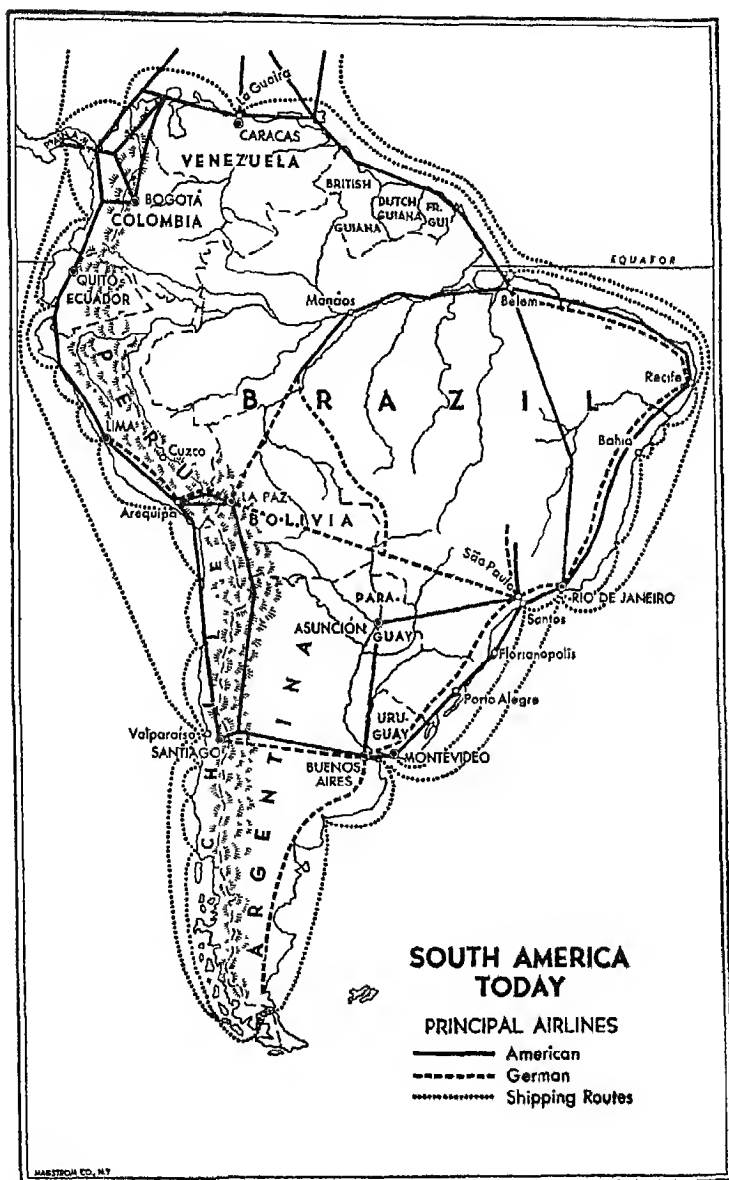
South American nations, from the mid-nineteenth century to the present time, have been faced with the problem of how to utilize the treasures of their lands for national prosperity. Their mountains contained vast stores of valuable minerals, jungle forests were rich in medicinal plants and useful woods, plains were capable of supporting animal life and of producing immense food crops. The fertile plains needed only industrious farmers to become productive, but the riches of mountains and forests were inaccessible.

In every nation it was necessary to replace trails with roads and railways, to span mountain rivers with bridges, set steamers to navigating the streams. However, the republics had neither the capital nor the skilled men for such difficult undertakings. They possessed the raw materials greatly needed by industrial nations, particularly the United States, Germany and England. These nations had money, machinery, and experts to help the South Americans develop their resources.

So it came about that foreign capital and experts built railways, telegraph lines, power plants ; they developed mines and plantations. South American governments received income in royalties paid by foreign companies, but the development of their resources remained in foreign hands. South American nations based their economic life on the export of raw materials and the import of manufactured goods.

Among mighty mountains and dense tropical forests construction problems made it impossible to build enough roads and railways to open up all the interior or connect isolated towns. Now, in the twentieth century, the airplane has conquered the continent.

Planes soar over the Andes and the Amazonian jungles ;



they fly from the coast over deserts, canyons and mountains to inaccessible cities of the interior. Airplanes transport mining machinery to mines high in the Andes, and fly out with minerals which otherwise would be transported on mule-back over long wearisome trails. Indians who had never seen a railroad train or an automobile were first introduced to the modern world when these gleaming metal birds swooped down from the sky on their high plateaus.

Air services, like other means of transportation, were mapped out and run by foreign companies. Although South America is very dependent on Pan American and Panagra Airways, which link the whole continent with their lines, the most progressive nations are establishing national air lines, as they are also gaining control of their railroads.

South America is linked with the trading nations of the world by steamship lines which girdle the whole continent. Cargo ships and passenger liners have shuttled back and forth for years between Europe and the southern continent. East and west, South American ports also carry on a lively seaborne trade and exchange of passengers with both coasts of the United States. Now that commerce with Europe has been interrupted by war conditions South America is faced with grave problems.

The nations have deep national pride; they wish to govern themselves without dictation from any foreign nation. Totalitarian governments will not find it easy to impose their will on South Americans unless necessities of trade force governments to submit. South Americans fear interference by the United States as much as from Europe.

Their national pride is expressed by celebrations of historical events and national days, on which occasions the governments now exchange greetings with their neighbors. For in spite of

memories of bitter wars, in spite of jealousies and boundary disputes, there is growing among South Americans a feeling of sympathy and friendliness toward their neighbors, a sentiment of continental unity.

Although most of them have grown beyond the age of caudillos, their presidents generally have great power, and the people, except in the most progressive countries, have little voice in government. Wealthy landowners and aristocrats still have the controlling influence, although their power is challenged by a growing middle class.

It is a long-established tradition for the people of wealth to spend much time in travel, enjoying sophisticated life in foreign capitals. When they are at home in South American cities their cultivation and talent for gracious hospitality give a delightful quality to social gatherings.

Upper-class people have been responsible for the growth of higher education in universities and special schools where their children receive intellectual training. For the children of those who have neither money nor position education still has far to go in most countries.

The republics began their national existence with a basic population of poverty-stricken, illiterate people, generally of mixed blood. They inherited a feudal social system and progress was frequently interrupted by civil war, so that it was many years before South Americans attained to a democratic conception of national life, based on the welfare of all the people. Some countries have advanced farther than others toward that ideal. But in every nation progressive people in public life and others, working through private institutions, are striving to improve education, health and living conditions for the underprivileged.

Warm-hearted, intelligent women find an outlet for their

energies in social service, public-health clinics, nursing and many civic enterprises. In Ecuador, Brazil and Chile women have the vote, but their chief interest in politics is the opportunity, by political means, to advance the work in education and public health.

The old tradition, inherited from Spain and Portugal, that woman's place was the shelter of her home, obedient first to her father and then to her husband, is rapidly passing away in most countries. Girls share university work with young men, they engage in sports, earn their livings in shops and offices. South America is still, to be sure, a man's world. Brilliant women, however, by achieving distinction in the professions and arts, are showing the men that they may have a professional and creative life of their own without losing their traditional charm.

CHAPTER XXI

Nations of the North

VENEZUELA

BOLIVAR'S HOMELAND, Venezuela, is today a land of contrasts ; tropical jungles and lofty Andes ; mule trails and highways, ox-carts and automobiles ; Indian grass huts on stilts, such as the Spanish saw along swampy shores, and imposing national buildings in Caracas ; primitive poverty-stricken life and modern sophistication. The people of the country display all shades of complexion, from Negro and Indian to white.

At the port of La Guaira great green shoulders of the mountains slope steeply to the sea. Near the traces of the old colonial mule trail to the capital, Caracas, an exciting modern highway twists up through the mountains. Steamers navigate the great Orinoco River, airplanes transport people from coast towns to those of the Orinoco region. American planes on their return trip to the United States carry exquisite orchids of tropical Venezuela to florists of New York.

Venezuela is important to the great nations of the world because of its wealth of "black gold," petroleum. The country produces more petroleum than any other nation except the United States and Russia. Oil derricks stride into the waters of Lake Maracaibo, a center of rich oil regions. The sanitary settlements of the foreign companies contrast with Indian hovels whose inhabitants are employed in the oil fields.

Foreign prospectors discovered Venezuela's oil during the

rule of the dictator Juan Vicente Gómez. That shrewd half-Indian mountaineer, who held Venezuela in his grip for nearly thirty years, made such a clever deal with American and English companies that he acquired great wealth for himself, as well as for the country. Gómez paid off the national debt, making Venezuela popular with other nations; he gave the country stable money but a high cost of living. American Standard Oil and Gulf, and the English Royal Dutch Shell, control Venezuela's oil industry, while the country profits from the taxes and royalties they pay to the government.

Juan Vicente Gómez, a cattle rancher of the foothills with little education, had been the henchman of the notorious Cipriano Castro. He climbed to power through a military revolt in which he seized the country and replaced his former boss. So cruel was his dictatorship that he was called the Tyrant of the Andes. The country's resources were used for the benefit of the dictator, his family, friends and hangers-on. He owned most of the cultivated land and controlled all enterprises.

Foreigners saw only the handsome new buildings in Caracas, the highways leading to the country capital, Maracay, where Gómez built model farms and dairies as well as palaces and country clubs. They did not realize that the people of the country remained illiterate, poverty-stricken, held back by poverty and malnutrition. When the Tyrant died in 1935, the people could scarcely realize that they were free at last of the smothering terror under which they had lived so long.

A more liberal government now makes it possible for progressive Venezuelans to improve their country and the lives of its inhabitants. Idealistic people, among them many women, are busy with public-health projects, housing and education.

Venezuelans have dwelt on the stories of great deeds in the

Wars for Independence; they venerate the memory of the Liberator, whose tomb in Caracas is a goal for pilgrims from the entire continent. Young men of Venezuela, who are now intent on the future instead of the past, are striving to make of their land a nation worthy of Bolívar's efforts.

Those nations which were part of Gran Colombia—Ecuador, Venezuela, Colombia—have carried through jointly a splendid enterprise, the Bolívar Highway. From Caracas, through Colombia to Quito in Ecuador, useable roads are open almost the entire distance. The roads climb from smiling mountain valleys over bleak passes, and down again to tropical river valleys; they pass through Indian villages, dreamy old colonial towns and modern cities, in these lands of vivid contrasts.

COLOMBIA

THROUGHOUT its history Colombia has been hampered by the geographical character of the country. Three immense rugged ranges of the Andes cross the country north and south, with the deep valleys of the Cauca and Magdalena Rivers between them. Construction of roads and railways in such country is tremendously difficult.

People of the interior cities are now released from isolation by the airplane. It still takes from six days to two weeks to reach Bogotá by steamer on the Magdalena and then by train, while planes from Barranquilla near the river's mouth soar over jungle and mountain to the capital in three hours. The pioneer air line in South America, Scadta, was established in Colombia by a German company in 1919. It has recently been nationalized by the Colombian government.

Well-to-do citizens fly as a matter of course from one inaccessible city to another, or from the interior to the coast. Less

prosperous people must still make laborious journeys by river, train and road, or even by mule trail. Paddle-wheel steamers, like those of the Mississippi, transport goods and passengers to and from the interior on the Magdalena. It is a treacherous river for navigation because of the rise and fall of its waters and its many sandbanks. Sections of the Bolívar Highway connect old colonial towns and modern cities, as the road winds through the wild beauty of high mountains and deep valleys.

Inaccessibility is still the great problem for Colombians in their efforts to profit from the rich mines of their mountains. Gold and emeralds, so precious to the Chibchas and Spaniards, are still plentiful, while mines of rare platinum are a new source of wealth.

Sunny highland slopes are so favorable for coffee trees that Colombia has become famous for its high grade coffee, for which the United States is the best customer. Standard Oil and other companies hold concessions for Colombia's valuable oil fields. They are not yet completely developed because Venezuelan oil is more accessible. In the lush tropical lowlands the United Fruit Company has built a great banana kingdom. As elsewhere in South America Colombians must still depend on foreign capital and enterprise to develop their natural wealth, but they are becoming increasingly anxious to nationalize their resources.

After years of governmental ups and downs, due to political parties of opposing ideas, Colombia is enjoying orderly government. Many people among the small ruling class are intelligent and progressive, yet they have made only a beginning at creating a decent life for the mass of the population, most of whom are of mixed blood.

Bogotá, on its high plain among the mountains, is still, as in colonial times, a proud intellectual city. It is famous for its

schools, its colleges, and men of letters. Colombians boast that they speak and write the purest "castellano" (Spanish) in South America.

Side by side, in Bogotá, with stately old Spanish churches and mansions, are buildings of handsome modern architecture. Eager, alive modern people are busy with projects of social welfare, while conservative old families wrap themselves in the pride of their traditional culture. Somber Indians drive their burros among automobiles in the streets.

Colombia lost Panamá when that province revolted in 1903. This happened just at the time when the United States government was negotiating with the Colombian government for a concession to build a canal across the Isthmus, a project in which a French company had failed. The Colombian Senate failed to ratify the agreement which had been prepared by Colombians and Americans.

Soon after, when Panamá revolted, United States troops prevented Colombian troops from marching against the rebels. Three days after Panamá declared its independence the United States recognized the new state, and President Theodore Roosevelt made the unfortunate statement, "I took Panamá." Soon an agreement was signed with the Republic of Panamá for the lease of a strip of land across the Isthmus, and work was begun on the Canal.

The high-handed procedure of Theodore Roosevelt in the Panamá affair was one of the aggressive acts of the United States responsible for making our government feared and disliked in Latin America. It has taken years of work by fair-minded statesmen, as well as the benefits coming to Colombia and other countries from the Canal, to heal the resentment. In 1921 the United States satisfied Colombia by the payment of an indemnity.

When the Panama Canal was opened to shipping in 1914 it was not only the countries facing on the Caribbean Sea which profited, but a new era of life began for the West Coast countries. Ecuadorians, Peruvians, Chileans, had henceforth easy access to Europe and to Atlantic ports of the United States. Gone were the days when windjammers and freighters beat through the stormy waters off Cape Horn, or through the Straits of Magellan, to trade with the West Coast countries. Gone, too, was the later period when goods and passengers were transferred from Panama City by the American-built railway to the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. The trade and the peoples of all the world now flow with the ships through the Panama Canal. The narrow waterway which divided the continents linked more closely Anglo-Americans and Latin Americans through the peaceful avenues of commerce and travel. Now that the nations of the Western Hemisphere must unite to defend their civilization, the Panama Canal is vital to both North and South America.

CHAPTER XXII

Nations of the West Coast

ECUADOR

SITTING ASTRIDE the Equator, small Ecuador seems to belong to the north through its mountains, which are a continuation of the Colombian ranges, while its coast land, facing the Pacific Ocean, links it with Perú and Chile.

Just as it was in the past, the civilized life of the country is concentrated on the coast and in the highlands. East of the Andes a great region of tropical forests and rivers, called the Oriente, slopes down toward the Amazon basin and merges vaguely with Perú to the south. So vague were the boundaries of the colonies that the Oriente today is a bone of contention between Ecuador and Perú. The two countries* have not yet been able to agree as to what part of the Oriente should belong to Ecuador, and what part to Perú. Although little settlement has been made in this tropical, inaccessible region, inhabited mostly by primitive Indians, the Oriente has such potential riches in forest products that each country is anxious for its possession.

In Ecuador, as in the other Andean countries, the most intelligent people are concerned with the great problem of bringing the Indian population into the national life. In the old kingdom of Quito, part of the Inca Empire, the native people were farmers and craftsmen. Their descendants, after centuries of white men's rule, cling stubbornly to their ancestral ways of life. Having known oppression and injustice, through-

out those centuries, the highland Indians of Ecuador fear the white man's laws and want only to be let alone.

Indians attached to the haciendas still live in poverty and servitude, although some effort has been made to improve their lot. Some tribes of the highlands have their communal lands or small mountain farms. Steep slopes are patterned like patchwork quilts with the small fields laboriously cultivated by Indian farmers. The people live self-sufficiently, using the materials provided by nature for the things they need in daily life. Working in their perpendicular fields, or driving their flocks of animals to the gay weekly markets, the Indians are a colorful part of the Ecuadorian picture.

From the wool of their sheep are woven their full skirts, their shawls and ponchos, dyed in brilliant colors. Indian farms on hilltops, with mud-walled corrals for the animals, and huts with walls of interwoven cane and steep roofs of thatch, seem to belong to a more primitive age than the present. In lovely highland country, north of Quito, the Otavalo Indians—fine, intelligent people—live a serene productive life, with their own village laws and communal lands. They are famous for the beautiful woven fabrics of wool made by the men, who are skilled weavers.

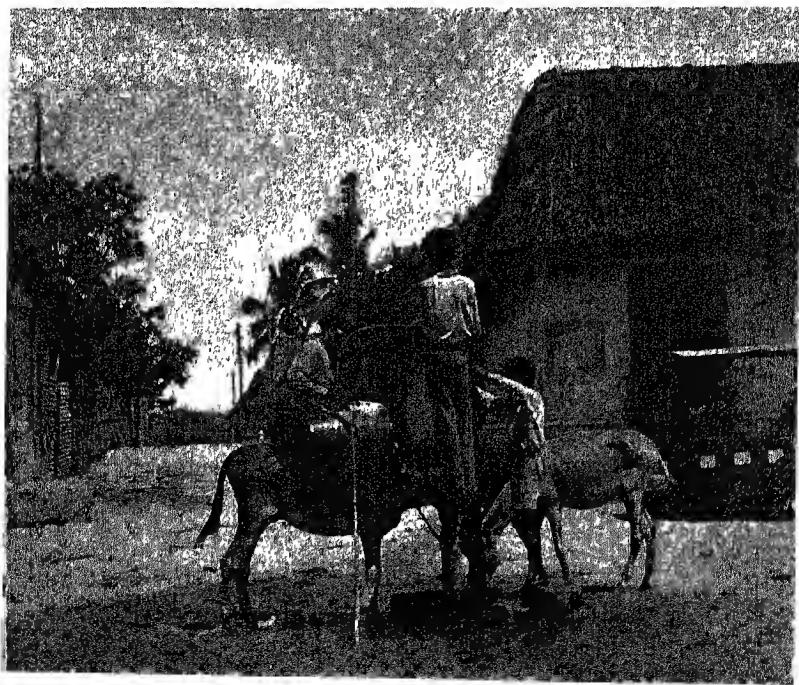
In modern Ecuador three quarters of the population is either Indian or of mixed blood. Among the people with more or less Indian blood in their veins, called *cholos* in Ecuador, there are fine craftsmen who weave beautiful rugs and carpets. From among the *cholos* there is rising a middle class of small business men, shopkeepers, and lower ranks in the professions. These people, with the aid of progressive intellectuals in the upper class, are working to change the traditional social pattern of great landowners, rich aristocrats and the very poor.



Llamas in the highlands of Perú

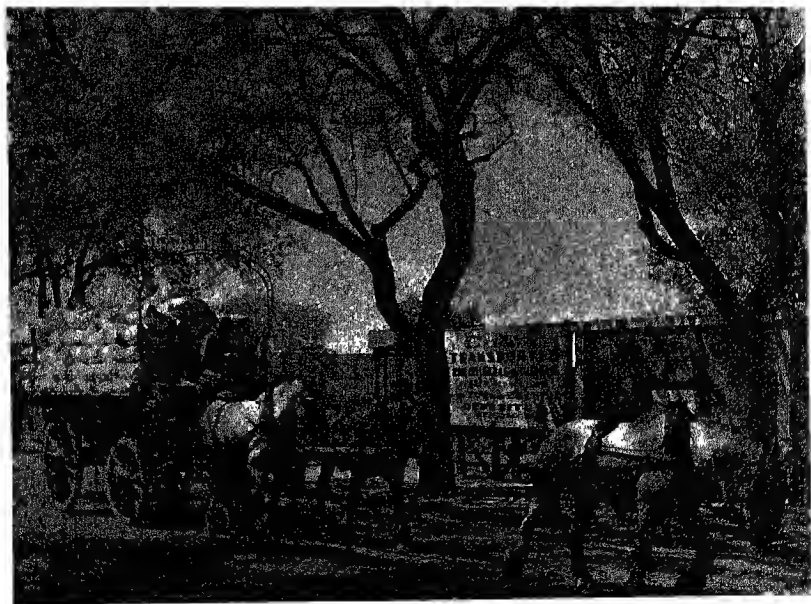


Peruvian Indians





Statue of General Mitre, Buenos Aires, Argentina



For generations huge haciendas, producing cacao and sugar in the lowlands, cattle and wheat in the highlands, have been run by administrators directing Indian labor. Absentee owners and their families, meanwhile, have enjoyed life luxuriously in Europe or New York. When, at intervals, these families have lived in their homes in Quito, they have given that charming old city its gay social life.

Ecuador, like other South American countries, has been ruled by generals, politicians, aristocrats. Things are beginning to change, however, for wealth no longer flows so freely from the haciendas, and the demands of progressive intellectuals and a lower class for a more just social order will have to be met. So far, in its history, the country has been hampered in advancement by political upheavals, by the inaccessibility of its interior and wide-spread poverty among its people.

Still, as in past ages, the only effective seaport is Guayaquil on the Guayas River. For a long time the country's trade suffered because ships avoided this unhealthful tropical port. Some years ago, however, the government, co-operating with doctors of the Rockefeller Foundation, cleared Guayaquil of yellow fever and other tropical diseases, making it a Class A port. Now ships of many nations anchor in the broad river, to receive the products which come floating down by barge and small steamer from the interior; bananas and other fruits, cacao, sugar, tagua nuts or vegetable ivory, palm products, balsa wood. The fine hats mistakenly called Panama are also shipped from Guayaquil.

A railroad to connect Guayaquil with Quito was a difficult project, for it had to be carried across jungle lowlands and up through the Andes. The Ecuadorian government, together with two ingenious North American engineers, John and

Archer Harman, accomplished the feat. By rail and plane the mountain capital, Quito, now has easy access to the outside world.

PERÚ, BOLIVIA, CHILE

As soon as freedom from Spain opened the ports of Chile and Perú foreign nations, particularly England and the United States, sent their ships to trade with West Coast countries. Sturdy barks under sail, then steamships, came around the Horn to fill their holds with the guano of Perú and the nitrates of Perú, Bolivia and Chile.

Guano was produced by enormous flocks of sea birds, feeding on fish in the cold Humboldt Current off the Peruvian coast. For centuries they had nested on the islands off shore and on rocky headlands. Their accumulated droppings, making the islands glisten like rocks of salt in the sea, constituted a fortune in fertilizer because the birds fed exclusively on fish. The Incas, with their usual sagacity, had used this fertilizer for their fields.

Without thought for conservation of this valuable store the greedy ambitious politicians and generals who ruled Perú in the mid-nineteenth century exploited the guano for the immediate wealth it brought. Ruthlessly they drove gangs of Indians and Chinese coolies, imported for the purpose, to excavating the thick deposits of guano, until the supply was nearly exhausted. When guano diminished, the ruling men turned their attention to the nitrate deposits discovered in the barren desert of Tarapacá. This region is now the northernmost province of Chile, but at that time it belonged to Perú.

Wealth from guano and nitrates led Perú, in the 1860's, into an enthusiastic era of railroad building. From Chile

came a Yankee soldier of fortune, named Henry Meiggs, to build roads for the Iron Horse in Perú. He had been a Forty-niner in the Gold Rush of California. Having become involved in financial troubles, Henry Meiggs escaped in a schooner to South America, landing first in Chile.

Soon he rose from a penniless adventurer to the status of a financial wizard, building railways for Chile. Then he came to Perú, to construct railroads into the Andes. "Anywhere a llama can go I can take a train," he declared, and made good his boast.

First, Meiggs built the line from the port of Mollendo to Arequipa in the mountains, part of the present Southern Railroad of Perú. Then he went on to construct a railroad from Callao over the loftiest passes of the Andes to Oroya, to open up a rich copper region around Cerro de Pasco. In building this line Meiggs did more than follow llama trails, for he tunneled through mountains, built bridges across deep gorges, carried his tracks in and out around mountains on the brink of precipices. This road, the Central Railway of Perú, climbs to more than three miles above sea level as it crosses the tremendous rampart of the Andes. Train attendants keep cans of oxygen at hand to revive fainting passengers.

Meiggs made fortunes and poured them into the work. He became an honored citizen of Perú, "Don Henrique," who was famous for his philanthropies. Both railroads were completed by American and English capital, for Meiggs died before the work was finished.

The three nations, Perú, Bolivia and Chile, wanted possession of the valuable nitrates which were being mined in the coastal deserts. This controversy led, in 1879, to the War of the Pacific, in which Chile fought Perú and Bolivia for the

ownership of barren but profitable deserts. Chile won the war, taking the nitrate fields of the other countries and depriving Bolivia of its seaports on the Pacific.

Modern Perú has passed through stormy years of military dictatorship to civilian government under a president who has great powers. The men who have ruled the country from Lima have considered only the interests of their class. Wealth from petroleum in the desert, copper in the Andes, sugar and cotton of the haciendas, has gone to foreign corporations and this ruling class. The aristocrats have not looked far beyond their sophisticated capital.

Revolutionary opposition, led by students and intellectuals, created the organization Apra, or American Popular Revolutionary Alliance. For years the Apristas have fought corrupt governments and opposed the power of foreign capital in their country. Most of the time the Apristas are forced to function underground, or find themselves in jail or in exile.

Nevertheless, the government, autocratic as it is, realizes the necessity of improving conditions for the working population. In Lima there are hospitals, clinics, workers' housing projects, and other social enterprises, sponsored by the government.

The three regions of Perú—the Coast, the Sierras, the Montaña—are being brought into touch with each other by roads and air service. A thrilling highway follows Henry Meiggs' spectacular railway to Oroya, and will be continued into the warm tropical Montaña, to the little port of Iquitos on a tributary of the Amazon. Highways are being improved along the desert coast, and from Lima to Arequipa. Soon the era will be past when people, traveling the length of Perú, went by sea from port to port, instead of by road and rail on land.

Like Ecuador, Perú has a larger population of Indians and cholos than of whites. In the Andes the Quechua people,

descendants of those who were ruled by Incas and Spaniards, cultivate their potatoes and maize on the ancient mountainside terraces, and herd their flocks of llamas on bare, windswept plains. They live in small mountain villages, or in those attached to haciendas. Some Indian people emerge from their villages to become educated citizens. Indian women continue to weave the colorful fabrics for their interesting costumes in the traditional way ; fabrics which find appreciation and sale in the cities. There is great need for 'education and better living conditions for the Indians, but the indifference of land-owners and the stubborn devotion to ancestral customs on the part of the Indians, make progress slow. Village people find pleasure in social market days and great fiestas in which Catholic ceremonial and ancient nature worship are mingled.

Perú, with its ruins of prehistoric architecture, its burial mounds holding intact the arts of ancient peoples, has treasures for archeologists. Foreign scientists were the first to reveal the value of Perú for the study of prehistoric peoples, but now archeological research is a national concern. Museums preserve rare collections for study by scientists and artists. The greatest archeologist of Perú, Dr. Julio Tello, is a man of Indian blood, native of a Sierra village, whose life is devoted to the study of ancient peoples of the Andes.

Bolivia is one with Perú in its Indian people and prehistoric treasures. The mysterious ruins of Tiahuanaco still stand near Lake Titicaca. The Indian people, mostly of Aymará race, eke out a poor existence on the bleak plains and mountainsides. They bring color into their somber lives with the brilliant hues of village costumes and with boisterous fiestas.

In the delightful old cities of Sucre and La Paz, perched high among the mountains, aristocratic white Bolivians live pleasantly, devoting themselves to arts and intellectual pursuits.

Existence is a struggle, however, for most of the people. Isolated as they are on lofty plateaus, food products must be brought up from the warm valleys east of the Andes, called yungas. When transportation has been improved important crops can be grown in the rich soil of that region. Almost all manufactured goods, machinery, automobiles, etc., must come up by rail from the Chilean ports of Arica and Antofagasta. The first steamer to navigate Lake Titicaca was brought up the mountains piecemeal on the backs of mules and Indians.

Having lost West Coast ports in the War of the Pacific, Bolivia, by agreement with Chile, has railroads terminating at Arica and Antofagasta on the coast of Chile. With no ports of her own, east or west, Bolivia depends on the river systems of Paraguay and Argentina for outlet to the Atlantic Ocean. Air service has become a boon to the isolated cities on the plateaus.

In 1932 Bolivia began a disastrous war with Paraguay over boundaries in the Gran Chaco, a huge lowland region between the Andes and the Paraguay River. It was valuable to both countries for its agricultural possibilities and stores of petroleum. After the settlement of the quarrel, Bolivia retained important oil fields. Exhausted by the war, the country has never yet attained stable government, but passes from one military dictatorship to another.

In the mountains, valuable minerals, of which the most important is tin, form the base of Bolivia's prosperity. Ancient Potosí, of silver fame, has become one of the greatest tin-producing centers in the world. Foreign corporations still control the country's mining industry, although a few Bolivians have made fortunes.

Chile, like other South American nations, had to depend on foreign capital, experts and machinery to develop the riches of

copper and silver in the mountains, and of nitrates in the deserts. From Arica to the fertile central valleys a rampart of seamed reddish cliffs lines the coast. Behind the cliffs, for four hundred and fifty miles, stretches a narrow desert valley, forbidding in its utter barrenness under the glaring sun. It lies between the coast cliffs and the masses of the Andes, mountains whose ruddy-colored rocks indicate the precious minerals they contain.

Spanish conquerors toiled over those desert wastes looking hungrily for gold, never realizing that, under the crusty soil, lay stores of mineral as valuable as gold. Although the Spanish found some gold and silver they did not have the facilities for extracting ore in deep mines.

In the middle of the nineteenth century prospectors discovered beds of sodium nitrate in the deserts. Rich veins of silver found in the mountains brought a rush of fortune-hunters to honeycomb rocky hillsides in their search for wealth.

Laboring under scorching sun in clouds of dust, hardy men dug up the nitrate earth called caliche and extracted nitrate crystals in their mills. Chile owned the only commercially exploitable nitrate deposits in the world. When foreign corporations, with their superior facilities, had developed great mines in the deserts, the rulers of Chile were able to run the government on the royalties they paid. Chile built railways, beautified its capital, Santiago, advanced in many ways on the profits from nitrate. Upper-class Chileans had plenty of money for their existence of aristocratic leisure.

When, during World War I, German scientists invented synthetic nitrates, it was a sad blow to Chilean fortunes, for other nations began to manufacture the synthetic product instead of buying nitrates from Chile. The country rallied from the loss,

however, and today Chile supplies about 10% of the world's nitrates from its mines, some of which are run by foreign capital, others by Chileans.

The loss of nitrate profits was offset by the development of immensely rich copper mines through the enterprise of North American engineers and corporations. Although Chile did not have the money or technicians to undertake great mining projects, the country profits from the foreign concessions and thousands of skilled, hardy Chilean miners find employment in the mines.

Seaborne commerce has been important to Chile from the first years of its national life. Living as they do in a long narrow strip of territory between the Andes and the sea, extending from Perú to Cape Horn, the people have turned to ships for their contact with the world. Two Chilean ships were the pioneers in steam navigation on the West Coast of South America.

Yankee enterprise had a hand in helping energetic Chilean leaders to bring this about. In 1829 William Wheelwright, a sea captain, was living in Chile, commanding a schooner in West Coast trade. He was not only a sailor, but an engineer and a man with a genius for promoting constructive enterprises. Wheelwright and the Chilean government became interested in the idea of steamships for the Pacific coast trade.

At that time steam navigation was in its infancy, but no difficulties daunted Wheelwright. He worked on, interesting men with money in South America and the United States to join with British financiers in the investment. Two ships were built in England. They were quaint vessels from a modern point of view, built like sailing ships with masts and sails, with engine and paddle-wheels in the center of the boat. The smokestack poured out such a cloud of black smoke that, the

first time one of the ships passed up the coast, the frightened people on shore thought they saw a ship afire.

It was a proud day for Chile when, on the 13th of October, 1840, the ships, *Perú* and *Chile*, steamed into the harbor of Valparaíso, with the Chilean flag flying at their mastheads. They were the first ships of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which engaged in West Coast trade under the Chilean flag for some years. The company was later taken over by British owners and became one of the most important shipping lines dealing with South America. Chilean companies, enterprising in business and seamanship, were active with Yankee and English concerns in the thriving sea trade on the Pacific coast in the late nineteenth century.

Although copper and nitrates make Chile important to industrial nations, it is fundamentally an agricultural country. The fertile river-watered lands of the great Central Valley, and farms farther south, feed the people with beef and mutton from the herds, grain crops from the fields, vegetables and luscious fruits. Many landowners have great vineyards, producing grapes for the excellent wines of Chile.

Thrifty Germans who came to settle in Chile after political troubles in 1848 brought under cultivation cool, forested lands in the southern Araucanian territory. The German farmers became an industrious, important part of the population. Araucanian Indians themselves are good farmers who are now becoming full-fledged citizens.

Spanish upper-class families of Chile intermarried with Germans, English and French, to form the most energetic and progressive of the West Coast peoples. They are the families who own thousands of acres on the great haciendas, each with its village of peasants, the *inquilinos*, who live in almost feudal servitude. The masters have a patriarchal kindness towards

their people and the workers still feel that they belong with the estate and its family.

These landowning families have lived delightfully on their country estates or in beautiful homes in Santiago. They have traveled widely and given Chilean aristocratic society distinction and charm. The men of this class have controlled the country intelligently, so that Chile has been an advanced country in business and intellectual achievement. Schools and universities provide opportunities for the finest scholarship for the privileged class.

Chile has the most modern railway service between Valparaíso and Santiago, and from the capital to the beautiful southern region of lakes, forests and mountains. The Chilean government, co-operating with Argentina, built a railroad to join the two countries through the Uspallata Pass. Both railroad tracks and the new automobile road follow closely the route between awe-inspiring mountain masses over which part of San Martín's army made its difficult passage.

Since snow, ice and winter storms often cut off travel, it took the airmen to really conquer the Andes. It was a triumph for aviation when the Pan American Airways successfully established its route across the Andes. How startled courageous travelers of the early nineteenth century would be to know that airliners can soar over the monstrous icy ranges, bridging the distance between Santiago and Buenos Aires in half a day!

Just because Chile is a progressive nation, the traditional social order must change. The *inquilinos*, and poor working people of the cities, must have a better life. One of the greatest problems is that of releasing land from some of the large properties to give small farmers a chance. Middle-class people are making themselves felt in this aristocratic land. There are

idealistic men and women in the professions who are working for social welfare. Miners and industrial workers are organized in unions called sindicatos, and have been able to improve labor conditions.

The conflict in Chile between those who have ruled by having wealth and ownership of land, and men who tried to impose democratic improvements by autocratic methods, has caused many disturbances. In 1891 a revolution between these two elements in government split the country in civil war.

Since the beginning of the present century progressive groups and radical labor organizations have grown so much in numbers and strength that they were able to unite, in 1938, to elect a Popular Front government with a progressive president, Don Pedro Aguirre Cerda. Great projects for the improvement of working conditions, public health and education have been undertaken. Chile has embarked on a great social experiment, the first of its kind in South America.

CHAPTER XXIII

Nations of the East Coast

ON THE EASTERN side of the continent people's lives have been influenced by rivers and plains, forests and plateaus, instead of the mighty masses of the Andes. Born in those mountains are most of the rivers which unite to form the largest river in the world, the Amazon. Southward from the vast interior of Brazil flow the Paraguay and Paraná with all their tributaries, to pour their waters into the Río de la Plata. From the jungle forests of the Amazon valley to the bleak plains at Argentina's tip, the East Coast countries have the greatest range of lands and climate. Among the nations are the largest and the smallest on the continent.

The two small nations, Uruguay and Paraguay, differ very much in their land and their people.

PARAGUAY

TUCKED away in the interior, between the rivers Paraguay and Paraná, little Paraguay has always been isolated. Its warm climate and easy-going people (largely a mixture of Spanish with Guaraní Indian) have made advancement difficult, so that the country is backward in its national life. Sturdy Paraguayans have survived two terrible wars ; the one brought upon them by the dictator López in 1865 and the recent war with Bolivia over the Gran Chaco.

Paraguay's outlet to the world is the great river system which

empties into the estuary La Plata. Argentine steamers and foreign freighters ply the rivers, bringing goods to Paraguay and taking away the products of the country. There is rail connection with Buenos Aires and air service links Asunción with Brazil and Argentina.

At the docks of Asunción, steamers take on cargoes of quebracho and other woods, tobacco, oranges, and sacks of yerba maté.

Plantations of these trees, cultivated, or growing wild in the forests of Paraguay, have been one of the country's chief sources of wealth for generations. In Brazilian and Argentine territory, bordering on Paraguay, yerba maté also flourishes. Yerba plantations have been valuable because ever since colonial times maté tea has been the universal drink of South Americans in the southern half of the continent.

Gauchos of the eastern plains and huasos of Chile restored their energies with the soothing herb brew, while a handsome silver maté service appeared at every social gathering in aristocratic homes. The drink is just as popular today with the country people. Many times a day they brew their comforting maté in the gourd container and suck it up through the bombilla, a silver tube with a spoonlike strainer at the end. The maté service, with kettle of hot water, is always at hand to offer to guests, when the gourd and bombilla are passed sociably around the circle. Maté is almost always made in gourds, which are often beautifully ornamented with silver.

Although the native drink may be losing its popularity somewhat in big cities, there is an enormous trade in yerba maté. Thousands of sacks of dried pulverized leaves are shipped annually from the plantations.

URUGUAY

Across the estuary from Argentina lies Uruguay, once the Banda Oriental, now the smallest nation on the continent. The size of the country is no indication, however, of the spirit and capacities of the Uruguayans. They are justly proud of their rank as one of the most advanced and democratic nations of South America.

Their great progress has been achieved in the years of the present century, for, after becoming an independent nation, the country was torn by cruel wars between two political factions, the Blancos and Colorados. The great statesman, José Batlle y Ordóñez, twice president, set Uruguay upon the path of peaceful progress. Now the country is an example to the world with its advanced labor laws and social legislation, its fine schools, and orderly democratic life. Many commercial and financial organizations are government-owned for the benefit of the people. Uruguay shares with Argentina the pride of having a lower rate of illiteracy than other nations on the continent.

A land of rolling fertile plains and temperate climate, Uruguay lives and prospers from the products of the estancias. Wheat and corn from the fields feed the people, and the animals which are the principal source of wealth. Enormous flocks of sheep and herds of cattle are raised by modern methods, tended by descendants of the gauchos who are laborers and skilled cowboys on the estancias. There are more sheep and cattle than people in the small republic.

Mutton and beef, canned meat, hides, wool and other animal products are loaded into ships from the docks of Montevideo. Thousands of animals are slaughtered every day for the great frigoríficos (meat processing plants) of the city, some

of which are owned by British and American concerns, one by the Uruguayan government. Uruguay receives in return the machinery, motor vehicles, manufactured goods which the nation cannot as yet produce for itself. European nations, particularly England and Germany, have been the best customers for Uruguayan products.

Uruguay has no race problem, for it is a country of white people of European descent. Swiss, German and Italian immigrants became farmers. In Montevideo the majority of the people are descended from Basques of the French or Spanish provinces. There are also groups of Germans and English living in the city.

The spirit of liberty is strong in the Uruguayans, who have a voice in their government, who feel that they and their families have the opportunity for a good life through just laws and educational opportunities.

The lovely capital, Montevideo, is girdled with parks and beach resorts, some facing on the estuary, others on the Atlantic Ocean. Flowers bloom the year around due to the mild climate. In the Uruguayan summer, corresponding to our winter, the people of Montevideo join with their visitors from Brazil and Argentina in a gay social life at the beach resorts and in the city.

ARGENTINA

As British ships sailed up the estuary, year after year, to build England's great trade with Argentina, seamen changed the singing syllables of the Spanish name Río de la Plata to the brief, practical title The River Plate. It is by this name that the great estuary, busy with the world's shipping, is known to sailormen of the present time.

For miles along the flat shore on Buenos Aires' water front

are strung dock basins, warehouses, grain chutes, meat packing plants. Great cranes swing cargo in and out of ships. Huddled along the docks lie passenger liners and cargo ships, river steamers, tugs, barges and small craft of all kinds. Behind the forest of masts and smokestacks rise skyscrapers and smoking chimneys, reminiscent of Chicago.

Buenos Aires, which grew from a mud-walled village to take the lead in Argentina, is one of the great ports and commercial cities of the world. Most of the produce of the rich, productive country comes by river and rail to this center, while the imports from foreign lands arrive at the docks to be distributed through the country.

La Plata, below Buenos Aires, ships meat products from its great frigoríficos. Rosario, on the Paraná River, delivers the grains of the interior to foreign ships. On the Argentine coast Bahía Blanco and Comodoro Rivadavia are also large ports.

With its population of many European peoples, Buenos Aires is one of the most interesting cosmopolitan cities of the world. Its adopted citizens have brought their customs, foods and culture to give variety and color to the city's life.

Englishmen founded families and became Argentine citizens many years ago. England has been Argentina's friend, her best customer, and has had the strongest commercial and financial influence of any foreign country.

When Argentina became a united nation the government invited people from Europe to make new homes in Argentina, and gave the newcomers every help in getting settled. The country has thousands of loyal citizens of Italian blood who live in Buenos Aires or have settled in various provinces; farming, raising fruit or using their traditional skill in vine culture and wine making. Spaniards and Germans form important groups in the population while industrious farming

people from many lands are settling in country regions. Argentina is like the United States in having assimilated into its national life people from many European countries.

It was the conquest of the pampas which created the powerful wealthy nation of the present time. There again is a similarity between Argentina's story and that of the United States. Just as pioneers tamed the prairies and made the western plains into great cattle ranges in our country, driving the Indians before them, so it happened in Argentina.

The Indian frontier was pushed farther and farther back as settlers built their estancias and increased their herds of cattle. Wild marauding Indian bands were finally subdued. Although there are some people of native race or of mixed blood in remote provinces, the plains Indians of Argentina were nearly wiped out.

When the owners of leagues of land and vast herds began to fence the range and to raise pure-bred beef cattle, sheep and horses, they became immensely wealthy. The building of refrigerating plants made it possible to ship chilled or frozen meat to feed England and other European countries. Argentine race horses, polo ponies and farm animals became famous.

Then, when landowners began to plow the rich earth of the plains, raising huge crops of wheat, corn, etc., Argentina became, with its grains and meat products, one of the greatest food-producing nations of the world.

Wheat, meat and horses made immense fortunes for the owners of estancias, so that these wealthy Argentines had their palatial homes in Buenos Aires and spent much of their time and money in France. Their lovely women had French clothes, cosmetics and jewelry ; French books and culture had even greater influence on society in Buenos Aires than English customs.

On the magnificent parklike estates of Buenos Aires province, however, life has taken its tone from that of English country gentlemen. In the Argentine summer there is gay hospitality in the great houses surrounded with trees and gardens. Argentines ride their beautiful horses in the English manner. Many families have their racing stables and strings of polo ponies, for horse racing and polo in Buenos Aires are two of the chief interests of the landowning class.

In the distant country, estancia headquarters, surrounded with groves of trees, are seen like islands in the endless flat plains. They are modern farms on a large scale with their great cultivated fields and herds of animals, but each one is, as of old, a self-sufficient patriarchal estate. Descendants of the free gauchos are now skilled cowboys, animal husbandmen and farmers on the estates.

The pampas have been conquered indeed, for a network of railways crosses the plains. Over rutted roads, deep in dust or in mud according to the season, the products of the estancias come to the railway stations. In the commercial houses and on the docks of Buenos Aires, Argentina trades her products with the world. Nations of Europe, particularly England, have been the best customers. For, although Argentina likes the farm machinery, automobiles and other manufactured goods of the United States, commercial relations are difficult owing to the fact that the chief Argentine products—wheat, corn and beef—compete with those of the United States.

Argentina is now the strongest and wealthiest nation of South America, its provinces united under a strong federal government. A liberal Constitution was achieved under the rule of General Urquiza in 1853, but Buenos Aires and its province did not accept it until a few years later. In fact, it was not until 1862 that Argentina became an undivided nation under

the presidency of the great Bartolomé Mitre, soldier, scholar and statesman.

The second president, Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, was also a powerful personality who did much for his country, for he was a great educator. Sarmiento realized that a successful modern nation must be based on an enlightened people, so that he invited teachers from the United States to train Argentine teachers for elementary schools. At the present time Argentina has an excellent school system throughout the country, as well as universities and technical schools in the chief cities.

The people of the cities and provincial towns, who read newspapers and have opinions on national affairs, are democratic in spirit. They expect to have some influence on government through their votes. On the whole republican rule may be said to function rather well in Argentina.

Men of the provinces, occupied with the products of the land, think of Argentina as an agricultural country. In Buenos Aires, ambitious business men would like to see the country advance as an industrial nation, so that there is still some conflict between the provinces and the Port.

Argentina now has more railroads, more highways, more modern cities than her neighbors, but ambitious leaders are not content with that. They continue to push all sorts of progressive enterprises, to encourage immigration so that industrious people will be occupying and cultivating unused land in the huge country. Argentine leaders believe that, because of the country's wealth and progress, they should be the controlling influence among South American nations. No country is more suspicious of interference by the United States in the affairs of South America than is Argentina.

BRAZIL

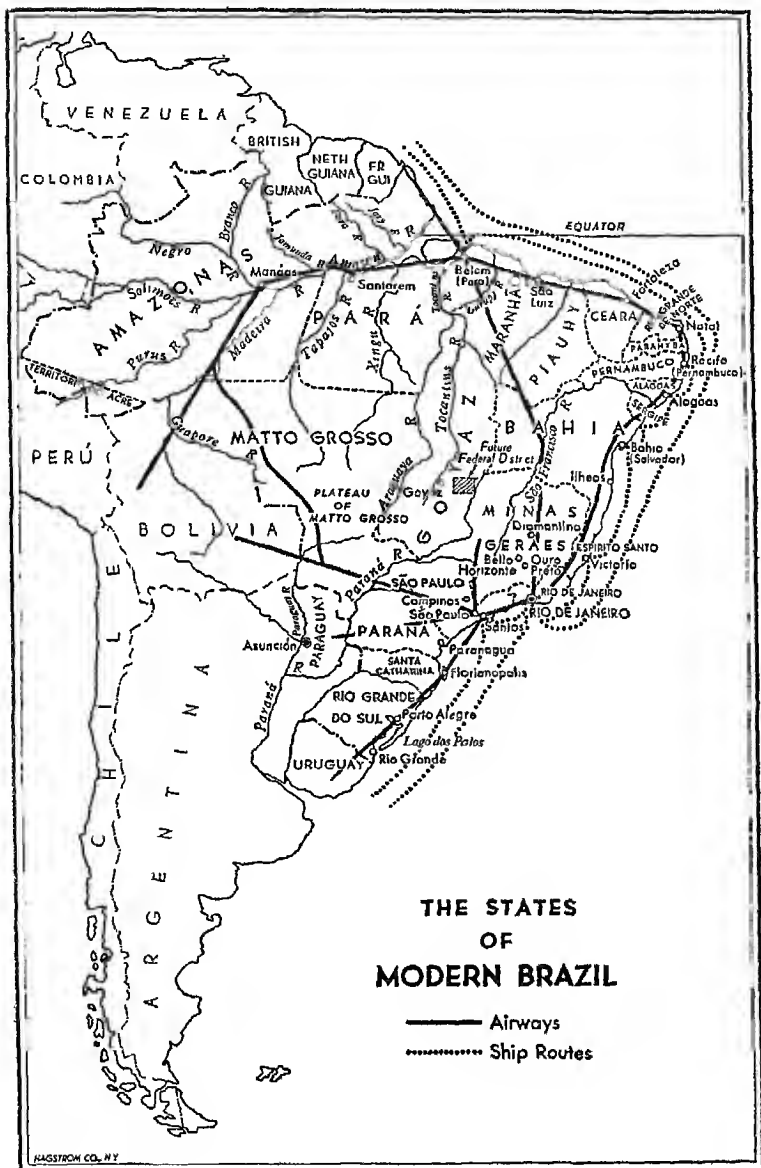
MODERN Brazil, an enormous nation sprawling over half the continent, is a land of extremes. Along the rivers in the vast Amazon basin live tribes of Indians so untouched by the white man's civilization that ethnologists find them a study of profound interest. The Amazon region is one of the important fields for exploration by expeditions of scientists who are studying tropical lands and their peoples. In the splendid cities on or near the coast Brazilian civilization has become progressive, rich in its culture, advanced in professional and artistic achievements. Idealistic men and women in public life and the professions are doing great work for the country in education, social welfare and health studies.

Handsome buildings of the most modernistic architecture in Rio de Janeiro, Recife and the old colonial capital, Bahia, are contrasted with the ancient charm of Portuguese colonial churches, monasteries and mansions. São Paulo, richest and most progressive of Brazilian cities, is like a bustling metropolis of the United States. It is also a cultural center, rivaling Rio de Janeiro.

From the luxurious charming houses of the wealthy to the adobe huts of poor half-breed farmers, Brazilians have every variety of housing. They know every stage of existence, from plenty to extreme poverty.

Civilization developed in the coastal cities because of the barrier of mountains between coast and interior, and because of the immense difficulties in the way of building roads or railways in savage wilderness.

But for modern Brazil the forests, mountains and plateaus of the vast interior are a great storehouse of potential wealth. Progressive leaders of the country are bending every effort to



make it accessible with roads, railways and steamers on the rivers. Aviation has drawn together the huge country, for planes now soar over the Amazon jungles, alighting on rivers far in the interior ; they fly above untamed wilderness to connect isolated towns.

In spite of all that has been done, there are still large regions hardly explored and without civilized settlement. One of the greatest problems taken up by the organizers of republican Brazil, in 1889, was that of peopling the country to develop its resources. Added to that was the problem of replacing slave labor with free workers after the emancipation of the Negroes.

Coffee planters of São Paulo, who foresaw the abolition of slavery, began importing German laborers for their fazendas before emancipation. When slave labor was no more the planters increased their efforts to bring in European workers. Germans were followed by groups of Italians who were settled in "colonias" or workers' villages on the fazendas. Hundreds more Italians came to find work and success in São Paulo and other towns. Many made fortunes and became important citizens. The native energetic Paulistas of the state were supplemented by large numbers of Italians, Germans, Portuguese, and lately by many Japanese.

During the Empire immigrant German farmers began coming to the temperate southern states of Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catharina. Isolated and far away from the central government, they made a success of their thrifty farms and built communities of Germans, born in Brazil but living as they would have in the old country. Their children were taught German ideas and customs in schools where German, not Portuguese, was the language used. Modern Brazil is now

trying to bring this little Germany within its borders more closely into the national life.

Peasants from Russia and Poland came to trek like pioneers into the plains and pine forests of distant Paraná where their farms and villages are more reminiscent of the Old World than of Brazil. In addition to the stream of European immigrants, who have settled in the southern part of the country, Brazil has its basic population mixture of Portuguese, Negro and Indian.

Nowadays, Brazil is almost as much a melting pot of peoples as the United States. All have been accepted, for Brazilians have great tolerance. They believe in the mingling of races and cultures, out of which is emerging a unique Brazilian civilization.

The Portuguese had little prejudice against people of color, so that, in the past, intermarriage with Negroes was not frowned upon. The theory of modern Brazilians is that continual intermarriage will increase the white strain and produce a new race.

Three centuries of slavery came to an end in Brazil without the bitterness between the races or the injustices which have made trouble in the United States. In the old sugar territories of the north, and in the central part of the country, the Negro and mulatto population is very large, but they are not discriminated against. People of color mingle freely with those of white blood, they have their rights as citizens. Those with education and ability achieve success in many occupations and professions. The African people, through the centuries, have contributed a great deal to Brazilian life with their interesting customs, songs and dances.

When Brazilians overthrew the Empire the nation was or-

ganized as a federative republic of twenty states. Many of them were in wilderness territory, scantily populated, so that the country has been run by energetic men of a few powerful advanced states—São Paulo, Minas Geraes, Rio Grande do Sul and Rio de Janeiro.

Now, under President Getulio Vargas, the republic has been reorganized as the *Novo Estado* or New State, completely centralized and dictatorial. Parliament was abolished and the President is supreme, having a Cabinet of Ministers to assist him. Elected governors of states have been replaced by Interventors appointed by the President.

The *Novo Estado*, directed by the strong hand of Getulio Vargas, is set upon developing the natural resources of Brazil, both agricultural and mineral. Mines, factories, national industries, modern institutions of all sorts, are being increased for the material prosperity of the country. The independent states are kept in line by the President's control, liberal or radical criticism and opposition are suppressed.

Perhaps centralized control is necessary for efficient progress in a country like Brazil, so greatly hampered by backward people and tropical climate. Education, better wages, better food, are essential for the great mass of Brazilian people. Improvement of national life by decree seems to be the method of Getulio Vargas. The future will show whether it is a successful method.

Forward-looking men foresee a great future, as well they may, for their country possesses untold wealth in natural resources. For many years Brazil has been the greatest producer of coffee in the world, of which the United States is the largest buyer. Now, cotton is competing with coffee. Cacao plantations in Bahia and other states provide much of the world's supply of cacao beans. Rubber, vegetable oils, fibers, carnauba

wax, Brazil nuts, medicinal plants and hardwoods come from Brazilian forests. Animal husbandry, the raising of cattle, sheep, horses and other animals, is a very large industry. It can be increased, for there is plenty of grazing land. Iron and manganese are only two of the important minerals in the mountains, which include gold, as well as diamonds and other precious stones.

Government institutes are now helping producers of the important crops to develop scientific agriculture ; they are helping to develop industries which will make the country more self-sufficient.

Brazil is one of the most beautiful lands of the New World ; its people and their civilization are deeply interesting. When its great resources are put to use it will also be a very wealthy and powerful nation.

CHAPTER XXIV

Culture and Arts in South America

ALL THE peoples who have lived in South America in various ages of its history have left works of beauty, expressive of their civilizations and beliefs. There were artists among ancient Andean races and those who lived on the coast of Perú in prehistoric times. Their skill and imagination created for their lords and their religions exquisite things in gold and silver, marvelous pottery and textiles, so treasured today. Works of the builders and sculptors in stone in the Andes survived their creators, to speak of long-dead civilizations. Even the more primitive races of forests and plains made interesting ornaments and articles for daily use from feathers, clay, wood, stone and fibers.

When the Spaniards imposed their European culture on the native peoples of the Andes the skilled hands of Indian craftsmen continued to work in weaving, decorative arts and in silver and gold, under Spanish artists. Through all the centuries of oppression the Andean people clung to their native arts, so that today the woven fabrics and silver work of Indians in Ecuador, Perú and Bolivia are greatly appreciated. The Araucanian Indians of Chile also had their arts which were improved, first by Inca influence, and later by contact with the Spaniards. Araucanian silver work in ornaments of strong, simple design, and their woven fabrics, have their place of honor.

The Spanish and Portuguese brought the superb arts of their

homelands to South America, so that the works of colonial artists and craftsmen are a precious heritage for the nations of today.

Mansions, churches and monasteries of solid, dignified style enrich the old cities. Artists who carved church furniture, sculptured the façades, adorned the interiors with rich ornament overlaid with gold leaf, who created beautiful things in gold and silver and magnificent images of saints, left a rare treasure for later ages.

The homes of wealthy colonials, built so charmingly around patios open to the sky, transplanted the aristocratic home life of old Spain and Portugal to the New World. The houses were built like those of the mother countries, with balconies, window grilles, and gateways of wrought iron, with carved ceilings, and wall facings of painted tiles, called *azulejos*. Fine furniture and silverware of colonial times are treasured by descendants of old families or preserved in museums.

Silver was so abundant in the Spanish colonies that ordinary household utensils such as basins, plates and dippers were made of it. Many great families kept their own silversmiths as part of the large household retinue, to make silverware, and for the ladies exquisite jewelry. In the countries where *maté* was the favorite beverage silver *maté* services were works of art, now prized by collectors. The silver cups, shaped like gourds, were ornamented with birds and flowers in the most delicate designs. A special class of craftsmen made ornamental stirrups of silver or brass, and silver trappings for saddles and bridles of gentlemen's horses.

In various wealthy colonial cities there grew up schools of artists and craftsmen whose works of art were in great demand. Quito and Cuzco were such centers in the Spanish colonies, while in Brazil also the wealth of the Church and the nobility

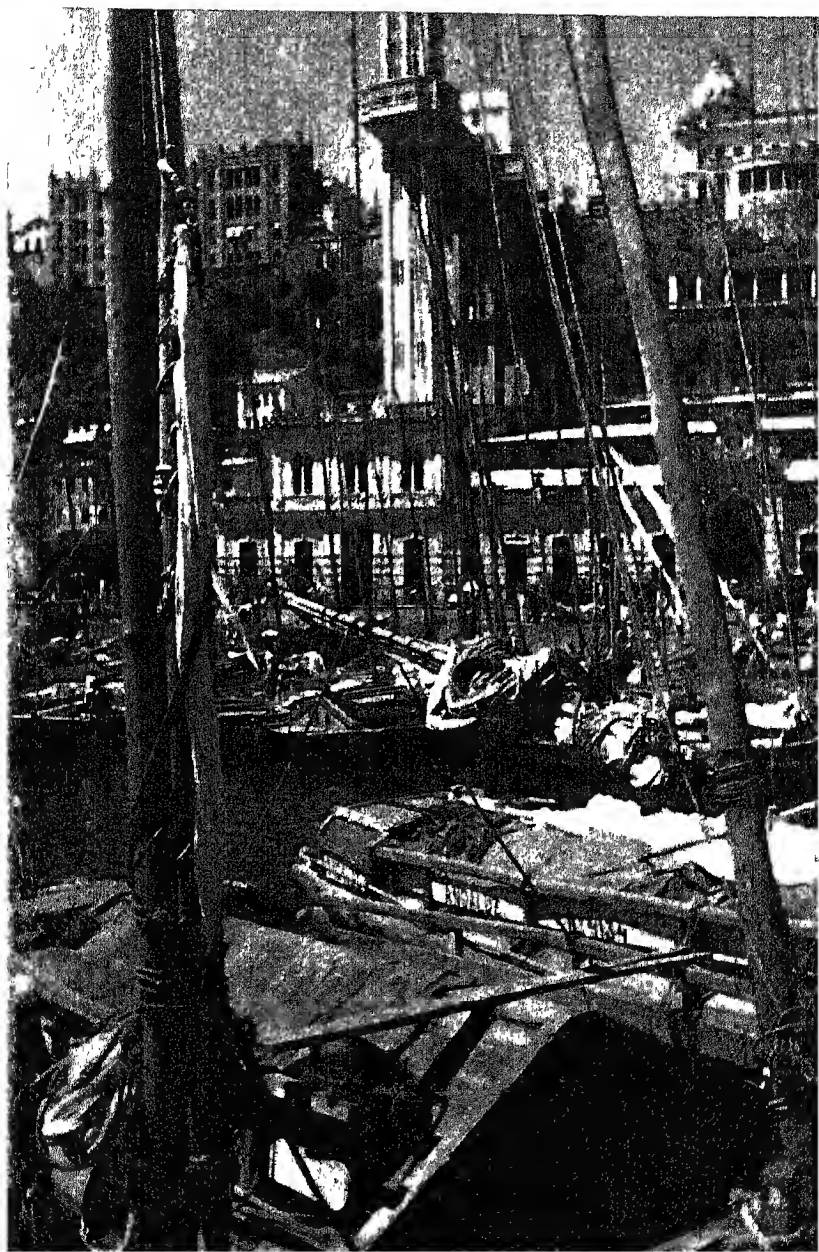
employed great artists to enrich the cities. Old Bahia and Ouro Preto in Minas Geraes possess the greatest treasures of eighteenth-century Portuguese genius in architecture, sculpture and ornament. Artists from Portugal were aided in their work by native craftsmen who had in their veins the blood of Indian and African.

Both Spaniards and Portuguese were musical people whose songs and dances were so dear to them that they became part of daily life in the New World. Re-created by the spirit and character of the colonial people, enriched by musical elements from Indians or Africans, the folk music of each country came to have delightful individuality. Song and dance were combined in the making of beloved national dances, such as the rollicking cueca of Chile, the graceful pericón of Argentina and Uruguay, the wild rhythmic samba of Brazil.

Folk song and dance in the Andean countries evolved from many varieties of rich Spanish music, mingled sometimes with Negro qualities in the coast lands or Indian themes in the mountains. For great Indian fiestas native musicians still play their own strange plaintive music on primitive instruments such as their ancestors used.

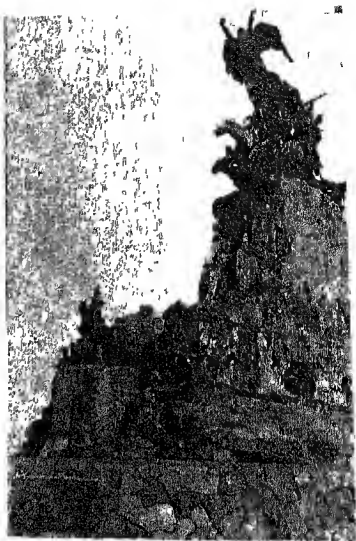
While the gauchos roamed the pampas of Argentina, gathering at ranch fiestas to sing and dance with their girls, they created interesting dances, as well as songs of romantic melancholy spirit which give special quality to Argentine folk music. The payador, wandering minstrel, who composed ballads to his guitar, or engaged in song contests with rivals, was the most honored of gaucho characters. In his songs were expressed the sadness, passion and superstition of the gaucho soul.

Out of the song contests between rival payadores grew the legendary character of Santos Vega, valorous gaucho and unrivalled singer. Once Santos Vega was challenged to a song





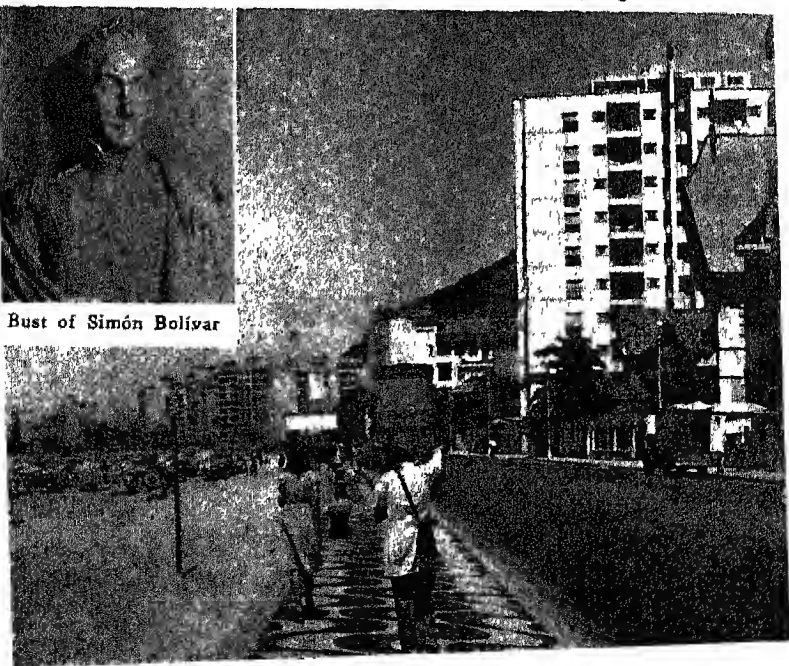
Sugar plantation, Venezuela



Monument to the Army of the Andes
Mendoza, Argentina



Bust of Simón Bolívar



contest by a mysterious Negro singer, who was the devil in disguise. For three days and nights the two matched improvisations and music until the listening gauchos had to admit that their hero had been outdone by the stranger. Broken hearted, Santos Vega rode away over the plains, never more to be seen save as a distant, mysterious figure.

In colonial Brazil the African slaves brought their rich musical feeling and primitive rhythms to be mingled with Indian themes and the sweet, melancholy melodies of Portuguese music. As a result of this interesting blend Brazilian folk music is unique and particularly fascinating. In melody and rhythms it varies in different regions according to the predominance of Negro or Portuguese in the population.

African drums and other primitive instruments have been used in Brazil with those of Portugal for instrumental accompaniment, while in Spanish countries the guitar is the favorite.

When South Americans, both in Portuguese Brazil and the Spanish possessions, began their national existence in the nineteenth century, France was their cultural ideal. Every writer, scholar, painter or musician looked to Paris for inspiration. Schools of thought and of art in the cultural capital of the world molded the creative productions of South Americans.

It was very natural that this should be so among people who were just emerging from the isolation of colonial times. The same thing happened in the United States during the nineteenth century, for all the American nations, North and South, were young in national life and unsure of themselves in cultural matters.

In upper-class circles of South American cities most people spoke French fluently and read French books. English literature and language had their influence in Buenos Aires because of the large number of English people who settled there.

It was not until the present century that Spanish Americans renewed their close bonds with Mother Spain through interchange in the fields of arts and letters. Through their travel and study in Europe, as well as in their own scholarly and artistic groups, South Americans developed a rich culture of which they have always been proud.

Although they might supplement their studies with work abroad, South Americans have found stimulating intellectual advantages in their universities. Higher education, from the South American point of view, is more a matter of all-around culture than of specialization as with us. They love learning, ideas, the eloquent expression of thought, for their own sake. In fact, the man of ideas has always been more honored than the man of business or financial ability.

It has been generally true that the most radical thought of a country was to be found among the professors and students of its universities. Social changes and new political theories have been born in student groups, and carried into the national life by ardent young men. Most of the universities are national institutions, run by government, so that student life has been closely linked with politics. In modern South America young women share university work with the men, and in many countries, particularly Chile, they achieve great success in scholarship and the professions.

It was some time before creative South Americans turned from Europe to find inspiration in the natural splendors of their great New World, in the native peoples and in national history. Poets, essayists, novelists became interpreters of their national life and their great continent. They broke free from the classic forms of the Spanish and Portuguese languages, enriching them with a new fluency and expressiveness.

At the present time, in various countries, the most advanced

writers are using in their work the idiomatic expressions and Indian words which modified the classic languages of Spain and Portugal. The spoken language in each country acquired individualities through the mixture of peoples and through common use. Now these individualities are being recognized by the literary men. In Brazil, the distinctive language, modified by use from academic Portuguese, is called Brazilian, as our form of the English language is sometimes called American. It is part of the present nationalistic spirit in Brazil to give this form of Portuguese official recognition.

Artists and writers of Ecuador, Perú and Bolivia became inspired by the arts and history of their Indian people. They were impressed by the great cultural contribution of the native races, and their importance in national life. In those countries there grew up a school of thought and art called "Indianismo." Researches of archeologists were linked with the creative work of scholars, poets and painters.

Indianismo had its followers in Brazil also, among artists and musicians who believed that the Indian element was important in the formation of Brazilian culture. They have found inspiration in the study of Indian tribes of the Amazon, but a deeper influence in Brazil has been that of the Negro. Many slaves came from African tribes which had a civilization of their own. They brought their religious beliefs, customs and arts to mingle with the Portuguese. Some Negro groups, especially in Bahia, have preserved so much of their ancestral religion and customs that ethnologists find them a study of deep interest.

Gilberto Freyre, an original and gifted social historian of Brazil, has made a profound study of Negro influence in his books about Brazil during the centuries of slavery. Another brilliant scholar, Mario de Andrade, has made a great contri-

bution with his study of folklore and music. These two men were among the first to use the "Brazilian" form of Portuguese in their writings.

Argentine literature found its first truly national expression in epic poems, stories, and novels based on the age of the gaucho. Out of that period of creative expression came two classics of South American literature: the epic poem of gaucho life, *Martín Fierro*, by José Hernandez, and the novel *Don Segundo Sombra* by Ricardo Güiraldes.

It would be impossible, in a few pages, to give an idea of the interesting store of South American literature produced in the nineteenth century and the present one. Poets, novelists, historians have published splendid work throughout the continent.

Rubén Darío, the Nicaraguan, was one of the first to lead Spanish American literature, in all countries, into new channels. His work had great influence on South American writers, as did that of the nineteenth-century poets, Rufino Blanco-Fombona of Venezuela and José Santos Chocano of Perú. Equally influential was the distinguished scholar of Uruguay, José Enrique Rodó, whose thought and poetic style molded the literary work of many young men. The romantic nineteenth-century novel *Maria*, by the Colombian Jorge Isaacs, has never lost its popularity and is really a South American classic. Chile and Argentina have produced fine historians, such as the Argentine statesman and scholar Bartolomé Mitre, and the Chileans Benjamin Vicuña MacKenna, Diego Barras Arana, and the brothers Amunátegui. Outstanding among women creators of literature are Juana Ibarbourou of Uruguay, Gabriela Mistral of Chile and the Peruvian Clorinda Matto de Turner. Novelists who took for their themes events of national history, or who wrote romantic, artificial tales of Indian life, have been succeeded by those of the present time, who strive to interpret

the spirit of their lands and people more profoundly. In the lives of humble folk, whose characters and occupations are woven into the national pattern, these authors find their inspiration. Many writers have become champions of the "underdogs" and oppressed Indians at the bottom of the social scale. In Ecuador a group of young writers is creating a stimulating literature, marked by originality of style and passionate concern for the miseries of oppressed people.

Journalism is a popular form of literary expression in South America, for the literary men have a gift for political writing, for little essays of philosophical, literary or humorous character. South American readers in the capital cities enjoy their newspapers as much for these articles as for the news.

Creative South Americans, with their vivid minds and love for expressive language, found their happiest medium in literature, but every country now has its fine artists and musicians. Cultural life in the capital cities is very much alive.

Painters who follow various modern art theories take an interest in the landscape and people of their own lands instead of in those of Europe. In Lima a group of artists is doing for Perú, in a small way, what the great Mexican painters did for their country. José Sabogal, Julia Codesido, Camilo Blas, who are the leaders, paint the Indians of the Sierras in their setting of majestic mountains. Each painter, in an individual way, interprets the soul of Perú.

Across the Andes Argentina had, in the late nineteenth century, the talented painter Cesáreo Bernaldo Quirós of Entre Rios. Living among gauchos on his father's estancia, Quirós knew the men of the plains well. He made it the important work of his life to portray the epic life of the gaucho in a great series of vivid, romantic canvasses. At the present time, in Buenos Aires, Benito Quinquela Martín interprets in strong

rhythmic paintings and murals the lives of dock workers, sailors and fishermen in the great port.

Outstanding as a creative painter and interpreter of his land is Candido Portinari of Brazil, whose work was made known to New Yorkers by his murals at the World's Fair and a large one-man show. He is the son of Italian coffee workers of a fazenda, and his greatest work is the sympathetic portrayal of Brazilian workers at their occupations and in their fiestas. His magnificent frescoes rank with the best mural painting of modern times.

For South Americans music has always been a necessary part of life. Colonial people found satisfaction in the music of the Church and the gay song and dance of social gatherings. Nowadays the country folk dance and sing at their fiestas, the townspeople have their popular music, and sophisticated groups make musical art a part of their enjoyment of life. For many years European singers, musicians and opera companies have made yearly tours of the most important capitals. Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro have brilliant seasons of opera and orchestral concerts of the world's great music.

Musicians of the present time appreciate the sources of inspiration in their folk music. Francisco Curt Lange of Uruguay has made an invaluable collection of the song and dance of the different countries, to serve as a library of study for musicians from all the republics. People who have always found joy in dancing are contributing beautiful dance forms to the world. Some years ago the Brazilian maxixe and Argentine tango took ballroom dancers by storm. The great dancer, La Argentina, was born in the country from which she took her stage name. Carmen Miranda, popular singer and dancer of Brazil, has made a great success in New York. Beautiful tangos are composed by modern Argentine musicians,

of whom one of the most popular is Juan de Dios Filiberti.

South America has its fine performers and creative musicians who find appreciation in the capital cities. Fortunately for us in the United States, opportunities increase to become acquainted with music and performers of the southern continent, through concerts and radio programs. The great Uruguayan guitarist, Julio Martínez Oyangurén, delights radio audiences with the music of his characteristic instrument. Two fine Brazilian women artists, Guiomar Novaes the pianist, and Bidu Sayo the opera singer, are well known in New York.

Brazilians, indeed, being among the most musical people of the continent, have national music of great richness and variety. In the nineteenth century one of their talented composers, Carlos Gomez, produced the opera *Il Guarany*, which achieved fame in Italy as well as in Brazil. It was one of the first works of national character, for Gomez used Indian characters and Indian musical themes in his opera.

At the present time Brazil's most brilliant composer, Heitor Villa-Lobos, is a musician of world-wide fame. There are many others of original talent, such as Francisco Mignone and Camargo Guarnieri. All three of these composers use folk music themes in their work.

Argentines have always had an instinct for the theater. Folk plays of the past are among their dramatic treasures and, at the present time, native playwrights have their works performed in various little theater groups of Buenos Aires. There are several theaters-on-wheels carried on by devoted groups of actors who tour working-class districts and the outlying regions. The Teatro del Pueblo was developed in Buenos Aires by a democratic group in which players, dramatists, scene painters and stage hands work together co-operatively. The Teatro del Pueblo now has a good small theater where both foreign and

native plays are presented, at low prices, to enthusiastic audiences of all classes. Argentina also has a thriving moving-picture industry producing many films of good quality.

Now that South American nations have achieved maturity we may expect that their rich store of cultures will be drawn upon more fully by the creators of vital Latin American art forms.

CHAPTER XXV

Pan America: the Great Dream

ONE HUNDRED years ago, approximately, Simón Bolívar conceived the noble idea of a body of American nations consulting and co-operating for their mutual benefit. He called the first Congress of the Americas to meet at Panamá in 1826. Although that meeting was a failure, it was prophetic of a time when Pan American conferences would be held to discuss in friendly spirit affairs of mutual importance.

The great ideal of Pan American co-operation has never died, in spite of the dissensions which have hampered its achievement. It is more important than ever today.

At first, after the Wars for Independence, the new nations looked to the United States for ideas in the formation of their constitutions and governments. There was admiration for our democratic way of life. The Monroe Doctrine was welcomed as a protection for all the nations against aggression from Europe.

Then came a long period when the United States was disliked and feared, called the Colossus of the North ; a state of affairs that was largely the fault of aggressive individuals and of governmental policies. Latin Americans feared the powerful nation in the north because of the war with Mexico, the high-handed way in which the Panama Canal Zone was obtained, because of interference in the affairs of republics around the Caribbean Sea.

When the Monroe Doctrine was interpreted by some admin-

istrations of the United States government as the right to dictate to Latin American nations in their internal troubles, fear of the Colossus of the North increased.

It has taken years of patient work by men of sincere goodwill in government and commerce to eradicate the impression left by past mistakes, and the task is far from complete. The Good Neighbor Policy announced by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, aided by the tact and sincerity of Secretary of State Cordell Hull, has done something to change the attitude of Latin American nations toward our country. They are beginning to trust us. Let us hope that they are not mistaken in their confidence ; that from now on the American nations may be really good neighbors, working out their problems together in a spirit of mutual respect and good faith.

With Europe at war, the unity of the Western Hemisphere for defense, peace and civilization, is vital, but in order to work together we must understand one another. One might say that because we are all Americans, all people of the New World, we are therefore alike ; but it would not be true. Anglo-Americans and Latin Americans are very different in background, character and culture.

The pioneers who settled the Atlantic coast of the United States and pushed on across the continent came to make new homes, seeking freedom of opportunity or of religion. They did not mingle with the native Indians, but drove them on into the wilderness or exterminated them. Indians on their government reservations have remained apart, while the position of Negroes and mulattoes in the United States presents many painful problems.

In South America, Spanish and Portuguese conquerors came to the New World for gold and glory, and only secondarily turned their attention to the riches of the earth. They had

no strong prejudice against people of color. Native Indians and imported Africans lived among colonists from Europe and mingled with them, so that in some countries the people of mixed blood came to be more numerous than the whites. Consequently those countries, in the opinion of some Latin American students of racial problems, will have in the future a mestizo civilization. Brazilians expect to achieve a new race in which many European elements will modify the African strain. In the United States, on the other hand, white people of many different European ancestries have mingled to give our civilization its national character.

North Americans have always believed that any man could attain his goal in prosperity and social standing by his own practical energy and talent. But in South America the social order has been much more static. It has been based on an aristocratic class who owned the land and had the wealth, who lived in leisure by the labor of the great mass of the population. It is only recently that a middle class has begun to challenge this arrangement of society.

In our country men have achieved material prosperity and scientific advancement, while South Americans have been more interested in ideas, philosophies and intellectual achievements than in business success. Not so many years ago the average citizen of a Latin American country thought of "Yankees" (if he thought of them at all) as crude people, very smart in material ways, but lacking in culture and interested only in dollars. Mr. Average Citizen in the United States was woe-fully ignorant of the fine achievements of Latin Americans, and considered them backward, inefficient and generally inferior.

Business men and diplomats, sent to South America, were too often overbearing, uncultivated men who offended the

Latin American sense of social form, and made themselves and their country disliked. Fortunately, misunderstandings and offenses are lessening—our country is now being represented in most cases by men of tact and breeding, who take pains to learn something of the language and culture of the country they are visiting. Travel is bringing people of the north and the south into personal contact.

For fifty years the Pan American Union has done important work in assembling and distributing information about all the countries in the fields of commerce and economics. Their Division of Intellectual Co-operation draws the nations together through knowledge of what is being done in the arts and professions. Diplomatic representatives of the Latin American nations in Washington, with the United States Secretary of State, form the governing body of the Union.

There have been many Pan American conferences, but until recent years the most controversial questions between the nations were avoided. Since the establishment of the Good Neighbor Policy the Conferences have had more vitality, all the nations have sent important diplomats, and Secretary Hull has won friendship for the United States by his simple sincerity and co-operative spirit. Threats to their security from the conflicts in Europe have roused all the governments to the necessity of consulting for collective action.

Problems of trade, of politics, are the most difficult to solve, needing men of the utmost patience and wisdom for the task. There are traditional friendships as well as close racial ties between South Americans and some European nations, while prosperity depends on trade with Europe. If an effective interchange of raw materials and manufactured goods can be established between the United States and South America, and

among the Latin American nations themselves, there is some chance for hemisphere solidarity.

While, in past years, politicians and business men have struggled with their problems, men and women in the arts and professions have been quietly getting acquainted and exchanging what they had to offer. Medical men of such institutions as the Rockefeller Foundation have co-operated with South American governments in problems of health, sanitation, the elimination of tropical diseases. Scholars and scientists have visited back and forth in the universities. Cultural institutes for mutual understanding and study have been established in both North and South America.

Moving pictures and radio now draw us all more closely together. We are becoming acquainted with one another's books and paintings through traveling exhibitions, and with music through concerts, radio programs and phonograph records.

Most important of all is the stream of students passing back and forth every year to the universities, for youth has great influence in building friendly relations. Students of the United States need to learn Spanish and Portuguese, to become acquainted with Latin American history ; for South Americans the study of English and United States history are important.

When young men and women, prepared for such study, live for a while among their fellows in some other American land, friendship and understanding increase. Every student who learns to know and love the land and people he has been visiting becomes an ambassador of goodwill when he returns home.

Young South Americans are adopting Anglo-American interest in sports. They like the independence and sociability

of student life in the United States. Our young people, living among South Americans, may adopt the gracious courtesy of their social intercourse. They may well learn from Latin American friends to take a keen interest in thought and ideals.

We must believe that the co-operation of youth, joined to the efforts of men and women of goodwill, can bring to pass a New World civilization, a true union of American nations.

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